

SEPT.  
1926

# The SHRINE

## MAGAZINE

25  
CENTS



# CONQUERORS of a WILDERNESS

BY FORREST  
CRISSEY

Also A. HAMILTON GIBBS ~ PAUL ANNIXTER  
ROYAL BROWN ~ FERDINAND REYHER  
EARL CHAPIN MAY and LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE



The  
Story  
of an  
Institu-  
tion



Is a  
Story  
of  
Human  
Interests

## The Man who found his Big Opportunity

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**ACACIA**  
MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION



## "That Man Corey is Certainly Interesting—"

They say that of him now wherever he goes—this Corey who never used to have a thing to say. Almost overnight he became one of the best-informed men of his group.

**I** NEVER knew that Corey was so well-educated."  
"He isn't. He left school when he was a kid. Mighty interesting, though—isn't he?"

"Yes; he seems to know about everything. See how he's holding those people fascinated by what he's saying! He's quoting from Shelley, I believe."

"You ought to hear him at a business conference. He has all sorts of information at his command. I remember when he always used to be at a loss for something to say; now he can talk better than any of us."

"What amazes me is the way he can talk on almost any subject at all. And he seems to be familiar with all the great writers and philosophers. He must do a lot of reading."

"I don't see how he can. He's very busy, and I am sure he hasn't any more time to read than we have. But I wonder how he became so well-informed—almost overnight, it seems to me. It has certainly made an interesting man of him."

Later they had occasion to speak to Corey; and they asked him about it. They weren't prepared for what he told them.

"Read?" he said. "Why, I scarcely ever get time to read at all."

"But in this one evening you quoted from Dante, from Browning,

from Kipling, from Poe! How do you do it?"

Corey laughed. "Elbert Hubbard did all my reading for me—years ago. I simply use his Scrap Book."

"You use Hubbard's Scrap Book? What do you mean?"

"Well, you know that Elbert Hubbard began a scrap book when he was quite young. He put into it all the bits of writing that inspired and helped him most. He read everything—searched the literature of every age and every country—to find the ideas which would help him in his own work. He kept this scrap book all through life, adding whatever he thought great and inspiring. As the scrap book grew, it became Hubbard's greatest source of ideas. He turned to it constantly; it helped him win fame as a writer and orator. At the time of his death on the sinking of the Lusitania, it had become a priceless collection of great thoughts—the fruit of a whole lifetime of discriminating reading."

"But what can this private scrap book possibly mean to you? How can you—use it—as you say?"

"The executors of Hubbard's estate agreed to the publication of his scrap book after his death. I have a copy. That's why I say Elbert Hubbard did my reading for me. All I have to do is glance through his Scrap Book occasionally—and I get all the best thoughts and ideas of the last 4,000 years, without wading through a lot of uninteresting reading."

"So that's your secret! That's why you can talk so well on so many different subjects! That Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book has made you a different man, Corey!"

**Examine the Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book—Free**

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams

—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It represents the best of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

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## In the OCTOBER ISSUE



NLY the frozen North, the white wilderness of the fur traders' country, could have produced Jean Baptiste MacDougall, son of a Chippewa Indian mother and a Scots father; and only the frozen North could have produced the difficulties in life and love that Jean Baptiste was called on to meet. Read "Jean Baptiste MacDougall" in the October issue.

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(Cover design by W. T. Benda)

SEPTEMBER, 1926

## Up Against A Stone Wall

—and with no idea what he can do!  
Do you see yourself in this picture?

THIS is a talk to men and women who are UP AGAINST A STONE WALL in life, and who want to cut their way out.

It is a talk to men and women who have the courage to search their souls for their defects, ADMIT THEM, and start at once to lick the things that UP TO NOW have licked them.

Take stock of yourself—where are you? Once upon a time you dreamed of great things. You were going to DO SOMETHING worth while. You were going to BE somebody. You entered upon your career with burning hopes. Everybody thought highly of you. Your friends, your family, figuratively patted you on the back. You felt you were destined for great things.

Then—what happened? Your youthful enthusiasm oozed away. Your purpose for some reason became clouded. Instead of going forward, you found yourself UP AGAINST A STONE WALL.

Other men, aiming for the same goal as you, came up alongside of you and passed you. And now, here at last you are—discouraged, lost, PURPOSELESS.

When you think of the men and women whom you have seen succeed, you know that you are every bit AS GOOD AS THEY. You know you possess the same—possibly more knowledge, more ability, more intelligence. You believe that, if given the chance, you could PROVE that you're a better man.

Right here is the bitterest pill of self-confession, if you have the MANHOOD to swallow it. You must admit that those successful men and women were willing to make a real struggle for what they wanted, WHILE YOU GAVE UP THE FIGHT TOO EASILY—or else DIDN'T KNOW what weapons to use!

If there is any pride left in you, if you still possess a glimmer of your fine early ambition, YOU WON'T FOOL YOURSELF WITH EXCUSES. Nor will you admit that YOU ARE LICKED; or that you are too OLD now or too TIRED, to win out.

You will take a new grip on yourself. YOU WILL PLAN YOUR LIFE. You will acquire a new clear-cut purpose, instead of drifting. You will analyze the WEAKNESS IN YOURSELF that held you back, and you will STRENGTHEN IT BY TRAINING.

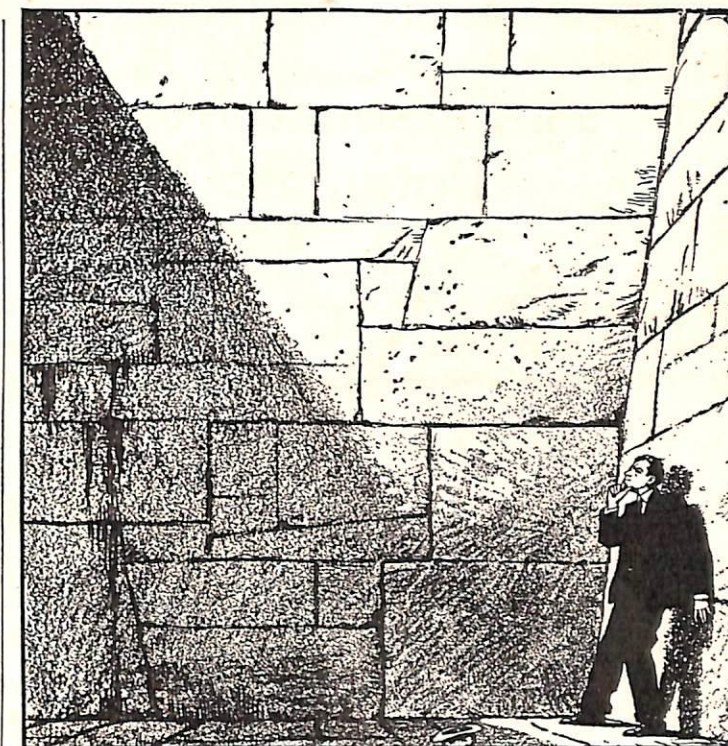
You can do it,—by means of Pelmanism, a system of training that has swept the world. Over FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND men and women, in every quarter of the globe and in every walk of life, testify that THIS TRAINING WAS EXACTLY WHAT THEY NEEDED. It is exactly what YOU need!

Pelmanism is merely the science of applied psychology, simplified so that it can be understood and USED. It is a system of training all the various mental faculties, like will-power, memory, concentration, observation, reasoning.

Pelmanism awakens UNSUSPECTED POWERS in you. Time and again it has performed seeming miracles. Instances of quick promotions among its students are countless. Cases of doubled salary in a few months, and trebled salary in a year are NOT AT ALL UNUSUAL. But Pelmanism is not only adopted by those who want to EARN more, but by those who want to DO more.

If you are dubious, if you think you are too old or too young or KNOW TOO MUCH, to be helped by Pelmanism, CONSIDER the kind of people who advocate this training. Among them are men like:

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.  
The late Sir H. Rider-Haggard, Famous Novelist.  
General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.  
Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.



Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.  
T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."  
Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.  
W. L. George, Author.  
Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.  
Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C., V.O.  
Baroness Orczy, Author.  
Prince Charles of Sweden.  
—to mention only a few out of THOUSANDS of men and women of distinction.

A fascinating book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this talk, and who NEED this book, will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's probably tommyrot," others will declare cynically.

If you are inclined to think that way,—USE YOUR HEAD FOR A MOMENT! You will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot, and that there MUST BE SOMETHING in Pelmanism when it has been used by over 550,000 people just as intelligent as you, when it has such a record of helpfulness behind it, and when it is endorsed and used by men and women of the highest distinction and ability all over the world.

Don't give up on your old ambitions. Don't think it is TOO LATE. Don't think you are TOO OLD. Follow the advice of such people as those listed above. Write for this free book; at least LEARN what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS—then, and then only, judge whether it may not help YOU just as greatly.

Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF. Let it show you how to get past the STONE WALL that you are now up against. Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF AT LAST—is strong.

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New York City.

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## A Personal Message from Past Imperial Potentate, W. Freeland Kendrick



BROTHER NOBLES:

When you visited the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition on June 1 in connection with the 52nd Imperial Council Session you found an Exposition which was not by any means completed even though it showed at that time promise of the remarkable achievements that were to come. You could not have imagined the marvelous speed with which the work you then saw in this unfinished state could be completed. No one could have imagined it because we have set new records of construction on a large scale which have surpassed even the model on which they were founded, the rush work done during the war when the nation strained every effort and discovered new possibilities in its own strength.

The exposition is now completed. The visitors who come to our gates today are amazed and enthralled by what they see. What you beheld only as promise has now become actuality. A beautiful series of buildings artistically decorated and containing displays of absorbing interest lies before your eyes.

The five great exhibit palaces of the Exposition are open to the public. You could spend half a day at each of them and not exhaust their possibilities of interest and instruction. The state buildings and foreign buildings are completed and the public visits them daily. The great Auditorium and the great Stadium, either of which alone would be a monument to any building enterprise, are in full operation and providing programs of every variety, including concerts of the far-famed Philadelphia Orchestra in the former and "Freedom," the greatest dramatic pageant ever staged, in the latter.

The amusement devices are operating and everywhere in the thousand acres of the Exposition, where the landscape artist has excelled himself, you will find things to interest, amaze and delight you. America and the countries of the old world have sent their best offerings for your inspection.

Remember that what Philadelphia has done in this instance has been done in the name of the responsibility that is thrust upon her as the place where the 150th Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence must be celebrated if it is to be celebrated appropriately. This is a solemn task and we have discharged it against almost overwhelming obstacles.

As Mayor of Philadelphia I ask nothing more for our city than fair play and just recognition for the discharge of a duty which the city could not evade if it were not to acknowledge itself of lesser fibre than the men who met in 1776 and staked their all on the ideal of independence for our country.

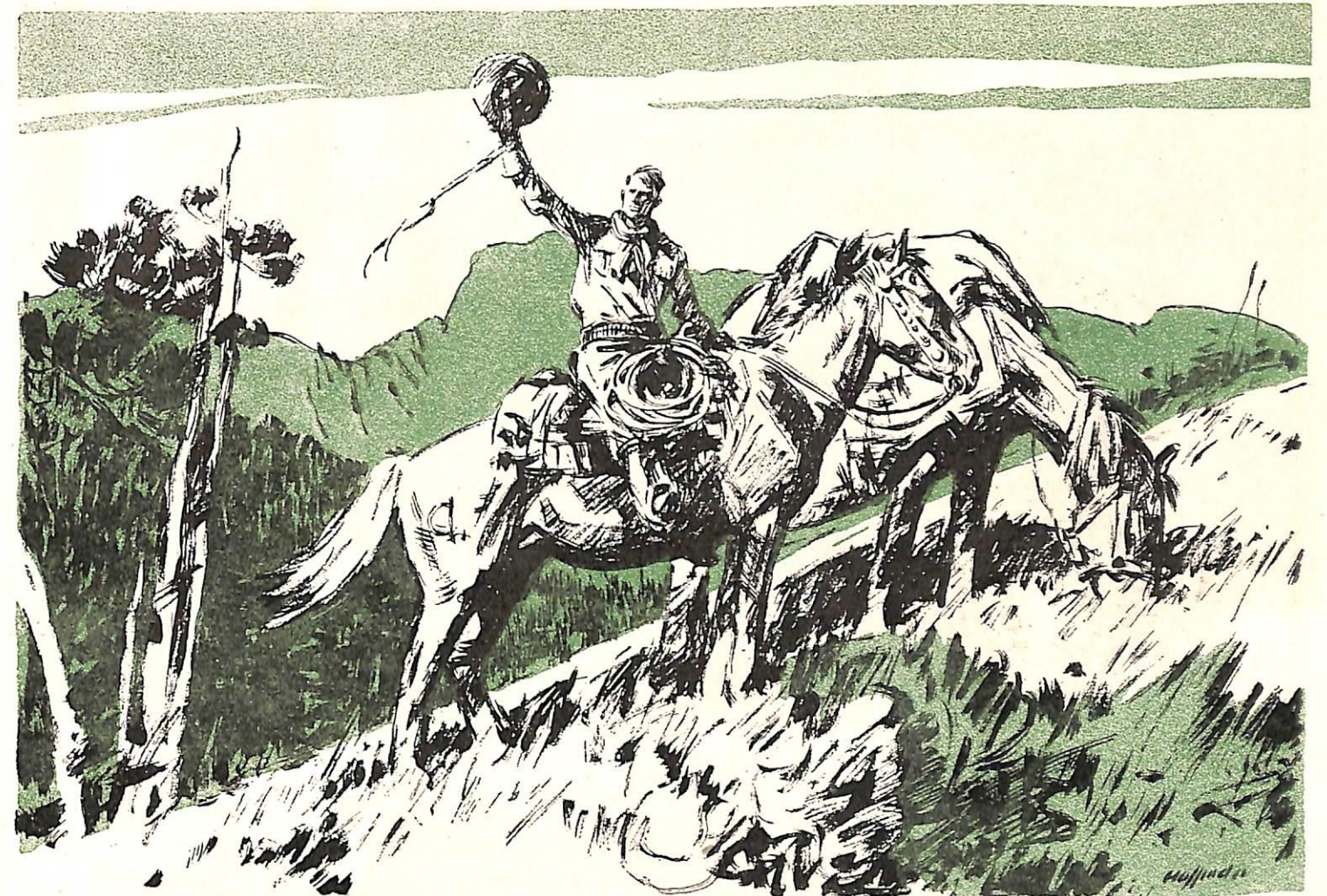
I am sure the American people as a whole will recognize that the Sesqui-Centennial celebration is theirs just as much as it is Philadelphia's. I am sure they will be willing to approve the task that has been done in their name now that they may be certain the task has been worthily done.

Shriners are not lacking in patriotism. Indeed, it is our boast that we embody the sterling virtue to a degree not excelled by any other group of citizens. I appeal to the patriotic spirit of my fellow Nobles. I beg that you will take steps to assure yourself that the picture I have painted here is the whole truth and not unduly colored with the rose tints of unfounded optimism. It will be very easy for you to do that.

When you have done so, I solemnly appeal to you both as members of the order and as patriotic American citizens to get behind this worthy and unselfish effort and take your part along with the other red-blooded Americans in Philadelphia and elsewhere who are striving to make this solemn patriotic celebration the great success it deserves to be and will be.

*W. Freeland Kendrick*

(Advertisement)



## THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

*"A Little Fun, to Match the Sorrow of Each Day's Growing—and so, Good-Morrow!"*

*To the Temples and Nobility:*

As I write (mid-July) it is the season of relaxation, of vacations, of dreaming of dreams. The season of barbecues, picnics, boat-rides and excursions. Eyes that should stay fixed on book or order blank stray out beyond the sordid surroundings to view a mirage upon the far blue horizon. Minds that should remain concentrated upon the daily work will wantonly wander away to the old swimming hole. Hands which should unerringly guide pen, instrument or machine involuntarily grasp an imaginative fishing rod or golf club. The play time of the year is here. This is as it should be. Play, as a part of life, is as necessary as work, study or any other activity.

The business of making the world happier, of replacing suspicion with confidence and hatred with friendship, to forge a golden chain of love binding man into one harmonious union is the field of endeavor, the business of Masonic Work of the Shrine.

If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, then the way to his soul is through his play. Every man is most receptive to moral truth, more easily persuaded to do good deeds, when under the refreshing influence of clean, wholesome play and good fellowship.

Permit me to remind you that we can make our pleasures

greater and more perfect by sharing them. We are doing our duty for the crippled children and they are opening our hearts to a new knowledge of our God and our eyes to a new vision of life. But the crippled children are not the only ones who suffer. By helping all those who need help we will obtain a deeper insight into Divine Love and Wisdom.

May I then, take the liberty, as the fall season for Temple activities approaches, of directing your attention to the need for enlargement of our charities? It may be only a dollar here and a dollar there; a smile for one of your unfortunate fellows; a hearty handshake, a cheery word, a liberality in your definition of the word charity, so that we may not look with a too severe frown upon the shortcomings and failings of our friends and associates.

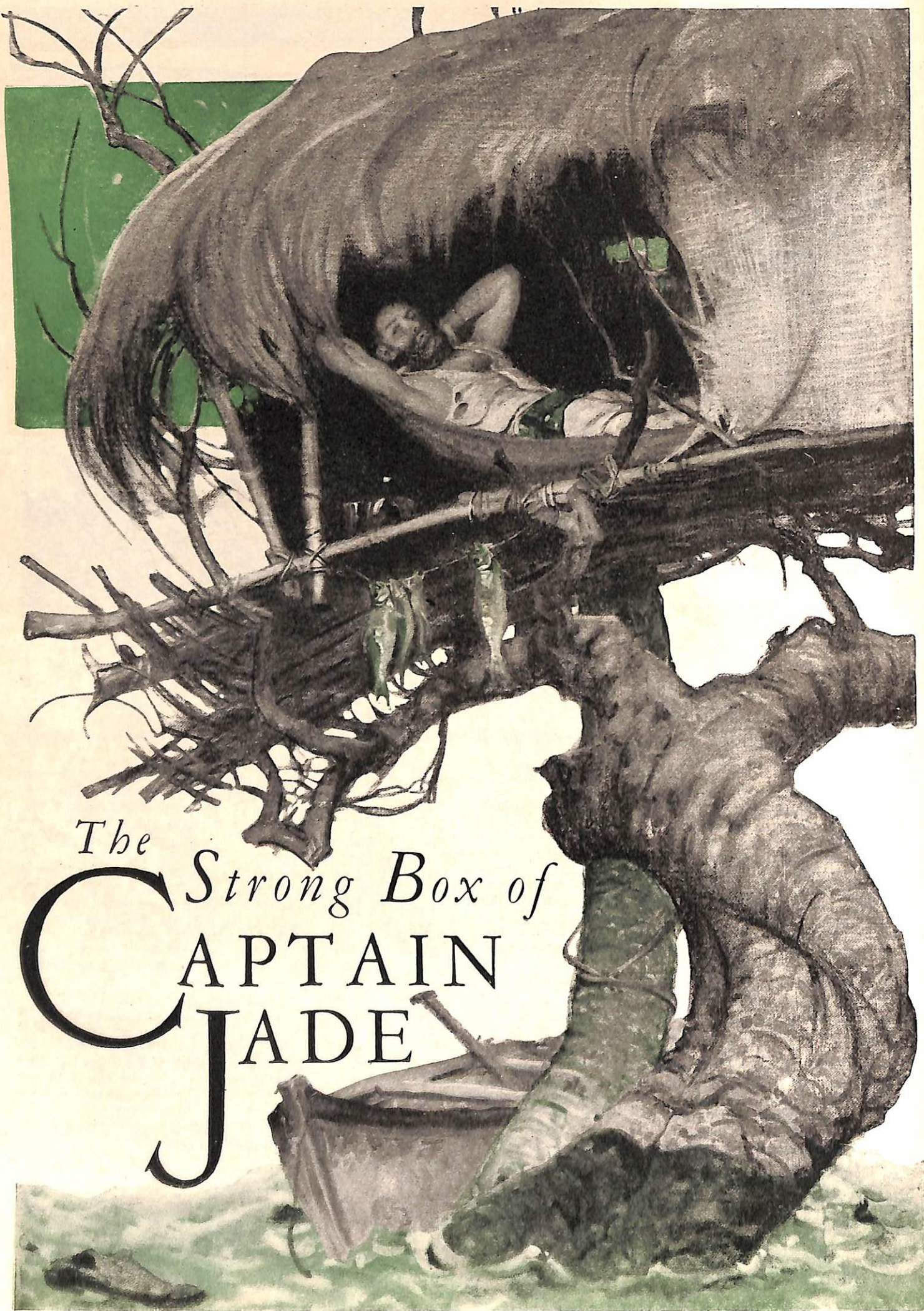
Now that the vacation season is over, let us return to our work refreshed, with enlarged vision, with more eager desire to put others on the road to the same enjoyment that we have. Life is sunshine and shade, laughter and tears, and may we, who enjoy the better part, seek in eagerness of spirit to share it with those less fortunate. Be charitable to the needy and kindly to one another and the capacity to enjoy your play will be increased many fold.

And may Allah have you in his kindly keeping and incline your thoughts along meet and proper channels.

Yours in the faith,

*W. Freeland Kendrick*  
IMPERIAL POTENTATE





# The Strong Box of CAPTAIN JADE



By Paul  
ANNIXTER

*[A Situation That Proves  
It's No Easy Job  
to KILL A CONSCIENCE*

THE night was hot and thick. Not a cat's-paw of breeze stirred the humid air. The schooner *Treasure Bird*, a pearl trader to the Antilles, lay at anchor off Monkey Point. Her owner, Captain Jade, was making one of his periodic cruises southward along the Nicaraguan coast toward Port of Spain for his monthly cashing in. He was a canny trader, was Jade, and it was his habit to make a monthly coast-wise trip from Bluefields to San Juan del Norte, to barter for any pearls the coast natives might have found. In this way he was lucky enough to arrive at many a lonely spot in the Caribbees at exactly the right moment to pick up the very largest stores of those rich waters. Sounds from the galley and fore-castle had long since ceased aboard the *Treasure Bird*; hammocks had been lowered and the cook and the motley crew of seven had turned in. Their heavy breathing, broken now and then by the muttering of a man in a dream, mingled with the distant pounding of the surf in the darkened men's quarters. No regular watch was kept in these unfrequented waters and Harkley and Margott, thanked their stars as they lay awake in their hammocks.

A strange pair, indeed, were Harkley and Margott, two of life's anomalies, synonymous of the floating riff-raff that come to anchor in the yellow ribbons of land that links the Americas. Maxwell Harkley, waster and salt-water tramp de luxe, was the

offspring of a bigoted New England family, the very foundation of which was a rigid, pretentious pride. His youth had been a dull, drawn-out affair, aridly proper and given over to an endless suppressing of all the natural emotions.

The elder Harkley, ironically enough, had cherished fond hopes of his son's entering the pulpit, and thereby gaining a sort of lien for the family on the chairs of paradise. But the father's judgment was sadly at fault, for from the very first the austere deacons of the Boston college of Divinity found a sullen, savage pupil in young Harkley. They wrestled mightily, but at the end of six months decided that young Maxwell had no vocation, though he had many talents—chiefly in the ways of the devil. And so with formal reluctance and actual relief, they sent him home.

The elder Harkley might have stopped to reason that religious fervor cannot be ordered into being by parents or inculcated by colleges, but he did not. And as there were already too many skeletons in the family closet he disowned young Maxwell and gave him to the devil. All this is mentioned apropos of the fact that Harkley, after years of drifting from bad to worse, had ended up as a bit of flotsam among these far islands of the Caribbees.

Margott's father had been a British sportsman—the perfect







Englishman in many ways, but there was the indescribable taint of some dark-skinned race in the blood of his son, manifest in a slight crinkle to his stiff black hair, dark eyes that sometimes gleamed with a blackness that was barbaric, and the sultry resonance of his voice. There was a cruelty and lawlessness, too, in that unknown race, manifest in young Margott's predilection for a knife, a knife that itched with uneasiness and was said to sweat blood on warm nights.

Very early Margott had drifted from his birthplace, the island of Felicidad, to Port of Spain, whither all the scum of the Indies float. There he had come upon the debonair Harkley, fallen to the level of a beach-comber. A partnership of a sort quickly sprang up between them. Margott, by questionable methods of his own, was eking out an existence among the pearl fisheries, and needed a helper. In Harkley he saw much good material going to waste and immediately set about to remedy the matter. Harkley, who by now was ready for anything, was quite naturally attracted to the more dominant lawlessness he felt in the other. Each was utterly hell careless; unequal to step-by-step achievement, but capable of any deviltry.

Margott set about teaching Harkley his unscrupulous little business. He had a plan, had Margott, a wild and daring plan. Ambition ran high among other passions in his primitive brain, the inordinate ambition of the outlaw. But before his plan could come to fruition, he must have a trading schooner of his own. With this in view the two had joined forces in the game of collecting a string of rare pearls for their own private use, while to all appearances remaining honest workers on a weekly pay roll. They had made small headway in this for a time, it being necessary to let weeks elapse between the disappearance of each pearl, and the toil meanwhile was wearisome, and not at all to their liking.

At length Margott had taken it upon himself to discover a quicker and more profitable means to their end. Thus, in due time, they had come to Spanish Town, in Jamaica, and entered the employ of Captain Jade, whose trading schooner wound in and out among the Antilles, often carrying a vast wealth in precious stones.

Life had run high with them for awhile with that final coup of theirs beginning to take tangible form between their temples, and the Captain's half-caste woman making beautiful eyes at them behind her husband's back. Very carefully they had planned the thing out, taking plenty of time and sparing no pains. All of Margott's native sagacity was brought to bear, and young Harkley's genius for anticipating obstacles, developed in the cities of the north. The great Yolaina Swamps that stretch inland from Pearl Lake on the Nicaraguan coast, were to be their refuge until it was safe to tackle civilization again—an amphibious maze of lakes and tributaries where no man would think of following.

In furtherance of these plans the partners had hidden a native-made canoe loaded with water and canned necessities among the reeds of a little estuary near Monkey Point. This done, it had been but a matter of waiting for one of old Jade's quarterly trips to Port of Spain, for then it was that the strong box in the Captain's cabin was richest.

All this had transpired two months ago. And now the night of nights, long anticipated and patiently awaited, had arrived.

A little before eight bells, midnight, Margott, after peering cautiously about the fore-castle, dropped noiselessly to the floor in his socks and touched Harkley on the shoulder.

"Now's the time," he whispered, "come on."

In a moment Harkley had slid from his hammock and stood beside him. Each had carefully assured



himself that his knife and revolver were in readiness. The cylinders of their pistols had previously been filled. Silently as ghosts the two crept up the dark companion-way to the deck.

A blown rose-petal could have made no less sound than did Margott as, a cloth-wrapt billy in hand, he crept down the passage-way toward the Captain's quarters. The door stood partly open. Full two minutes passed before Margott stepped upon the planking of the cabin floor, and to Harkley, quaking in the darkened passage, it was two eternities.

WITHOUT hesitancy, but with nerve-racking stealth, Margott had made his shadowy way toward the place where Jade's berth loomed in the dark. Heavy breathing came to him and a smile passed over Margott's face as he put forth a stealthy hand to investigate. Then the billy descended, just gauged to deal nonentity.

To Harkley in the passage without, it seemed a desperate cry that issued from the cabin. He had once heard a similar one in a dentist's office, the sound a woman made under gas as a tooth was extracted.

Margott had thought the trick neatly done, but he had failed to reckon with Ahmina, the Captain's woman. That daughter of Satan had sprung up like a wild-cat at the first sound. Margott had grasped wildly at her in the dark, but ere he could catch her she had slipped past him and out into the passage. The waiting Harkley likewise clutched and missed. In half a minute the crew was roused to a man, but Margott had found the strong box by then and the devil's own courage ran in the veins of the partners.

They could never tell correctly just what happened in the next half minute. They made a break for the stern where a dory was in readiness, but ran head-on into the crew as they swarmed on deck, led by the giant cook. The woman had stirred them up like a nest of hornets.

There was the keen thunder of a revolver shot in the narrow passage and the door jamb splintered at Margott's side. Harkley answered the shot as the two lunged forward, and they saw a man fall. Together they drove like a flying wedge, straight into the men who blocked the passage, shooting as they went, and smashing out at the wrath-dazed faces of their erstwhile mates with fist and pistol-butt. Twice the seven all but swallowed them up, but each time they broke free and surged on.

When they gained the stern-deck at last, they took refuge behind a small-boat and Margott continued the firing while Harkley desperately lowered himself and the precious box, into the waiting dory. A minute later they shoved clear of the ship's hull, Margott still firing random shots while Harkley pulled frenziedly at the oars. In ten minutes they had gained the shore and the comparative safety of the reed-choked estuary.

The tide had shifted their hidden craft some two hundred feet and they were an hour in locating it—a desperate hour in which they clawed and groped amid the fetid reeds, cursing, gasping, their eyes hot with rage and nervous exhaustion. Drenched with mud and slime they found the craft at last and dug for the paddles beneath the canvas sacking which protected their provisions. They scuttled and sank the ship's dory; then began at once the tortuous pull through the sluggish water and dank clinging reeds toward Pearl Lake.

Pockets of poisonous swamp-gas hung in the hot, stagnant air. The moonlight fell green and ghostly through the vapor-laden atmosphere, augmenting the insidious mystery of the foul wilderness of reeds and water they traversed.

It still lacked two hours of dawn when they crossed the last clear reach of the lake's inlet and plunged into the uncharted swamps beyond. The low dank beat of the waterways enveloped them, pressed down upon them like the breath of a giant hot-house, and their



(The Captain's half-caste woman lazily dozed all day and made beautiful eyes at the two castaways behind her husband's back.

progress became more cautious, their boat scarcely moving.

Around them boomed the night chorus of the swamp. Giant bull frogs, eight to ten inches long, made the darkness vocal with their hollow croaking; added to this the shrill, nerve wearing falsetto of tree frogs, forever fiddling on one string; the blood-thirsty whine of myriads of insects, and the monotonous hooting of owls, answered by the never-ending call of the whippoorwill. The faint splash of their paddles as they progressed seemed only to accentuate the remoteness of the place—a remoteness of death and decay, such as must have existed in the dim back ages when man was not and the great trees were kings.

The dawn came at last, a greenish-yellow filter of sunlight slanting through myriads of leaves. It showed them a country, weird, mute and untellably formidable; as if this region had held out grimly since the beginning of time against all inroads of man.

Giant trees that seemed coeval with creation interlocked their ponderous branches overhead, hung with creepers and trailing festoons of Spanish moss, which added to the funereal gloom of the place. Like hoary Druids of untold age they stretched away in all directions, between them aisles of still water lay for the most part, but now and then they came to islands or raised hummocks of land like the spines of mighty monsters pushing up from the quaking depths. Gay-colored birds flitted amid the overhanging branches and occasionally they saw little green monkeys swinging far up amid the trees. Bat-things swooped past them, muffle-winged creatures of the night, seeking dark hollows against the coming light.

Presently Margott, sitting in the stern of the craft, stopped paddling.

"Hold on a bit," he exclaimed. "Time we breathed for a spell.





This grind is soaking all the moisture out of me—it's as if a fellow was a wet sponge."

It was the first words that had passed between them since entering the swamp.

Harkley rested his paddle willingly enough. They sat for a minute panting regularly, while Margott brought forth his tobacco pouch and rolled a cigarette. Harkley was staring about in nervous awe through the fetid, dripping amphitheatre of trees.

"God, what a place!" he muttered after a moment. "I've seen swamps before, but never such a hole as this."

"Guess you don't know much about this country," Margott grinned. "I've been down in this locality a good many times in my life, and this part of the Yolaina is where the devil gets his firewoods—right next door to hell." He laughed. "But I for one am glad we're here. Let 'em follow us now if they can, damn 'em."

"But smell it," said Harkley. "Lord, how can a man exist in here?"

"This is nothing," drawled Margott. "Wait till we get in a bit where the croc's and 'gators thrive—where the water's crawlin' yellow an' the skeets eat you alive—"

It was an irritating habit of Margott's to rhyme his sentences

when in an urbane mood—a habit that had often driven Harkley to distraction.

"—where the fever mists are thick as paste and of stuff to drink there's none to waste," his voice trailed on. "Where the smelly little Injuns dwell, and the sun beats down as hot as—"

"Cut it," Harkley whined.

MARGOTT laughed as he lolled back against the stern, exhaling a thin, double-stream of smoke from his wide nostrils. He never lost his composure, did Margott, and there was never a moment too solemn for laughter. But his laughter was sometimes mirthless and did not always improve him. Presently he flipped away the stub of his cigarette and sat up.

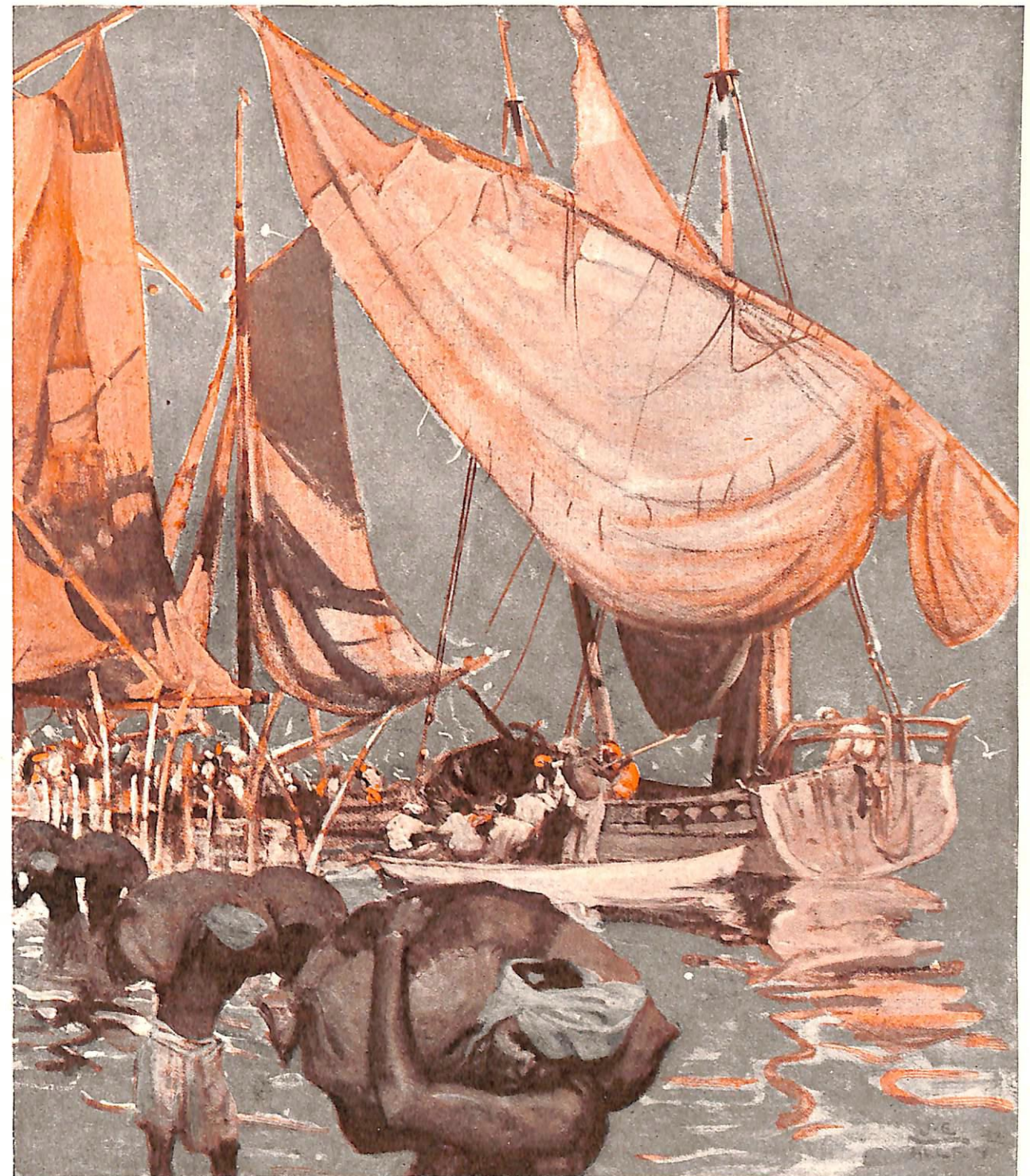
"We may as well eat a snack before we go on," he remarked.

"Let's see what's in those bundles."

"You go ahead," said Harkley pettishly. "I'm not in an eating mood."

Margott seemed to enjoy the other's discomfiture and began rummaging through the canvas-wrapped bundles, his manner nonchalant and deliberate to the point of irritation.

"How much farther is this place you told me of?" asked Harkley.



*(It was the habit of Captain Jade, the pearl trader, to make a monthly trip in and out among the Antilles to barter with the coast natives for some of the rarest stones of those rich waters.)*

"Oh, a day's paddle," Margott drawled. "We're not really started yet."

Harkley suppressed a groan. Naturally high strung and of a sensitive, mercurial temperament the swamp's rank desolation was already weighing him down. Margott, on the other hand, waxed smugger and more nonchalant with every mile. Used to the killing climate and vicissitudes of Felicidad, Yolaina Swamp held little fear for him. His thin blood and sallow skin marked him as malaria proof; in temperament he was not unlike the country itself.

Throughout the morning they pushed on steadily, the aspect of the country growing wilder with each mile. Alligators and crocodiles began to be seen, and from the vines overhead rare orchids clung like butterflies, beautiful but somehow repellent.

Toward noon a sudden wind came up and the effect of it was uncanny in this weird place. It roared in the tops of the great trees, filling the green-vaulted gloom with a mighty susurrus of sound like surf on a rocky shore, yet down below an uncanny stillness prevailed, birds continued to sing and the surface of the waters was unruffled.

They stopped again for food. Margott ate with seeming relish, but Harkley only dabbled with his food. Generations of rotting weeds and bamboo about them gave off an almost over-powering

fetor, and he could not rid himself of the canvassing of an over-strung imagination. The beastly, bark-like cough of the bull-alligator in the distance suddenly silenced the lesser sounds about them. Harkley flung away the ship's biscuit he was eating with a blistering curse.

"Margott, d'you suppose we'll ever get enough out of those stones to pay us for all this?" he ground out savagely.

Margott, licking the last crumbs from his greasy fingers, turned his dark eyes upon his companion with a glance of quiet hostility. He noted suddenly the havoc that the night had wrought on the other's narrow face. Harkley looked aged and haggard in the greenish light, like a shell of his former self. The glances of the two men crossed just then and something darkly occult seemed to stir for the moment between them. It passed quickly.

"OUGHT to be, hadn't there?" grunted Margott, looking away. "There's a couple hundred stones in that box, all kinds and sizes."

"What do you figure they'll bring us?" Harkley asked.

"Oh, say ninety to a hundred thousand, all told," Margott answered off-hand.

*(Continued on page 75)*





Jeannette Phillips Gibbs, American wife of A. Hamilton Gibbs, is herself an author. Her book "Portia Marries" has just been published.

EDITOR'S NOTE Every time we meet a foreigner who has come to this country and has stayed we ask him "Why?" In response to this question A. Hamilton Gibbs, the distinguished author of "SOUNDINGS", brother of Sir Philip Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton, has written the following article.

I CAME to America in 1911 and saving only the interruption of the Great War, have been here ever since.

Having been asked why, I can only say that the reasons go back before my birth. To start with, the English are a race of emigrants, and my own family has been no exception to the rule. When I was five years old, for instance, I remember being shown a letter with a strange and fascinating stamp on it, and being told that it came from a brother in South America. I had never seen the brother—consciously, at least, for when he departed I was deep in my cradle.

Some time later another brother went off to West Africa and, having emerged from death by black water fever by the skin of his teeth and much nursing, he left home again and went off to India. For the last twelve years or so he has been in New Zealand. A third brother, Philip, seemed to spend his days in dashing off to Holland, to Germany, to Bulgaria, there to attend the births of kings or the fall of nations.

My own first chance to emigrate came when I was thirteen, on an unforgettable evening, when, just having returned from a six weeks stay in the country, my mother asked me if I would like to go to school in France. Was it a racial characteristic that made me jump at it, or was it a family trait? I do not know, but I certainly jumped and with an eagerness that surprised myself far more than my parents. That French school gave me not only a second language, but a first bite at the outside world in response to an inner hunger, summed up by Kipling in the soldier ballad:

"For to admire and for to see  
For to be old this world so wide  
It never done no good to me  
But I can't drop it if I tried!"

The soldier and myself, however, part company at the third line.

My father died when I was fifteen. I got a job in a London

# WHY I CAME to AMERICA

As Set Forth by a

office. The pay was three dollars a week to begin with. For three years I was a daily-bread, a catcher of the five-fifteen. After the first flush of pride had departed, it began to dawn on me that I was in for a life sentence of dullness, the rewards of which were conspicuous by their absence; and little by little the innate yearning to spread wings became an urge. I had seen France and heard too much of South America and India—to say nothing of Cape Colony where a cousin of whom I cordially approved was literally winning his spurs in the mounted police. London and the office shrank daily until they became insignificant. I began to look up facts and figures about Canada and South Africa.

And then, out of a clear sky, my brother Cosmo, at that time riding the wave of success in the theater with Charles Frohman, invited me down to spend a week-end and proposed that I should go to Oxford University. Oxford spelled open doors, freedom, life. As a certain brother author put it,—"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune . . ."

In the vernacular of the day it was Opportunity. South Africa might come later, but Oxford came first. My brother and his wife had the idea that I should become a barrister and drew fascinating pictures of the Middle Temple, the Inner Temple and the Inns of Court. It would have meant London again in different terms—sitting down to a given job in a given spot. The idea was attractive enough as they painted it, but subconsciously there was a resistance in me. I agreed, however, to try myself out as a speaker at the Oxford Union, where nearly all the famous statesmen and barristers of England have made their maiden speeches, to see if concealed within me there lay dormant an echo of 'silver-tongued' oratory.

MY FIRST visit to that august assemblage, however, where I remained frozenly dumb, convinced me that I would make a better mounted policeman than a barrister. And what was more by that time my pen had already developed a severe itch. It was a matter of no small pride to me to cut out of the university magazines each one of my contributions and mail it to my brother. By the time I began my second year at college, the Middle Temple had vanished and it was tacitly understood that I was to follow in the footsteps of the family, pen in hand. Already three of my brothers were, in my estimation at least, famous authors, and therefore whether I took to it in simian imitation or not, I am unable to say. I prefer to think that we all inherited the disease of writing from a literary father.

Be that as it may, I spent the last two terms of my college life editing and writing for a weekly journal which my brother Cosmo and I had started; and I came down from the University to be sub-editor of a new-born Stock Exchange monthly magazine. It may be said to have died at birth, for only one number ever saw the light of day. Looking back upon it now, I can't help feeling that it was a good thing for me that it did die; for its failure took me away once more from a regular job and set me to writing fiction, thus leaving me free for the second big opportunity—America, which was the farthest thing from our minds just then.

Cosmo was busily producing a string of plays. In the three years after leaving Oxford, I had perpetrated three books and a great number of short stories which appeared in the various London magazines. Some of the critics had said very nice things

# -and Why I STAYED

By A. Hamilton GIBBS

Friendly Englishman

about my work and it seemed to me that all things being considered I was more than started. All I had to do was to go on doing it.

And then, in the course of the day's work, one of those slight, unnoticed incidents occurred which, like the jumping of the cricket, starts the cyclone. My brother wrote a play called "The Blindness of Virtue." I helped him with it and assisted at many of the rehearsals, as I had in others of his plays, without either of us having the least suspicion that our future lives were to be entirely changed by it.

The play was a success and we were both once more deep in other work when my brother was notified by an American producer that he desired to buy the play for America and was most anxious that my brother should return with him and produce the play in New York. An English company was to be selected and rehearsed by my brother.

There he was then face to face with another hundred and ten million people, face to face with success or failure among them. He accepted the offer.

And I? One of my best friends at Oxford had been a Yale man. I had met, and liked, nearly all the Rhodes Scholars of my year. From them I had received instruction in George Ade and an introduction to O. Henry. I had seen a Princeton Tiger and a Harvard Crimson. The Hyperion at New Haven seemed as familiar as the theater at Oxford. I had heard a Middle Western 'r' and the soft drawl of the southerner. I had sung Boola Boola and Fair Harvard . . . Was there anything to stop me from going too? Not if I knew it! Did it matter that I was chucking up a promising beginning in the writing game in London? Not the slightest! I had just begun a new novel and I was perfectly certain that I could finish it as well in the States as in England. If I couldn't, well so much the worse, but meanwhile here was the one opportunity of my life "for to admire and for to see" the land of Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I asked my brother if I might take an insignificant part in his play. There was one—a four-line thing that opened the first and last acts. I had never had grease paint on in my life, nor had I appeared behind any footlights; and up to then would rather have died than do so. But I was willing to do any mortal thing to get to America. The part was so insignificant that he gave it to me.

In due course my brother and I turned from the windows of a hotel not far from Fifth avenue and Forty-second street and looked at each other and said: "So this is America!"

In describing how I came, I think I have at least struck the keynote of why. It was largely the wanderlust which made me grab at France as a small boy, which made me drop everything and come out to this country and Canada in 1911, which, during the war and later, has 'lusted' me to Italy, Greece, Serbia, Turkey, Palestine and Egypt; and which, I hope, before I hand in my checks, will take me to China, Japan, India and whatever other continents there are.

That wanderlust is not mere curiosity, not the hankering to pick up a handful of curios to decorate the mantelpiece when one gets back. Nor is it the desire to compare notes with summer tourists as to how one got 'trimmed' in the various hotels along the advertised route. It goes a little deeper than that. It is the desire to find out about people, be they white or brown; to know what they think, and why; to discover how they live and work, and die; to try and be able to perceive the samenesses and differences of the various branches of the human family. America,



A. Hamilton Gibbs the famous author working on his book "Soundings" which later became so tremendously popular.

therefore, was the second port of call on a voyage of discovery that will last me the rest of my days. Since those far off pre-war times, however, it has entirely changed its character. For me it is no longer a port of call, but the home port.

The change, naturally enough, was not brought about all in a moment. The elements contributing to it are many and varied. Man is essentially a chameleonic animal, and the young of the species, in particular, experience little difficulty in taking on the color of their environment. In 1911 I was extremely young, just into the twenties, and naturally every pore was wide open. From August, 1911 to June, 1912 I drank in this country, playing three nights here and a week there all the way from New York to Chicago, from Chicago to Montreal, and from Montreal back down to New York again.

ACCUSTOMED all my life to the cold embarrassed "How d'you do?" of the British, the slow and difficult progress towards a smile, and the agonized travail that preluded an invitation to an English home, I hardly knew how to crawl out of my own British shell when taken home to dinners and dances and out to country clubs by every American with whom we came in contact. The Prince of Wales had a marvelous time on his triumphal tour here, but he certainly had nothing on me. Never in my life had I imagined such informal and delightful kindness and hospitality.

When the season ended and I was back in England again, it seemed to me that I owed a debt of gratitude to an incredible number of individual Americans. Looking back on it now I realize that I had also received a preliminary course in the art of living; that the whole approach to life was entirely different, infinitely more human and jolly and get-at-able. It seemed to me that the difference between living in England and America was the difference between swimming off the coast of Maine and the coast of Florida—the one might be invigorating and hardening and so on, but the other was undoubtedly more inviting and tempting, and it was possible to stay in longer.

My one idea was to return.

Then, too, during that theatrical tour I had managed to finish the novel on which I had started before leaving England. Week by week I had added bits to it in half a hundred different hotels, and wrote the last few chapters on the roof of the hotel in Halifax,



Canada. The completed manuscript traveled with me back to New York and it was my simple intention to take it over to England and place it in the usual way there. The American market was entirely strange to me and I hadn't the faintest idea of breaking into it. But my brother's agent demanded a reading of the story and within three days telephoned me to go down and see Robert H. Davis of Munsey's—the Robert H. Davis. That was one of the greatest days of my life, for not only did Bob Davis take my story but he took me as a friend.

Those two facts combined marked a turning point in my attitude towards this country, and vice versa. In a word I was no longer a mere visitor, here today and gone tomorrow, but a part of the scheme. I had roots. There was room for my work over here, and there was a man in an office at the top of the Flatiron Building who wanted to know what I was going to write next, who was interested in my future. It was not very difficult, therefore, to imagine that when I got back to England my dreams were mostly of sky-scrapers, of those individuals who had given me friendship and a first taste of success.

Again looking back on it, I can see that there is still another element, and not an unimportant one. It was that for the first time I was treated as a man, and not as a boy. In England I was just "Cosmo's young brother," with a pat on the back, friendly enough if you like, but not at all in keeping with the dignity of a man who had been through the University mill and had also three books published! In other words, presumably, I had growing pains; and, at the precise moment when the casual pat on the back began to rankle, fate, luck, Providence—call it what you like—lifted me gently out of it all and dropped me into a country where I was a unit, an individual, an ego, a person, even, perhaps, a writer!

THE psychology of all that goes deeper than one thinks. It was evident that the reasons for my coming back to this country were beginning to pile up. On the other hand the reasons for my staying in England, were to say the least of it, intangible. My parents were both dead and my brothers and sisters widely scattered. There was no "home," in the good old-fashioned sense, to go back to. I should have had to start one of my own in order to have that reason, and at that time I hadn't even met any girl who would have made one with me. My thoughts were otherwise occupied. In the present conditions of society one can't begin to think of marriage until one has devoted more than a little thought to the problem of making an income. Mine was somewhat nebulous just then. It lay ahead of me and I wasn't quite sure how far.

So, without a "home" and with an income depending entirely upon the fluidity of my fountain pen, the only reason left for staying in England was the fact that I was English. In other words there should have been operating within me that love of country, that deep sense of the motherland, which is generally called patriotism, the herd-instinct for staying with the herd. Perhaps it was; but I had my own definition of it. Generations of Gibbs before me had cut their motherland's apron strings and sailed their argosies upon the high seas. Generations of Englishmen, in no way related to me, had lived and died in every other land on earth except England. It is becoming daily more evident that I am just one more of the kind that gets out. It is not that the laws of patriotism do not operate. They operate in a different way, that's all; and when the War came I was only one of many million Englishmen who poured back, for better or for worse, to take part in that amazing shamble.

By the time the War came I had been over here for nearly another year, had sold another novel to Bob Davis, had got a little closer to the American tempo—which, after all, is only another way of saying that I had begun to feel thoroughly at home: so much so, indeed, that by the summer of 1914 I had reached the definite decision that in future I would spend June, July and August in England and the rest of the year here. In July of that particular summer I was contentedly playing golf in Buckinghamshire and had my plans all settled to sail for New York again on August 28th. By breakfast time on August 4th, however, the unbelievable had happened and the Statue of Liberty began to seem a long way off. . . . It was five years off. Those of us who were still amazingly alive when the smoke cleared from the battlefields were not by any means the same as when we went in. We were not five years older, but five hundred. We had fraternized too long with death. Like cats under the kitchen stove, we had to crawl away and hide to lick our wounds awhile. Was it strange that I should turn to this country again to try to make a new beginning? Not only was it three thousand miles away

from hell, but it was the only place where I had any friends left, the only place unfouled by war, the only place where memories were unspoiled.

It is not without significance that I was "repatriated" to the U. S. A. by the British Government. The official meaning of repatriation is simply that those men who came from abroad to fight were sent back, if so they desired to be, to the countries from which they came, under a government scheme. I desired it most strongly, and was eventually placed in charge of some thirty officers who were going to all parts of this country and Canada. My responsibility towards them ceased on landing at Halifax, but it was not until I had said good-bye to them all and finally got off the train in Boston that I was at liberty to meditate on the unofficial meaning of repatriation, the meaning it had for me. Apart from personal reasons for desiring to be in Boston, the feeling of being really back again in America after five years, and such years, was as emotionally exciting as though I had been given a second chance on earth. Which, indeed, was true!

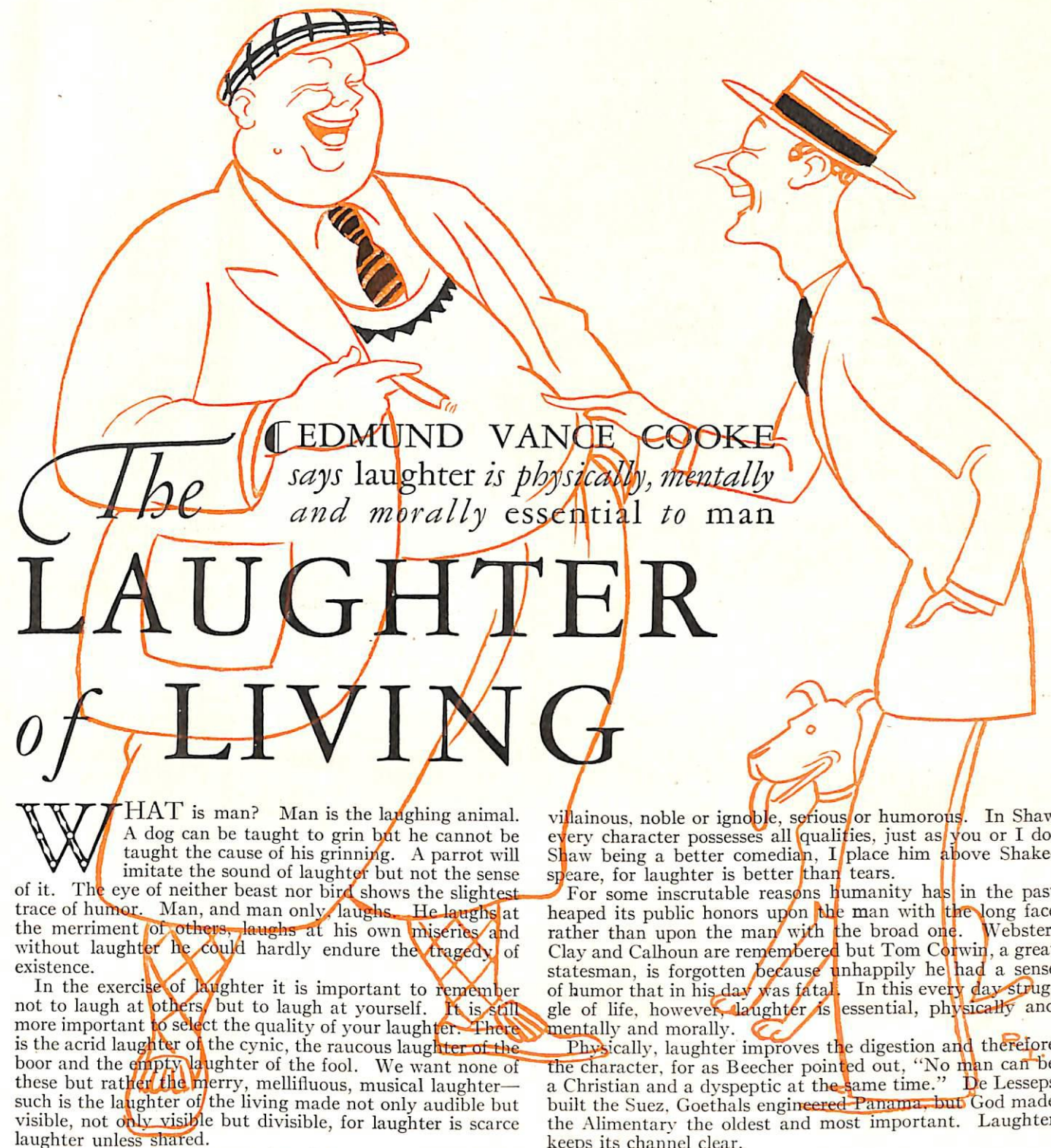
I celebrated it by getting married, to an American girl. The metaphorical kitchen stove under which I retired was New England. There, for the first time in five years, I saw the blossom settle on the apple trees like a fall of snow; saw the trees, unsmashed by shell-fire, open up to the touch of spring; heard the cheery bob-whites and the curious chatter of the chipmunks as they paused in frozen electric attitudes on the top of a stone wall; lay on my back in the grass and listened and felt, bewilderedly and ecstatically, the birth and progress of a new year. There, among the mountains and lakes and the old old trees, to which, it seemed, no echo of Europe's agony had penetrated, I set about the task of finding out what manner of man was this I who had been spewed out of the maelstrom, this person which was another self to the youngster who had gaily left New York for a holiday in England in 1914.

Physically speaking, I could still claim the correct number of hands and feet, ears and eyes. The only "disability" I had incurred was from having been gassed somewhat, but not very seriously. Spiritually, however, it was another story. I felt rather like Carpentier after Dempsey had got through with him—not only battered to a pulp, but defeated. Chunks of my soul had been smashed off by forces that I couldn't explain. I had lost faith, and hope, and charity. . . . The old meanings of religion, education, honor, decency, international integrity, patriotism, had all been proven false. They were nothing but labels which had been washed off in a rain of shells; parrot-words that sounded well on the way back from church on Sunday, but which were discarded during the rest of the week while one got on with the job, however dirty it might be. Men fought for honor rooted in dishonor. It was a bitter and difficult paradox that needed much disentangling, much reconciliation, much readjustment.

CONVALESCENCE from that dire malady lasted some four years. It would be hard to pin down just what the kindly influences of New England were or what they did for me, hard to trace the gradual gathering together of shreds and tatters of beliefs, the mending and healing that slowly took place, imperceptibly, beneath the roof of a friendly old farmhouse until the moment finally came when one could emerge into the hard light of New York once more and compete again. But however hard it may be, I know that if life should swing me to the other end of the world, never to return, the memory and meaning of that New England countryside will never leave me. It is forever mine, as indelibly and importantly mine as the three years of my other life, my pre-war life, in the mellow colleges of Oxford. Indeed, its importance is even greater, for whereas those Oxford days covered a period of unalloyed youth when ideals were first stretching their tolerant wings, these New England days put together again something that had been smashed, enabled me to rebuild upon the ruins. The former blazed with the romance of the beginning; the latter are imbued with the quiet compassion of the Good Samaritan. The difference is more than significant.

From the peaceful shadow of the old elms I came once more to New York. War is only a profitable profession to those who do not fight. It was up to me, as a simple soldier to replenish a non-existent exchequer. A war book that I had written fell still-born from the press. Such things as I had written on the farm touching on various aspects of the war and peace were tintured with too much truth to be merchantable. The world wanted gaiety and I had none to sell.

But once more I fell among friends [Continued on page 75]



WHAT is man? Man is the laughing animal. A dog can be taught to grin but he cannot be taught the cause of his grinning. A parrot will imitate the sound of laughter but not the sense of it. The eye of neither beast nor bird shows the slightest trace of humor. Man, and man only, laughs. He laughs at the merriment of others, laughs at his own miseries and without laughter he could hardly endure the tragedy of existence.

In the exercise of laughter it is important to remember not to laugh at others, but to laugh at yourself. It is still more important to select the quality of your laughter. There is the acrid laughter of the cynic, the raucous laughter of the boor and the empty laughter of the fool. We want none of these but rather the merry, mellifluous, musical laughter—such is the laughter of the living made not only audible but visible, not only visible but divisible, for laughter is scarce laughter unless shared.

Laughter inculcates generosity. We are not always ready to share a new idea or a new scheme with every one but a new joke until shared gives us no real satisfaction or pleasure.

I am not an admirer of those obstreperous optimists to whom nothing is disastrous and who laugh to the accompaniment of Nero's fiddling. The man who says, "My wife is in the hospital for an operation, my child has measles and I have just lost my job but it's a grand old world just the same," is doubtless insincere or a poseur. I do believe, nevertheless, that there is no evil however entrenched but can be ridiculed out of existence, or no enemy but becomes your friend if you can make him laugh with you, not at you. In this way you win a double victory—not only conquering your enemy but conquering yourself.

Shaw tells us he is greater than Shakespeare. Not a greater poet, not a finer playwright, but a better comedian. He knows what Shakespeare did not seem to know, namely that life and laughter are irretrievably mixed. In Shakespeare a scene is tragic or comic. In Shaw they are both, just as life is both. In Shakespeare a character is heroic or

villainous, noble or ignoble, serious or humorous. In Shaw every character possesses all qualities, just as you or I do. Shaw being a better comedian, I place him above Shakespeare, for laughter is better than tears.

For some inscrutable reasons humanity has in the past heaped its public honors upon the man with the long face rather than upon the man with the broad one. Webster, Clay and Calhoun are remembered but Tom Corwin, a great statesman, is forgotten because unhappily he had a sense of humor that in his day was fatal. In this every day struggle of life, however, laughter is essential, physically and mentally and morally.

Physically, laughter improves the digestion and therefore the character, for as Beecher pointed out, "No man can be a Christian and a dyspeptic at the same time." De Lesseps built the Suez, Goethals engineered Panama, but God made the Alimentary the oldest and most important. Laughter keeps its channel clear.

LAUGHTER is even more of a mental tonic than a physical, provided the laughter has mental quality. How often it happens that a huge, brainless, gaudy revue is far more fatiguing than a gripping play sparkling with clever dialogue. To be sure you laughed at each, but what is the difference? The difference is the quality of your laughter. Are you refreshed and have you laughed the laughter of the living that will recur many times after the words and scenes which caused the laughter are forgotten or have you merely laughed an unsatisfying, meaningless laugh? Recreation is re-creation and you must have something, some substance with which to re-create.

Morally laughter is a virtue which is its own reward. Open the windows of your heart. Poke the dust and dirt of worry out of its corners. Let the sunshine of good humor and laughter into its inmost chamber. Laughter mellows the voice, scintillates in the eye, dwells in the smiling wrinkles and floats out into the world in song.



# The Crowded Hour

(A story that lives up to its title

By  
Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrated by  
William Meade Prince

ON THE toll bridge an easterly tilted against the automobile, and Mrs. Hollybushe made peevish noises.

"May in Maine!" she exclaimed through chattering teeth. "Ugh!"

Miss Phoebe said nothing, her senses, except that part of them absolutely needed to keep the little car on the bridge, steeped in the crisp magic of the moment.

"Maine at any time!" grunted her stepmother, shrinking together against the vernal chill. "I despise it! This time I'll sell the house. If prayers help I'll sell it this time, and spend what's left of my days in a less cruel place."

And then, just after they had swung around the blind turn under the bluff and come out on the straight road through Woolwich, she said it.

"Rather," said Mrs. Hollybushe bitterly, "one crowded hour . . ."

A fuzzy brown ball hopped across the road, a boy's voice wailed, "Hi!" and Miss Phoebe jerked forward, jammed the brake, wrenched the wheel and caromed off the ancient pine that tilted from the bank fifty feet from the Kennebec Garage. Mrs. Hollybushe shrieked and bobbed from windshield to seat. She settled flatly, as though pinned against the back of the seat, and resolutely sealed her eyes the instant Miss Phoebe brought the car to a stop.

White and trembly with sorriness Miss Phoebe squeezed by her stepmother and alighted. She looked under the automobile; then straightened herself and gazed along the road bewildered. Her stepmother opened her eyes and let them fasten accusingly on Miss Phoebe's bewilderment. She was a person who sucked moral strength from the puzzlement of others.

"Look, look all you've a mind to, Phoebe Hollybushe," she said wrathfully. "You crashed into that tree and now you're pretending to find a reason for it. I've always said no woman ought to be allowed to drive an automobile." With one of her deft transitions from the general to the personal she moaned, "Oh, oh, my back!"



"I'm sorry, mama," answered Miss Phoebe abstractedly. "It is a miracle we weren't killed," gasped Mrs. Hollybushe. "I declare—" She broke off, her attention captured by a pageant of automobiles swerving northward around the corner just past the garage. "If you haven't wrecked the car get in here at once," she commanded testily, "or I'll miss my ferry."

Phoebe cast a cursory glance at the wheel which had collided with the tree and noted that the hub cap had been pared off. She did not mention it but climbed in and stepped on the starter. A red roadster broke the line turning north at the corner and came at them fast.

SHE had forgotten to straighten the wheels and the car started diagonally across the road with a lurch. She missed the roadster by an inch. Mrs. Hollybushe screamed.

"Stop this car instantly!" she cried. "Let me out at once!" Her soft smooth cheeks white and her lips drawn in a fine line, Miss Phoebe kept her eyes on the road and the car there as well, and pretended not to have heard. An avalanche of emotion choked Mrs. Hollybushe. The car slid round the turn down the crooked hill toward the ferry.

"Did you hear me, Phoebe Hollybushe?" squeaked her stepmother, pinching her arm.



They were only a hundred yards from the ticket office but now Miss Phoebe obediently stopped the car. Mrs. Hollybushe extricated herself with bristling efficiency and handbag.

"You're a menace! A menace and a scourge! You and that car! Don't you dare come for me tomorrow! Oh, don't you even dare!"

"NOW, mama," began Miss Phoebe placatingly.

"I'll not hear a word. Don't you dare take that car out again. Don't you even dare turn around. Mr. Cook will come for it. I will meet the stage back tomorrow morning. I know, none better, I have not even fifty cents to spare, but I hope my life is worth that much. Get out of that car instantly."

Miss Phoebe obeyed. She was chagrined and contrite but not so contrite that she did not know what would appease her stepmother most. She hurried ahead into the general store where the ferry company maintained a desk for the sale of passenger and vehicle tickets. The two ladies had each their own sparse income, Phoebe from her proper mother, Mrs. Hollybushe from Phoebe's father. That was odd, because sometimes Miss Phoebe remembered what her stepmother had made out of her father. Money in most trilling amounts was important to each of them, but to Miss Phoebe it was more important to keep everyone in

(It seemed to Miss Phoebe he was a man of abrupt variety. "Bring that dog here," he roared, "and let me wring his neck!")

good humor and as happy as possible. Mrs. Hollybushe was so mollified by the gift of a five-cent ferry ticket that she suffered Phoebe to go with her as far as the ferry slip. The line of automobiles going aboard had not yet filled the boat and there was a moment for them to stand and look at the river and across it to the city of Bath with its white steeple atop the hill.

The May day dancing on the broad river was pleasant to Miss Phoebe and she said, "Isn't it lovely, mama?"

Mrs. Hollybushe sniffed resentfully. She glared at the scene with unblinking hostility, the chill of the winter not yet out of her bones.

"I'm tired to death of it," she said. "If I can sell my house tomorrow I'll leave it all for you to enjoy, I assure you."

The house was really Miss Phoebe's, or should have been, but she was not thinking of that, and, besides, she had a house, too.

"I hope you will like the south," she murmured, still looking at the river with loving eyes.

She was a nice, comforting sight as she stood there: clean smooth skin, kind warm lips, hands and feet rather neatly



made, and eyes which gave forth a message of a steadiness of spirit and body.

She waited until the chains were rehung and the ferry breasted its way loose of the dock, and went back to the automobile and got in without more thought of her stepmother's orders to leave it where it was. She stopped at the garage to have the lost hubcap replaced. No one came out. She pressed the horn. Finally she became conscious of a dim commotion at the cavernous end of the building. Gradually she distinguished, above a dull clanking of metal against concrete and wood, a wheedling voice drooling idiotic invitations in baby syllables. She got out and entered the shop.

After a moment, as her eyes grew accustomed to the dusty gloom, the wheedling voice drew her attention to something darkly human sprawling flat on a stomach behind a big touring car among defunct tires, jacks, cans, housings and wire wheels. It was making curious rowing gestures with two stumps of arms. She saw then that the hands and lower arms were hidden in the opening under the bottom board of a gigantic workbench oppressed with a museum of iron things.

Miss Phoebe coughed discreetly. The creature on the floor said, "Get outta here, ye dern nuisance!"

Miss Phoebe took a step back. The creature raised its head and a boy's face peered at her.

"H'lo," he said. He extricated a weary hand and substituted a new smudge for an area of perspiration on his brow. "'S pup under here. He's filled himself with that old anti-freezin' mixture and swelled up and stuck. And," he added complainingly, "he had enough grease in him already to fill a differential. Here doggy, doggy! C'mon old boy. You damned little fool, c'mon outta here!"

Miss Phoebe bent forward and watched him anxiously. He drew forth his hands again and dragged into view a tire rim with a piece cut out.

"I'm trying to ketch him in this," said the boy, indicating the opening in the rim. "I've been fishin' for him for an hour."

"Where—where is Mr. Cook?" asked Miss Phoebe.

"Oh, he's gone to Bristol after a car," answered the boy carelessly, rubbing his bruised knuckles.

He did not ask her what she wanted nor did Miss Phoebe think to tell him. Instead, she advanced a little deeper into the shop to watch him.

He shoved the rim cunningly under the bench. With infinite patience he maneuvered it.

"Hand me that pry," he said to Miss Phoebe, nodding at a long bar lying near her.

With the bar in one hand and the broken ring in the other, like a rod and scoop, he began to encompass victory. A diminutive yelp issued from the crevice. Miss Phoebe winced.

"DON'T hurt him!" she admonished.

The boy cried triumphantly: "Got him!"

He twisted the rim quickly and, dropping the bar, pulled it toward him with gentle jerks. A squiggly lump of waste came to light.

"My!" gasped Miss Phoebe. "What is it?"

"A pup," said the boy.

Under the clotted and absurd dishevelment of the object Miss Phoebe now intuitively recognized the fuzzy ball which had crossed directly in front of her automobile.

"It's a puppy sure enough!" she exclaimed. "It's the one I thought I ran over a little while ago."

"I yelled to you," said the boy. "I might 'a known you'd never hit him," he finished plaintively.

"What ails him?"

"Nuthin'," said the boy. "He'll be all right after he's got his valves ground. He's full o' that anti-freezin' mixture."

"But what will it do to him?" asked Miss Phoebe anxiously.

"Well," said the boy judiciously, "it won't do him any harm, and then again, unless he goes to the North Pole, it won't do him any good."

Miss Phoebe came nearer. Out of the wrack and mess of the now quiescent ball an incongruously pink little nose protruded and two incredibly bright little eyes stared at her solemnly.

"W-what's his name?" she asked.

"I call him Bobby," said the boy.

"What kind of a dog is he?"

The boy hesitated. He seemed to be thinking.

"Half shepherd an' half collie. I was goin' to send him to my sister, but I dunno. Say," he burst out hopefully, "if I give him to you would you take care of him?"

Miss Phoebe started, and cast an apprehensive eye behind her as though he had been overheard. A peculiar sense of liberty went to her head. She bent forward and looked at the dog. Her face broke into smiles. His eyes were too comically serious.

"Bobby!" she exclaimed softly, poking her finger tenderly at his pink nose. "Bobby!" She looked quickly around again and gingerly put out both hands. "Yes, I will!" she said recklessly, taking him.

Miss Phoebe sped homeward with a new hubcap and a new dog, and endeavored not to think of Mrs. Hollybushe's two kittens, endeavoring indeed for once in her life not to think of Mrs. Hollybushe at all. It was very difficult, because for twenty years Mrs. Hollybushe had drilled her to think of nothing else. Miss Phoebe needed to give loyalty and service to some one being, and her stepmother had an undying aversion to idleness in other women. Also, Mrs. Hollybushe had the art of eliminating outsiders, which especially meant men, from the home scene.

SHE had succeeded in cloistering the pair of them completely, and obliterating Miss Phoebe from public consciousness. The only time she achieved personal importance even to herself was when she entered her own little house which stood on the hill beside the State road, just before you turned into the road that led to the village. She went there two or three times a week. She kept it livable, out of some obscure unformulated instinct or dream. She had no desires, but if she had had one it would have been to live always in that trim white house on the hill. She planned now to have the whole full day in it.

Behind her the puppy spoke. She stopped the car and turned to him. He was free of the burlap rags in which he had been insulated against wider contacts, and had eaten most of the upholstery buttons off the back seat. Miss Phoebe poked two fingers at him, and said, "Bobby, Bobby!" but each time she saw his comical serious face she had to laugh.

She did not stop again until she turned into her own road and drew up beside her house. She made a fire in the kitchen stove and scoured and dried and combed the puppy. When she was through she set him on the floor and took a good look at him. Half collie and half shepherd! He looked like a cross between a woodchuck and a guinea pig.

As she looked Miss Phoebe suddenly had to burst into laughter. He was truly an unmatched dog for nothing about him matched. His ears were of different sizes and he wore them one cocked and the other dropped. His eyes were two shades of brown black and out of alignment. His colors were pink, buff, fawn and tan, with an undercurrent of ecru. He had a black spot at the end of his tail like an arrowhead. His demeanor was one of grievance at suds, abiding lack of nourishment and eager hope for bigger and better portions, all sublimated in that eternal earnestness and complete lack of humor. You could see he was a dog who would like a lot of people but put his whole soul into loving only one, and be terribly miserable about it. And despite the washing he had suffered from her he had given Miss Phoebe that love.

She perceived this and something hot and tremulous and choking overwhelmed her and she stopped and swept him into her arms, and rubbed her cheek against him.

"Bobolink! You Bobolink!" crooned Miss Phoebe, because she was more used to giving than receiving.

They went out together in the sunshine and Miss Phoebe showed him her house and lands.

The house was clapboarded, and had a handsome old door in front and two fine old doors on the side. It stood on an ample knoll all its own adorned with an ancient rose tree and a lilac bush and syringa bush and two peony bushes. Halfway down the hill to the hay meadow stood a big gray barn in good repair, and on the other side of the house was a sturdy woodshed and a hardy tool house big enough to take a car comfortably. From the knoll a view was to be had which always stirred Miss Phoebe.

SHE loved it perhaps because it was hers but much, too, for itself alone. She had always dreamed of living here; but it seemed she was doomed to spend her life in tending that other house which was her stepmother's.

She lost herself in contemplation of it, sensing it all, feeling even her mother's old things within the house encroach on her consciousness, when she became conscious of an alien object on the landscape. It was the red roadster with which she had almost collided at the ferry. It had stopped by her fence at the end of the meadow, and a man was [Continued on page 54]



Miss Phoebe stood in the midst of the ruins watching the smoke uncurl. She had had her crowded hour indeed.



# CONQUERORS *of*

By Forrest Crissey

EDITOR'S NOTE *What has been done in Florida these last few years is a part of the history—a thrilling part—of this progressive country. And perhaps the most thrilling part has to do with the building of the city of Miami and those who conquered what was almost a wilderness of sand and water.*

**A** HOME-COMING of Old Timers in Florida would be about the most interesting reunion imaginable. The stories that would be told on such an occasion would reek of romance and satisfy, to a unique extent, that common human desire to see those who have broken trails and endured pioneer toil and hardships reap rich rewards.

When an Old Timer comes into his own and crowns a life of early privation with affluence, the American audience applauds the righteous and satisfying denouement. That is the spirit of America! If any other state can show more Old Timers than Florida who have come into their own, on a scale to satisfy the most sympathetic movie audience, that commonwealth has neglected an important publicity asset.

Having a particular liking for both Old Timers and happy endings, I have sought opportunity to talk with Old Timers in Florida and draw from them the stories which they might tell at a home-coming of the pioneer clan. In the indulgence of this appetite for pioneer romance I have encountered many factors of Florida background which shed revealing light upon the spectacular rôle which this state has recently played. One is the fact that production from the soil has always been the big basic asset of the state; another is that the lure of Florida, her sub-tropical climate, has always put a spell of permanent enchantment upon her visitors, and still another is that in earlier days, as now, it was a Mecca for the middle-aged who were inclined to follow the line of least climatic resistance.

**S**KIPPING the justly-famous Mr. Ponce de Leon, consider the experience of a certain widow who would be given a seat of honor in any gathering of Florida Old Timers. She came with her husband, Prof. Obenchain of Chicago. They were looking for a kindly and generous climate where the soil would yield a living for themselves and their family of five girls.

A little out from Miami, Prof. Obenchain found a settler of his own sort, a retired Congregational minister by the name of Merrick whose farming experience gave him great hope. Dr. Merrick, a man in middle life, had prospered, in spite of lack of farming experience, in raising vegetables. Consequently, Prof. Obenchain took up a claim adjoining that of the retired preacher. He had, however, too long delayed his coming to a mild climate, and died not long after his homestead enterprise was started. But his widow and daughters carried on valiantly in his stead. An old neighbor of theirs tells me:

"They were born into an atmosphere of education and refinement and the older girls might have taught school or earned good wages in some other intellectual pursuit, but they had the courage and stamina to do field work in order to develop the farm in truck gardens and citrus fruit groves. All the people of this section looked up to the widow Obenchain and her daughters. What happened to them later seems almost like a fairy story, but you may be sure that all of their old neighbors would rather hear it than the story of Cinderella. The Obenchains certainly did come into their own—and deserved their good fortune to the full!"

By the time the Florida Everglade boom was in full swing, the Obenchain homestead had been developed to so high a point of productivity that Mrs. Obenchain was enjoying a substantial income from it and was able to take her daughters back to Chicago and educate them in keeping with the family traditions. From that time forward, she began to receive offers for her homestead which would have tempted almost any other woman to sell.

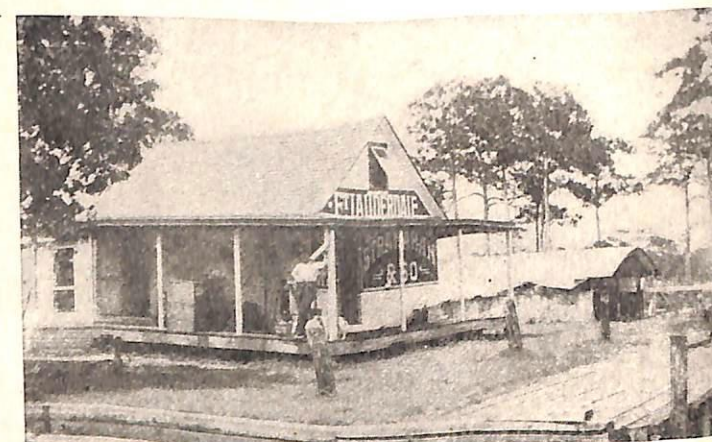
But the widow Obenchain had acquired a vision of Florida's future which gave her the courage to refuse all offers for her land until refusing became a fixed habit. She even stood out until these



Part of Tabiti Beach as it looked only a few years ago.



The now beautiful Ft. Lauderdale as it actually looked in 1910.



The famous old Stranahan Indian Trading Post at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

offers reached a figure, about three years ago, which seemed fabulous. Last summer, however, she let the old homestead go to the Coral Gables Corporation for \$1,380,000. Up to that time she had withstood all temptation to sell on the ground that she could not invest the money elsewhere and receive from it as good a return as her orchards and truck gardens were yielding.

How about the story of the retired minister whose success as a pioneer truck farmer inspired Prof. Obenchain to make his adventure in the same line and locality? Well, it's a good Old Timer story and responsible for a whole brood of others, too. Nearly twenty-nine years ago, this particular New England preacher, then under fifty years of age, paused in his pastoral

# A WILDERNESS



Las Olas Beach was a jungle in 1910 and sold for a song.



The old Stranahan homestead on the bank of New River, Ft. Lauderdale.



This Miami church was built by George E. Merrick in memory of his father.

labors and took a courageous and searching backward look over the years which he had lived and a forward look to the years before him. He had entered the ministry immediately after leaving Yale. In his twenty-five years as a pastor he had accumulated \$900, six children and a state of health badly impaired by the rigors of New England winters.

This stock-taking moved him to make a decision which, to his friends of that time, appeared reckless and revolutionary. But he told them firmly that he had served his time in the pulpit and that he was going as far south as he could find United States' soil which would yield a good living to those who would cultivate it industriously.

## Cold Timers' Tales of the Making of Millions in Miami

But he "held out" a little on his neighbors when he made this whimsical declaration of his intentions, for he did not confide to them that he harbored a dream of doing some pioneering which might help men behind the pulpits in his own position—broken in health, with virtually nothing saved and with only a preacher's pension as a support for old age.

This secret purpose, however, lighted the pathfinding adventure upon which he embarked. His search for a climate and a spot suited to his courageous undertaking finally led to the little village of Miami, which then contained about 600 inhabitants. After careful investigation, he decided that he wanted a certain homestead of 160 acres located about six miles from the village. The owner demanded one thousand dollars in cash but finally agreed to accept \$900 down, the remaining one hundred to be paid later.

From relatives in the north he borrowed \$500 to be used as working capital. George, the eldest of his boys, was then in his early teens but was strong, active and ambitious. From the start, George was his father's "right hand man" and, at the age of fifteen, became his father's farming partner. Fortunately, the original homesteader had cleared about an acre of ground and built a good log cabin which served the Merrick family for several years. The end of the first winter found the Merricks with a cash balance of two thousand dollars as a result of the garden crop from an acre and a half of ground.

"I used to turn out of bed at two o'clock in the morning," says George E. Merrick, "and start for the village with a load of vegetables. It took three hours to make the trip in. A load never brought less than thirty dollars and sometimes as high as a hundred dollars. The results of our work that first winter put father in high spirits; he had made twice the amount that he had been able to save in twenty-five years of preaching."

"Then he began a program of expansion which looked large to us then. The second year saw our gardening operations very much extended and it was then that we began growing truck for the northern markets. That, in the family councils, was considered an important step."

"The building of the Royal Palms Hotel, by Mr. Flagler, was equally important, for it furnished us a dependable market for much of our output. After I delivered to the hotel all that it could use, I peddled the surplus from door to door. By the third winter we had thirty acres of truck and we all worked to the limit of our strength. Father and mother both often remarked that they did not mind the physical labor for they enjoyed better health than they had known for many years, together with a sense of financial independence and security for the future which made their labors seem light."

**T**HE one ambition to which father worked was that of having a big orchard of grape fruit, oranges and avocado trees yielding large and profitable crops. I am deeply grateful that he lived to realize this ambition in generous measure; when he died, in 1910, he had a 150 acre fruit orchard and another 150 acres under intensive cultivation.

"The second big milestone that we passed was the shipment to the north of the first full car of citrus fruits that went out of Dade County. It took an entire week to wash and pack, by hand, that car of grape fruit; but we were so proud of the achievement that we didn't mind the work. Any Old Timer's story which hasn't a seasoning of this spice of hard luck must be received with suspicion. Father had his time of trial when the first hard frost took our truck crop. This forced him to borrow \$800. Literally, he laid awake nights over that debt until it was paid. He had ingrained New England horror of debt and would not



entertain the idea of putting a mortgage on any of his property no matter how much he believed he might make by such a transaction.

"He never speculated in land but once. I got him into it. When the scheme of reclaiming the Everglades, by means of a system of huge drainage canals, was launched, Florida had its first land boom and thousands of acres were sold to people in the north who came here expecting that they could put in a crop at once. Once here, they learned the sad truth that the land they had bought could not be farmed for three or four years. Having burned their bridges behind them, they began to look around for land which could be farmed immediately. This created an immediate demand for pine land.

"Although only a boy then, I saw that the influx of northern people would increase from year to year, as they learned by practical experience, as we had learned, what could be done with Florida soil of the right sort in connection with our wonderful climate. This meant growth for the village of Miami and I persuaded father to buy two lots for a thousand dollars each. Although urged to hold them longer, he sold them the next year for \$1,800 each. Those two lots are now known as the French Hotel property and are worth \$300,000.

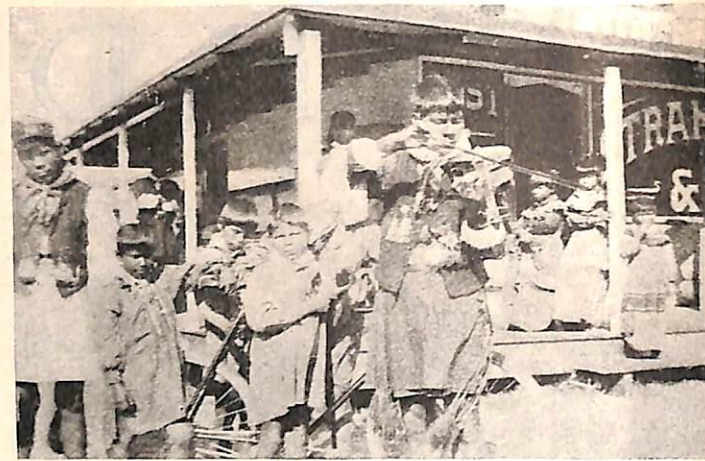
"BUT to return to the hard luck theme. At one time I had 450 acres in tomatoes. The entire crop was wiped out in a night by a killing frost. I shall never forget my feelings that morning, as I surveyed the blackened waste of dead tomato vines. All my profits had been put into expansion and I faced the fact that I owed the fertilizer company \$70,000 and had no money with which to pay the obligation. Instantly I went to the office of the company and said:

"The frost has wiped out my crop and I have no money. Of course you can take the land away from me if you wish; but if you will stake me to the fertilizer for a new crop I'll do my utmost to see that you get your money back within a reasonable time." This proposal was accepted. Compared with obligations which I have since shouldered, that debt of \$70,000 was insignificant in amount, but it weighed on me more heavily than any other burden I have ever attempted to carry.

"One of the most interesting Old Timers of my acquaintance was Charles LeJeune, who came here from Paris about twenty years ago. He belonged to an aristocratic family and was traveling for pleasure when, like many other strangers, he visited our place and saw what we were doing. As a result, he paid \$3,300 in cash for a homestead adjoining ours. This purchase made a profound impression on our family; at that time we thought it remarkable that any man would pay that price for so rough a piece of ground. The Florida climate was then an old story to me, having lived in it for eight years, but the fact that a highly educated foreigner who had visited most of the countries of the earth pronounced our climate the most ideal he had encountered, made a strong impression upon me.

"When he told father that he was going to clear the entire 160 acres at once and plant citrus trees, without bridging the gap between clearing and fruitage by the production of vegetable crops, he made us all gasp. That program seemed to us shockingly wasteful and in defiance of common-sense and established practice. What Mr. LeJeune did with his land was an invaluable lesson to me in land development methods. He quickly formed a company, called the Society de France, which gave him all the capital he needed and enabled him to employ labor on a large scale and to secure the best labor saving machinery then available. Also it enabled him to give the trees which he planted the very best of care.

"As a result of being kept in the pink of condition, the trees yielded a remarkable first crop and continued in heavy production up to last year when, on behalf of the Coral Gables Corporation, I bought the tract for about \$1,500,000. The records of the Society de France show that, for a period of fifteen years, LeJeune's citrus enterprise paid its shareholders \$30,000 to \$100,000 a year net. There is an interesting sequel to this purchase which stands out in Coral Gables' history. The first day of sales from this tract totaled \$7,000,000. The buyers were mostly Miami people, not strangers. Mr. LeJeune's old orchard is now the



◀Seminole Indians at the Stranahan Trading Post, Ft. Lauderdale in 1900.

◀The home of George Merrick's mother was called Coral Gables before Coral Gables development started.



◀(Below) George E. Merrick, creator of the famous Coral Gables Development in Miami.



most thickly populated section of Coral Gables.

"Another Old Timer whom I remember with peculiar pleasure is S. A. Belcher, who came down from Georgia by boat the year before we arrived. He didn't have enough money to pay the boat man for the trip, but managed to stave off the payment until he could settle on a homestead and get started. Mr. Belcher located half way between our farm and Miami. Many a time when the roads were bad, in the days when I hauled vegetables to town with the old mule, Mr. Belcher would help me out of a bad chuck hole. He was another man who gave the world proof of the profit which can be taken from Florida soil by intelligent methods of agriculture.

"Mr. Belcher made a fortune of almost a million dollars in his trucking and fruit growing operations before he sold his farm and founded the Belcher Asphalt Company of Miami. He let his land go altogether too early—at prices running from \$300 to \$500 an acre—but he never asked any sympathy on that score for the farm had paid him richly in its crops and he also shared in Miami's prosperity as a leading business man and capitalist.

"Tom Peters is another Old Timer who came into his own by the tomato vine route. I remember when he used to work for \$1.50 a day as a grubber. Tom certainly could swing a wicked mattock. At one time he had one thousand acres in tomatoes and didn't bat an eye when introduced to a stranger as the Tomato King of America. Tom Peters picked a fortune of about a million dollars from tomato vines—and all who knew him when he cleared land for Mrs. Jessie Moore at fifteen cents an hour are glad he came into a big fortune as the direct result of his farming operations.

"Another of our old neighbors, however, made the biggest killing of all. I refer to Charlie Perry. He came from the flatwoods country of Georgia and took up a homestead two miles north of us. Up there he had been a one mule cotton planter.



◀Modern Ft. Lauderdale on New River, the ancient highway to beach and ocean.

◀Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stranahan were the first white people to settle at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.



◀(Below) Dr. DuPuis, old-timer of Lemon City, still practicing and holding his land.

Consequently when he came here his idea of truck farming was limited. For the first two years he tended a little patch of vegetables. Because he sold them for more money than his Georgia cotton patch had brought him in several years, he thought that he was sitting on the top of the world. I recall going to his little cabin shortly after he was married. It had a hard dirt floor and there was not a chair in it that was not of soap box origin and strictly hand-made.

"The third year after he came, Charlie suddenly woke up and tore loose. He put fifty acres into garden truck and tended the tract to a finish. He was out of the patch farming class for keeps. The development of Charlie Perry was one of the most inspiring examples of human progress I have ever seen. He seemed suddenly to have come out of a trance and to have discovered the world and himself at the same time. In the process of making a very comfortable fortune from the soil, he used his head every minute. For example, he developed his own spraying and irrigating system, which he began to manufacture after he retired from the farm.

"In this manufacturing enterprise he has probably made about half a million dollars. But that doesn't bother him any, for his original homestead is now worth at least four million dollars. It is on the north boundary of Coral Gables and the new Seaboard Airline station has been located in the very center of it. The offers which Charlie Perry refused for that land last year would have made John W. Gates snap his eyes in admiration. And the fact that the wild speculative wave of last summer did not carry over this summer doesn't worry Charlie a particle. He is sitting pretty and can wait as long as he pleases for high tide to return again."

If Florida Old Timers ever organize and hold an annual banquet, one story is bound to be repeated so long as a pair of survivors attend. This is the incident of how Isidor Cohen landed in Miami and brilliantly demonstrated the resourceful-

ness of his race. He arrived in Lemon City, a northern suburb of Miami, about the first of February, 1896. His entire stock of drygoods, contained in one large box and an old fashioned trunk, was left there while he went on to Miami to spy out the land. Here he arranged with a sawmill owner to furnish the lumber with which to build a store and for the use of the land which it would occupy, and with another man to do the work of building—all on deferred payment basis! On February 10th he returned to Lemon City, in a sail boat, for the purpose of bringing to Miami his stock of drygoods. While Mr. Cohen was debating the matter of storage charges, the captain and mate of the sailing vessel—its entire crew!—disappeared into a tent. By the time the debate was over they were barely able to lift their own feet.

Mr. Cohen contrived to get the trunk aboard and centrally placed. Then the captain asserted his authority and ordered his colleague and his customer to grab the heavy box as it was 'lowered away' to the boat. It reached the deck with unexpected force, capsizing the craft. The merchant could not swim but the mate seemed to be able to carry his liquor better in water than on land. Therefore, Mr. Cohen attached himself to the mate and clung until they were rescued by a little group of Nassau negroes who had served apprenticeship as sponge divers. After his own rescue he told the negroes that he would pay them a dollar each if they would bring up the trunk and the box and place them safely aboard the sail boat. When this feat was accomplished, he smilingly told them to appear at his store the following day and they would receive their reward.

After his cargo was landed at Miami, he spent the remainder of the day and most of the night drying and guarding his drenched stock of dry goods. The next day brought to his new store, so he declares, more negroes than he had ever seen in his life before. For an instant, it looked like the blackest hour in the Cohen history! Then he met the American Contingent of Nassau Negroes with the justly famous Cohen smile, now familiar to thousands of Miami residents, and proposed that each claimant for his reward should buy three dollars worth of merchandise on which he would be credited with one dollar.

This, of course, made an especially strong appeal to those negroes who had not participated in the rescue of the cargo and who, consequently, naturally expected to have their claims challenged. As these claimants far outnumbered the legitimate ones, the proposal was quickly accepted. Each negro paid \$2 in cash and smilingly accepted his allotment of merchandise. The net of this neat piece of commercial strategy is modestly summarized in Mr. Cohen's diary with this entry: "This proved a wonderful business start." Is there any need to say of this Old Timer that he prospered greatly, first as a merchant and later as an operator in Miami real estate? It should, however, go into the records that he enjoys great respect and popularity in the city into which he made his serio-comic entry thirty years ago.

A picture of Florida without her Ocean Beach would be about as complete as a roll call of our Old Timers without Captain James P. Vreeland—an alert man who drives a high-powered car as if it were a motor boat.

After becoming acquainted with this grey, boyish pioneer, whose whimsical humor is irrepressible, I led into a discussion of Old Timers and the fortunes they had made. He chuckled as he responded:

"A good many of us old settlers are just now getting credit for good judgment in real estate investment and in business affairs which make us smile to ourselves when we think of the years in which nobody was reckless enough to bring that accusation against us. Those in my class simply got caught by the tidal wave of real estate prosperity; we were not quick enough to get out of its way. If you think I'm talking for effect, let me offer you substantial proof that I deserve to be called a financial babe in the woods. Several years ago I bought a piece of property for a mere song. When real estate here began to go up in 1921, I sold part of it for \$22,000. Instantly I was credited with a degree of shrewdness of which I had never before been suspected. A year and a half ago I sold the balance of the original piece for \$50,000. Again my good friends applauded my judgment.

"Now for the other side of the story! Last November, the piece which I sold for \$22,000 was sold for \$265,000. Just ninety days after I had sold the remainder for [Continued on page 68]





LYEMOUTH, which is in Massachusetts, is a town by the sea, ancient and picturesque. In mid-summer, when the harbor gleams a clean cobalt, and an early morning sun lights like witchery on old-fashioned Cape Cod cottages with their blue blinds and colorful gardens, it becomes an irresistible appeal to the eye and an insidious challenge to the soul. As such, this August morning, T. D. Frothingham saw and sensed it, through the windows of the breakfast room, though any such weakness he would have promptly and probably profanely denied.

The morning might be at seven—as it was—and the hill-sides dew-pearled, but T. D. was no Pippa to sing a song about that. He was, as anybody in Lyemmouth could have testified, a business man, and a hard boiled, two-fisted one at that.

Such was T. D.'s attitude toward the world, the flesh and beautiful mornings.

It was even his attitude toward his daughter Pat—christened

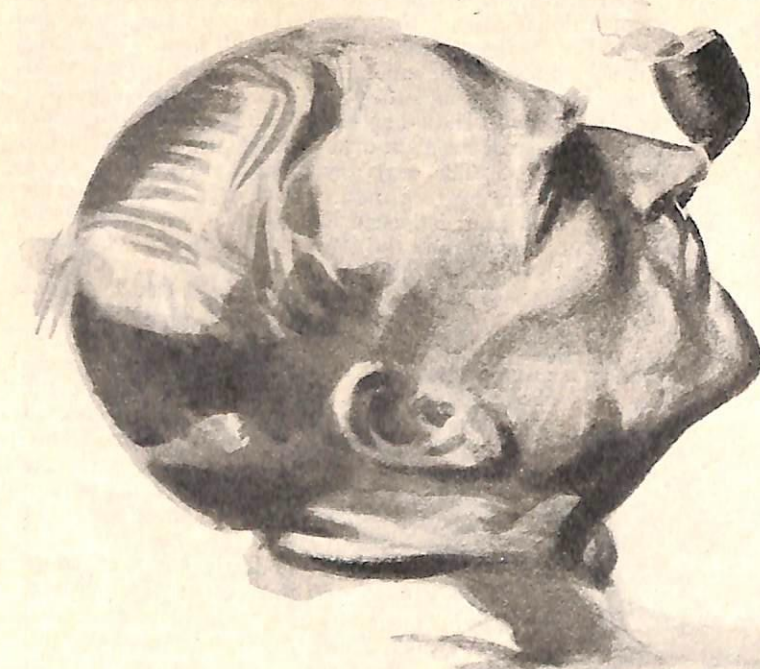
# LOVE

—Made in  
U. S. A.

*(A Game  
in which  
the Old  
Rules Are  
Smashed*

By  
**Royal Brown**

*(Illustrated by  
David Robinson*



Patricia—who drifted into the breakfast room with her usual insouciant charm just as T. D. was finishing his second cup of coffee.

Of Pat, T. D. was as proud as Lucifer. But he took a perverse and Lucifer-like pride in masking that.

"What are you doing up so early?" he growled at her, as she presented him with a swift and airy kiss on the tip of his nose.

"I'm going to town with you and see you put the Gold-Digger in," she informed him, serenely.

"You are not!" T. D. assured her with emphasis. "I'm ready to go now and I can't wait for you to have your breakfast."

He rose as if that settled it. But Pat remained unperturbed. T. D. never fooled her by his manner.

"Sit down!" she commanded, pointing a grape fruit spoon at him. "All I want is fruit and coffee—I won't be more than a second."

T. D. did not sit down. But neither did he attempt to get away. "You'll be a confirmed dyspeptic before you're thirty—the way you bolt your food and the things you eat," he growled.

"M'mm," agreed Pat, amiably. "And have an awful disposition like my dad!"

They made an incongruous, yet not un-American picture, as she smiled audaciously up at him. Pat was twenty-three and very pretty; smart in the old Yankee sense of the word and the New York sense as well. The crisp linen sport frock she wore so decoratively had cost more than T. D. had ever had to his name until he was older than she.

The furnishings of the charming breakfast room which overlooked the harbor alone represented what would have seemed a fortune to him, at twenty-three.

*(“Lounge Lizard—cakkie!” Pat’s  
father went on. “She herself called  
you those names. And now she  
wants to marry you!”*

Yet he had achieved it all—Pat, the breakfast room, the stately old Colonial mansion that had so intrigued his imagination when he was a boy, the terraced garden, the four-car garage beyond.

They were all part of a picture into which he alone did not fit.

This morning he wore an old suit and a gray shirt. With him this was no pose. He was prepared to “get on the job.” As one of Lyemmouth’s leading citizens he had a share in its chief industry, which is the refrigerating and exportation of the fish the fleets bring into port, but his principal interest and activity was his fleet of trucks, of which he owned more than fifty.

Owned, that is, in the sense that they bore his name. Nevertheless, neither now, nor at any time since he had started out for himself had T. D. ever known just what he did own. He was always buying something, always reaching out, always borrowing. He was typically American in that he looked upon this as good business, even when he found himself hardest pressed.

The banks who held his notes agreed. “T. D.’s a hustler, always on the job,” was their verdict.

And so he was. Although he was nearing fifty he was still tougher than leather. He looked it, too. He was small, wiry, hard of feature and physique and he had the habit of talking out of one corner of his mouth without bothering to remove the blackened briar that jutted upward, like a politician’s cigar, from the other.

He was a born fighter, too. Even now, his employees feared



those quick fists of his—and they often boasted of his prowess. “He’s little, but Oh my!” they would say, pridefully. “He doesn’t care how big they come—the bigger they are the better he likes it. One bad hombre, T. D.”

Such was T. D., glowering at Pat, serenely finishing her coffee.

“Let’s go,” she said then, rising with the easy, assured grace of her years.

They went, in Pat’s car, down to the freight yards. It was T. D.’s business to move anything, anywhere. Give him a glimpse of what was to be moved and he’d squint at it, cock up his pipe a bit and, out of the corner of his mouth, give you his figure.

This morning he was to put the Gold-Digger II overboard. The Gold-Digger II was a forty-foot cruiser which had a speed of better than thirty miles an hour. It was owned by Peter Dane, who, until recently, had been engaged in business in Chicago and had used it on the Great Lakes.

Those magazines which spread the good tidings when man achieves business success had yet to use Peter’s picture. On the other hand, those magazines devoted to yachting had used it many a time, along with pictures of the various boats he had owned and, notably, of a certain small schooner in which Peter and some friends had crossed the Atlantic, arriving in port some twenty days overdue, but perfectly serene and content.

Peter’s picture revealed him lean, lithe, personable and yet to see thirty. Those who saw it sometimes wondered what Peter’s business was—if any—when he wasn’t aboard a boat.

Peter himself was sometimes asked that question. “I’m the world’s most unsuccessful business man,” he would confess. “I’ve tried most of them at various times and they’ve all gone blotto. Everything I touch seems to turn to lead, instead of gold—and sinks without a trace.”

This had happened to him in Chicago. One of Peter’s many friends held the patent right for a new sort of cement.

“He furnished the formula and the brains and I furnished the cash,” was the way Peter explained it. “Fair enough—it was good stuff, only somehow we couldn’t market it. We kept getting deeper and deeper in and along about the time we had sunk fifty thou’ it seemed a good idea to shut up the shop, call it a day and charge it all up to experience.”

This Peter had done. He was philosophic about it, as he could afford to be. He was the only son of his mother, a widow who

was prepared to lavish her all on him. Fortunately she had several millions, so neither suffered hardship.

This summer she had taken a house at Lyemmouth. Peter, relieved of business cares, had come to spend the rest of the season with her.

He had arrived the day before. T. D. had been privileged to see him, with certain reactions that can be imagined and which he had so far kept private. Pat had yet, this August morning, to view him in person.

Now Pat’s attitude toward all contemporaries of the opposite sex was that of any extremely pretty girl of

twenty-three. She would have scorned to seek any man out. She had arisen earlier than her wont this morning merely because she was interested in the Gold-Digger II. She had seen a picture of it in a yachting magazine a month or two ago, at the yacht club.

There had also been a picture of Peter, with his ready smile. The latter had engaged her attention fully as long as that of the Gold-Digger but had not been so unreservedly approved.

“Thinks a lot of himself, I suspect,” had run her thoughts.

This was unfair. It had, none the less, been her idea then that if their paths should ever happen to cross—which had seemed highly improbable then—she would take pleasure in properly disciplining him, for the good of his soul.

It did not occur to her that feminine ego had anything to do with that resolve.

This was the extent of her interest in Peter when she turned her car into the freight yard, which the sun fell upon, as it did upon the just and unjust, yet with a subtle difference.

“Who,” it seemed to ask, “could do anything with a place like this?”

Even so, it did light up a bit as it touched Pat’s bright hair and the gleaming length of the Gold-Digger. From the latter the tarpaulin had been removed, revealing its burnished mahogany and brass work.

Pat’s eyes quickened, swift to sense and appreciate its beauty. “How much do you suppose it cost?” she asked eagerly.

T. D. merely grunted. If he had answered he would have said it cost more than it was worth, yet within him a new ambition was taking form. He had his house, his cars and his business, yet like Alexander he was ever seeking new worlds.

The next instant he became vocal.

“You blankety-blanked-doubled-asterisked something-or-other,” he shouted at a young six footer who was adjusting a jack under the Gold-Digger’s cradle. “Why in-the-name-of-a-



place-not-referred-to-in-polite society are you doing it that way?" "I thought," began the young six footer, meekly subservient to the T. D. tradition, "that—"

"Don't think!" counseled T. D. "You're not equipped to."

He sprang up on to the freight car and grabbed the jack. T. D. was on the job himself.

The purr of eight cylinders crept up behind Pat. She did not turn to look, yet she knew as well as if she had, that Peter Dane had arrived. He silenced his engine and a second later swung past her. He paid her the tribute of a swift glance but she, seemingly, had eyes for nothing save the Gold-Digger.

Nevertheless, the knowledge that she had a charming profile was not at all displeasing to her.

Peter moved on toward the freight car, presenting her with a view of his well-shaped head. He stood with easy, assured grace, patently as personable as his pictures had suggested. Which was why, probably, that Pat felt her antagonism deepen.

"I wonder why," Peter remarked, addressing T. D., "the railroad companies always put three or four coal cars ahead of a boat when it is shipped by freight. Is it their idea that coal dust is good for white paint?"

"Hey, you," bawled T. D. "Bring me that rope from the truck."

This was not addressed to Peter, naturally. Him, T. D. simply ignored.

Evidently that amused Peter. Anyway he turned, plainly ready to share his impression of T. D. with Pat, whose relationship to T. D. he had yet to discover. She, however, remained superbly oblivious of his existence, too.

"I think I'll go now, Dad," she announced with a silveriness of voice she could achieve at will. "Step lively," bellowed T. D. "What's the matter with you?"

But that, Pat knew, was not addressed to her. She turned, achieved the wheel of her roadster and drove off without a single glance backward. She knew, none the less, that Peter's eyes followed her, and felt subtly well pleased with the impression she made.

They met, that night, at the Lyemouth Yacht Club's weekly dance. This was one of those affairs for which no one dresses save the women. Pat wore a bit of a frock that was nothing much in itself, but which cost T. D. a pretty penny and which subtracted nothing from the general effect of Pat herself.

"I saw you this morning at the freight yard," Peter informed her, taking her in his arms—an orchestra legalized that by com-

mitting jazz—and speaking as if the information might be news to her, though as to that he had his doubts.

Peter was twenty-eight, he had been eligible ever since he went into long trousers, and he had not learned all he knew about women from his mother.

"Oh did you?" answered Pat, as if that were indeed news. "I drove father down—he was putting the Gold-Digger in—and I was tremendously interested in her."

"So I saw," he observed, sidestepping to evade Tommy Judkins, who was circling around, obviously determined to cut in.

Pat glanced up at Peter. His expression was impeccable but in his voice there had been a trace of something not to her liking. "You own the Gold-Digger, don't you?" she countered.

"In a manner of speaking—yes." He smiled down at her and added, "But I think that owning a boat must be like being married—you never know which owns who."

"Do you have much time to play with her?" she asked, innocent of eye.

They again, under his expert guidance, escaped



Tommy Judkins, who refused to be daunted, before he answered. "All the time in the world. I have just retired from business—"

"Retired from business. How horribly successful you must have been to be able to while yet so young."

In her eyes he was privileged to see candor and sincere admiration. But though all this was in her eyes, none of it was in Pat. She had heard her father give—with considerable vigor—his opinion of Peter whose presence while the Gold-Digger was being put overboard had obviously gotten on T. D.'s nerves.

"A young loafer who lives on his mother trying to tell me how to handle a job," T. D. fumed. "I'd like to have him working for me a couple of weeks—I'd teach him a few things."

Pat's admiration, therefore, was really a thrust and Peter suspected it. Yet he remained unperturbed.

"I'd like to pose as a captain of finance," he retorted, easily. "But I must confess that my retirement from business and Napoleon's retreat from Moscow had much in common. We both went, saw and were trimmed to a fare-ye-well."

"Then you just play!" she protested, with a wideness of eye that was a shade overdone. "I should think you'd be bored, at times."

"Seldom if ever," he retorted. "And although I detect a subtle hint of disapproval in your manner I am enjoying myself, even now."

At that instant Tommy Judkins broke in upon them with breathless triumph.

"Sorry, old man," said Peter. "But Miss Frothingham has just accepted my invitation to run out and inspect the Gold-Digger, instead of finishing this."

That took Pat by surprise. She opened her pretty mouth to protest and then reconsidered. Between her and Peter, so soon, had been flung down the ancient gauntlet of sex.

"I'm sorry, too, Tommy," she said, sweetly. "I'd love to



finish this with you—but think of the distinction of being the first among the village maidens to be honored with an invitation to visit the Gold-Digger."

Peter grinned.

"You see," he informed Tommy confidentially, "why I need something like the Gold-Digger to give me tone—and feminine appeal."

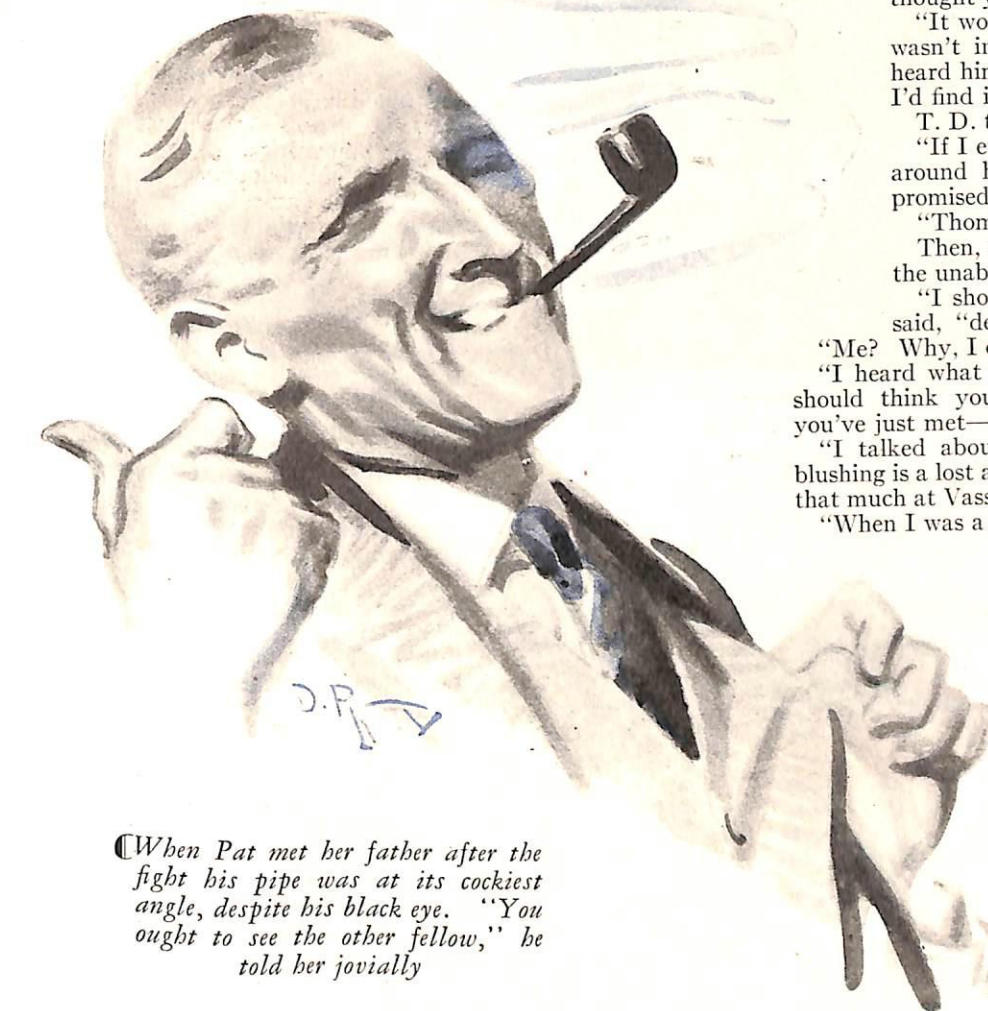
The distinction that accrued to Pat, through Peter's invitation, was just what she anticipated. On her return an hour later, she repaired to that feminine sanctuary where feminine complexions are salvaged and feminine reputations are sunk.

As she gave herself a swift appraisal in the mirror and then proceeded to powder her nose she glimpsed Muriel Leighton over her shoulder.

"Swift work, old dear," commented Muriel, privileged as one of her best and frankest friends to be explicit. "How did you manage it?"

"By being my sweet and simple self," retorted Pat, calmly. "A man does prefer to do the pursuing, you know. Is there anything left of my reputation?"

"I tried to save a few shreds but gave it up as a hopeless—and probably thankless job. Did he try any once-aboard-the-



luggage-and-you-are-mine stuff, Pat? Because if he did—" "Far from it. He is not one of those whom only a girl with halitosis would be safe with. 'Nice' is his line."

"Oh, mother," groaned Muriel. "When a man starts off being nice his intentions are apt to become serious. I suppose he's a total loss so far as the rest of us—"

"You are too young to be so cynical," Pat reproved.

She did not tell Muriel that she had accepted another invitation to see the Gold-Digger in action, on the morrow. She did not think that necessary.

Nevertheless, it was necessary that she mention that at home. She spoke of the invitation at the breakfast table with outward calm but inwardly braced for an explosion.

That came at once. T. D. had his opinion of Peter. That had never been particularly private, as far as Pat was concerned,

but now it was disclosed in full. There was a terrible explosion. The peace of the Sabbath morning was shattered.

"Your language is forcible but archaic," commented Pat, when he paused for breath. "The epithets Dude, Willie-boy and Smart Alec went out of style long ago. Lounge Lizard, Cakie and Soda Fountain Sheik are the current expressions, I believe."

"He's all of them and worse," roared T. D. "He—" "Oh he isn't half bad," Pat broke in. To which she added, baiting the aroused male in feminine fashion, "Although I don't believe I'd care to marry him—"

"Marry him!" bellowed T. D. and choked. "If I thought you'd—"

"It would be so inconvenient to have a husband who wasn't in business," Pat went on, as if she had not heard him. "He'd be underfoot all the time—I'm sure I'd find it a bore."

T. D. thrust back his chair and came to his feet.

"If I ever catch that young good for nothing hanging around here I'll break every bone in his body," he promised, with great vehemence.

"Thomas!" protested his wife.

Then, as T. D. stalked out of the room she turned to the unabashed Pat.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," she said, "deliberately egging your father on that way!"

"Me? Why, I only said I wouldn't—"

"I heard what you said," her mother assured her. "And I should think you'd blush. Talking about marrying a man you've just met—"

"I talked about not marrying him," Pat amended. "And blushing is a lost art. It is based on sex-consciousness—I learned that much at Vassar—and there isn't any such thing nowadays."

"When I was a girl—"

"Sorry I can't stop," Pat cut in, rising hastily. "But I'm twenty minutes late already. And I don't think any girl has a right to keep a man waiting more than half an hour, unless her intentions are serious, do you?"

She stopped and planted a swift kiss on her mother's cheek.

"I suppose Mrs. Dane is to chaperone you?" her mother suggested.

But her supposition remained as unanswered as it was unfounded.

They—Peter and Pat—were chaperoned only by the crew of the Gold-Digger. The crew chewed fine cut and when asked a question spat carefully to leeward before answering. He disappeared, periodically, down into the Gold-Digger's internal economy to perform mystic rites before its twin engines.

"He's not pretty," Peter told Pat, "but he's a bear with a marine engine. He's got them all trained to eat out of his hands, even say their prayers to him. In fact," he added, generously, "if there is any man in the world better fitted to monkey with the Gold-Digger's plant than I am, Dalton is that man."

"You!" scoffed Pat. "What do lilies of the field know about engines. I can't see you getting mugged up with them!"

The wind was whipping her hair around her face, charmingly; she had the Gold-Digger's wheel between her thrilled fingers. It was like driving a racing car, she had told Peter. But that smile lacked something, so she had promptly substituted a race horse.

"It seems so alive!" she had explained. [Continued on page 63]



# The STAGE

By Robert Milton

EDITOR'S NOTE From his father, famous Russian director-general of Imperial theaters in old St. Petersburg, Robert Milton has inherited an infinite and gorgeous love for his work. After twenty-five years in this country, Milton is leading us into a new era of honest acting and honest plays. About these things closely connected with the American stage, the man Milton has a heap of illuminating things to say.



Robert Milton, through his school of the Theater in New York, is leading us into a new era of honest acting and honest plays.

SINCE we have begun to see the sobriety of youth after the hectic post-war delirium, a similar result is taking place generally. An earlier curfew is about to ring through the efforts of our 'nighted mayor' to send people home for their rest, to enable them to struggle with the world more energetically.

Our theater is undergoing the process of sobering-up, and really getting back to normalcy, fortunately having profited by the upheaval. We have been crying for repertory in the theater ever since we lost it. I have been watching the tendencies to advance and retrogress, gaining with every step backward. It is like the old saying of the fables: "one step backward, two steps forward." We have gained much out of the mess; the demand of the sobered public has made us do it.

No better example of this can be found than in a play such as "Bride of the Lamb," which is sincerity untainted by pruriency.

Our dramas are better today than they were yesterday. The cry of the present is for honesty—whether it be in drama, comedy, music, burlesque, or what not. We are simply going back to the old foundation, a wiser and clearer one now.

Take, for instance, the Augustin Daly Theater organization. How solidly it worked, and what beauty it created—that organization in the form of a repertory theater. Another splendid example is that of the Charles Frohman Empire Theater Company.

From the time of the disruption of these organizations because of the death of their founders, the star system began to develop, to the detriment of the play, as well as of the rise of new talent. Budding talent had to be subjugated to the one personality; the play had to be twisted and turned for the sake of the one being. But the star system had a vogue, and it brought money to the box-office.

Then suddenly, because of the development of the public, better plays were demanded, and single personalities ceased to satisfy. Stories grew in demand and popularity, and with that, the proper execution of them. Thus, team-work between members of a company came again to exert its influence for a more perfect presentation of the play.

In "Bride of the Lamb," for instance, Miss Alice Brady, one of the honest and real workers, said, while we were playing at the Greenwich Village Theater and about to move to the Henry Miller, "Wait until we go uptown. My girl-admirers will fill your gallery." We went uptown, but the little girls weren't there to fill the gallery. Miss Brady was worried; she wanted to know what had become of them. So one evening I endeavored to tell her to the best of my ability, having watched the trend of times: the turning away from the gallery to the orchestra-seat in a luxurious "cinema-palace." The little girls, who in the olden days followed their star faithfully, not caring what she was playing, are at present sitting in a comfortable orchestra-seat.

## One Step Backward Two Steps Forward

Director,  
"Bride of the Lamb"

They listen to music, watch dances, news of the day to save reading the newspapers, the feature film, slapstick, and hold hands—all for seventy-five cents.

The Little Theater movement all over the country is a healthy sign for the betterment of the theater. It started as a revolution against the practice of sending out inferior road-companies. Where we suffered previously, under the star system, from the subjugation and consequent discouragement of young material, making it difficult to cast needed characters, we now, in the Little Theater movement, find a fertile, free-willed field favorable to the opportunities for discovery by producers.

Every university has its own dramatic association which has come, and is coming to be an important and serious factor in the study of the humanities. Many university dramatic groups, having started in a modest way, have grown gradually, until some of these groups have achieved local fame and reputation by the excellence of their work. At Cornell University the dramatic group began producing its own plays, using perforce, for lack of a theater, one of the larger lecture-halls. Under such difficult circumstances, interest grew, so that soon the group began traveling to nearby cities and towns. Then lately, as a result of the success and worth of the productions, their own theater was incorporated in the new Union Building.

There's a story told about this group returning to Ithaca from Batavia. A large touring-car was filled to the bursting point with men of the group. Due to this overweight, the tires gave out until the number of flats was nine. At last, thirty-five miles from Ithaca, one tire with its rim and fellow gave out completely until nothing was left but spokes. Indomitably, three of the men started to walk to the next town to get help. It was four-thirty in the morning; they were cold, hungry, and sleepless.

They walked and walked—about five miles, until a little town appeared. The main street had a bare, discomforting aspect; no all-night restaurant could be seen. Desperately hungry, the men decided to steal a bottle of milk from a doorstep, for nearly every house had its quart of milk by the door. Circumspectly, therefore, they crept up to a house. Mustering nickles and pennies they left thirty cents on the step, grabbed the bottle and made off to the rear of the railroad station to drink the milk. Eventually, the hotel opened and they called to Ithaca for a relief car. Ever after the three were unmercifully chaffed for having paid twice the value of the milk.

From such groups are built, finally, the industrious and meritorious theaters of the future. Similar theaters, some greater and some lesser, exist in nearly every university in the country. The best-known of these are, of course, Princeton with its new theater, and Harvard.

All these theater movements: the university, the Little Theater and the new professional tendency to do away with the star system—all these, I say, point indubitably to the betterment of the drama and its science, and the return of a repertory theater motivated by the unselfish expression of the play.

The repertory theater of Germany, which, before the war, enjoyed the greatest perfection, has been shattered by the war and its resultant commercialism. The director, proud to be associated with a Staatstheater, walked down to his theater, nose in air, attired, as became such an elevated personage, in frock coat, striped gray trousers, and silk [Continued on page 51]

A STORY FROM  
THE STAGE

# Bride of the LAMB

By  
William  
Hurlbut

A Picture  
of Rural  
America in  
the Hysterical  
Throes of a  
Religious  
Revival



Alice Brady as  
INA BOWMAN

IMPRISONED in a plain little house with a flabby weakling for a husband and a flinty, sprawling little school girl for a daughter, Ina Bowman is immeshed in the shabby tragedy of middle-class soul hunger and self-obliteration. Sunday mornings generally find her hovering over Roy, (EDMUND ELTON) preparing dinner, and waiting for the return of the child from Sunday School.

Ina—Now, Roy—oh, Roy—Vernie'll be here any minute—you ain't going to take anything, are you?

Roy—What you mean take anything?

Ina—Oh, Roy—you know—now don't start drinking. Roy! Please. People'll find out—!

Roy—I need a medicine glass of whisky—I've got a bad stomick.

Ina—Oh, Roy, that's always the way you start. It's getting a holt on you. You start like this, and then you go on for three days, and last time it was four, just lying there and drinking all the time. Oh, dear . . . All by yourself . . . I don't see how you can . . . Still that's better than if you went out to do it. Oh, Roy, please think of Vernie and me, and the neighbors and everything.

Roy—My stomick's bad. I just need a medicine glass full, that's all.

Ina—Oh, Roy, you're getting to be a periodical drinker—yes, you are. It's terrible.

It is easy to see that so watchful and wistful a young woman must be hoodwinked. So Roy somehow implies that he will stroll down and meet Vernie, and while his credulous wife runs to attend to the Sunday squash he returns to his room—which is directly off the living-room—and to his consoling flask.

Ina—Back, Vernie?

Verna (ARLINE BLACKBURN)—Aw-ha.

Ina—Where's poppa?

Verna—I didn't see him. Is dinner ready?

Ina—Didn't poppa come to meet you?

Verna—Uh-uh.

Ina—I've been afraid poppa was going to have another of his bad spells—but I guess he isn't. You know poppa has these bad sick spells, Vernie. If anybody asks you, you'll always know to say he has these sick spells. Won't you, Vernie?

Verna—Aw-ha.

Ina—Poor poppa.

Verna—I don't like poppa.

Ina—Vernie!

Verna—Well, I don't. I don't care.

Ina—You mustn't say such awful things! That's wicked.



Poppa's a good poppa to you. And poppa's good to momma. Poppa works hard. He's to the office sometimes till 9 o'clock in the evenings . . . Poppa tries hard to do everything for you—and momma.

But even while this brave, futile effort is being made to instill love in the little girl, the bedroom door opens and the man who "tries to do everything," emerges in a dazed condition.

Ina—Oh! Oh, Roy— I thought you was out! Verna darling, run see to the chicken for momma—turn the burner down quick!

So anxious to save him! So anxious to save the child! She gets him back in his room just in time to welcome with some courage two of her neighbors. They have brought great news.

Margaret Avery (an angular spinster)—I saw you across the church, Mis Bascom. Well, did you hear about Rev. Sanderson T. Albaugh's coming!

Ina—No! Who?

Margaret—Yes, he's coming this coming week. The Evangelist! The Tent Evangelist! He's wonderful, they say!

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, yes, I meant to tell you! My cousin wrote me from Pomeroy—he was there! Did a great spiritual work in the community!

Ina—A Evangelist?

Margaret—Yes. A revivalist. There's been great talk about him! But as Rev. Johnson sez, if he saves souls then he's doing a good work.

Ina—Talk—how do you mean?

Margaret—Well, his ways are—he's called sensational, y'know, they say he says terrible things right from the pulpit!

Mrs. Bascom—My cousin wrote me, they went forward in droves—droves!

Margaret—Oh, he saves souls! There's nobody can question that.

Ina—Then he's a servant of the Lord.

And, when these visitors have left, the servant of the Lord actually appears himself, bringing glory to the humble dwelling and a housewifely flutter to the heart of Ina Bowman. The Rev. Johnson accompanies him as sponsor. Albaugh, the Evangelist, is about forty years of age. A big, vital man, suggesting a cross between an actor and a "live-wire" business man.

Albaugh—Glad to meet you, Sister Bowman—mighty glad indeed! It is a pleasure indeed to step into a little home like this, nestling here in this little city, where motherhood and love of Jesus shine in the very way your windows are washed. Yes, sir—I can tell a Christian home by the washing on the line! Ha-a-a-a! (He laughs his ready, unctuous, embracing laugh.) You won't find me a regular parson, Sister Bowman. With all due respect to our brother here—no, I am one of God's freaks—I'm God's side show. I'm a go-getter for the Lord! Ain't that right, Brother Johnson? I'm out to put Jesus Christ on the map. And I'm



(Ina (ALICE BRADY)—I'll be your slave, Rev. Albaugh (WILBUR CRANE), walk on me! I worship you! I've got to!

going to do it right here in Spring Valley. Yes, sir, beginning tomorrow night, next week is going to be God's week—Amen.

Johnson—Amen—! We came to see Doctor Bowman, about his lot—the lot he owns over in back of the coal sheds. Brother Albaugh would like to pitch his tent there—

Albaugh—I hold my meetings in a tent, Sister—I'm a Tent Evangel. All I ask is the lot of bare ground to pitch God's tent on.

Ina—Why, I'm sure—

Roy, in his room, has heard and now joins his wife and her guests. His drinking seems to have made him expansive and friendly, and though he is far from sober he manages to speak without noticeable difficulty.

Roy—You're very welcome to the lot. Take it and welcome. All I ask is don't drive in over the board sidewalk—drive in the other way, where there's a gap in the sidewalk, kind o' breaks it down.

Albaugh—Your wishes shall be respected. And I thank you for the Lord, Brother Bowman.

Bowman's generous mood holds. The Rev. Albaugh must not think of looking for a boarding place. He must take their spare room—in fact, move right in. Ina must urge him to accept.

Albaugh—Nothing could please me more, Sister, nothing! I am delighted! Brother Johnson, what true Christian hospitality!

Once started on so popular a road, Bowman will not be stopped. He and the Rev. Johnson will even go to the depot and fetch the great man's valise.

Ina—It's just a plain room, I'm afraid—

Albaugh—Don't apologize. After the traveling I've done, and sleeping in hotel beds! Up all last night to make the trip here to be ready to start the Lord's work prompt. Yes, Sister Bowman, I live a homeless life. Yet I'm happy in it—happy!

Ina—Oh, if—I could only do something—to help you—!

Albaugh—Give me your prayers, sister.

Ina—I'll pray night and day for you—I'll never stop praying for you, Rev. Albaugh. You—you're—(hushed—reverent), you're like Christ . . . !

The quivering adoration of Ina does not embarrass the Evangelist as much as it really might. Perhaps his fatigue is to blame for that.

Albaugh—I'll stretch out for forty winks. And don't worry about your bed spread—I'll take my dirty shoes off. Oh, I know you good housekeepers, you see! And say—let me have Brother Bowman's blacking brush and I'll shine 'em up a little, too.

Ina—Oh—let me—I'll do it—!

And, though he makes a pretence of demurring, he sticks them outside his door when he has retired for his forty winks, knowing only too well that he has won a sudden slave in his little hostess.

The Second Act takes place on the following Saturday. The big closing meeting of the revival



is to be held that evening. The whole community is by now in a state bordering on hysteria. Ina is overwrought and emotionally confused. Verna has become a violent religionist. The neighbors plan to present Albaugh with a watch, but Ina refuses to subscribe. Torn with jealousy she has a watch to give him herself. One that she stole from her husband's pockets. He has been drinking steadily, but manages to have ideas about the "goings-on" in the Revival Tent.

Ina—I don't want to listen to one word more of your blasphemy!

Roy—I maintain that things go too far. You don't call it going too far when a respectable married woman gets up in an open meeting and tears her dress open, exposing her form before the hull tentful?

Ina—And if she did, it was giving herself to God.

Roy—You don't call it going too far when our respectable citizens—men and women—rise up and scream and jump and froth at the mouth, and have paroxysms?—I do! I call it going too far. And then fall right down in the aisle, and lay there stiff like corpses? I call it going too far.

Mrs. Bascomb—You don't understand. It's God working in their sinful hearts.

Ina—It would be better for you, Roy Bowman, if you should give yourself a little to the spirit of Christ that works in those sinful breasts!

Roy—I maintain it's going too far. And what about poor Miss Nettie Allen being took to the insane asylum yesterday just from getting overwrought up at the tent? I maintain that's going too far.

Ina—You're in a state you don't know what you're saying, or God would strike you dead, Roy Bowman!

Roy—(As he goes back to his room.) I know what I'm saying.

Ina—(to her neighbors)—I can't help it! He's like that! You don't know what I have to put up with! I hate him! I loathe him—great big soft-bellied old hulk! I'd die if I ever had to touch him again! I hate him—I hate him! I wish the Lord would strike him down!

A little later, after the women have left, thrilled with this intimate glimpse into Ina's heart, Mrs. Bowman gives the Evangelist the watch she has bought for him.

Ina—Tain't much—just to remember by—(With low, terrible intensity) You will remember, won't you, Rev. Albaugh? (For reply he closes his hand against her upper arm in a caress. At the touch she stiffens convulsively, and gives a sobbing intake of breath through clenched jaws, starting back a step away from him.)

(The overwrought neighbors plan to present the revivalist with a watch. Ina refuses to subscribe because she has jealously decided to give him a watch herself.)

Albaugh—There—there! It's all right . . . I know . . . be careful . . . be careful . . . !

Ina—You won't ever forget—being here? and me . . . ?

Albaugh—Never! You're a noble little woman. I'll—I'll pray for you always . . . It's been a wonderful week—you've been wonderful—a great help—you've helped me, Sister Ina. Sit near to the front tonight—so's I can get the help from your spirit—it helps me . . .

Ina—Yes, I will—I will Rev. Albaugh—Whatever you tell me I'll do—whatever—tell me more what I can do for you in Christ! Albaugh—I better go now—I better go.

A little faint, unsteady and stumbling upon the edge of an emotional abyss, Ina watches him vanish down the street. That night's meeting seems to put the final touch to the week's exaltation. Ina and Albaugh return to the house.

Albaugh—I must get a good rest tonight. What with catching that early train in the morning—

Ina—Have you got to go then?

Albaugh—My call is to Winterville by to-morrow.

Ina—I can't bear your leaving!—it'll be awful!—it'll be awful! It'll be like a grave here!—and me in it!—it'll be awful!

Albaugh—Iny! don't say that!—it's terrible hard for me to go—too . . . It'd be wonderful that way—if it could be—us two working for the Lord together side by side—doing the Lord's work—you and me, Iny!—Oh, God!

Ina—Oh, Rev. Albaugh—I want you—I can't live without I go with you—! I'll die left here—Rev. Albaugh! I got to be with you—! I don't know—I got to be with you—!

Albaugh—No—no—no!

Ina—You know what it's like here—you've seen things—I don't need to tell you—he's lying there now dead drunk—he's awful—I hate him so—I love you, Rev. [Continued on page 71]



# Keeping the White Tops in TUNE



*The circus musicians in their gorgeous "backyard" preparing to make their grand*

FOR nearly an hour the excited citizens of Metropolis and vicinity have been struggling into the billowing big-top of the Ringling Brothers' and Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows. Ma and Pa and the Little Ones have trudged along the dusty hippodrome track to the blue seats rising tier on tier along the canvas sidewall. The clamor of conversation mingles with the crunching of peanuts and the gurgle of lemonade as curiosity, hunger and thirst are simultaneously satisfied. It is circus day in Metropolis and fifteen thousand representatives of the Great American Public noisily discuss the maze of rigging hanging from the center poles, gaudily colored ring curbs, steel arenas, polished stages and other paraphernalia soon to be the scene of multifarious activity.

In the exact geographical center of the vast circus tent a modestly uniformed military band plays operatic selections while a tall, smooth-faced, young man wields a slender baton oblivious to the competition offered by the gathering, gabbling multitude. The tall young man is Merle Evans, for fourteen years bandmaster with the greatest circus ever known. His job is to keep his world of white tops in tune. He's master of his band and job.

A whistle shrills from the circus dressing-room. Bandmaster and men withdraw to that outer area known in circus argot as "the backyard." The fifteen thousand Americans on the circus seats cock expectant ears. There is a fanfare of trumpets from the backyard. Red curtains, masking the dressing-room entrance, are drawn aside. The band crashes into a stirring march. Brilliant in red, white and gold, Merle Evans and his men strut down the track leading the kaleidoscopic grand entrée modestly described in the official circus program as "A Prodigious Produced and Picturesquely Presented Prelude Pageant Interspersed With Innumerable Innovations Including Sumptuously Jeweled Cars."

Well toward the rear of his gorgeously uniformed musicians marches the masterly Merle, nodding nonchalantly to admiring

friends as he holds his cornet with one hand, and hits "top C's" and "E's" with ease. Merle is having his moment of glory. In another moment he and his mighty men have passed. In another moment they have traversed "the vast elliptical arena." In another moment they are back in modest, dark blue uniforms, seated on a low bandstand close to the dressing-room entrance, while all eyes are on "the garland cavalcade" and the dizzying succession of "astonishing feats," "mid-aerial frolics" and "dazzlingly beautiful equestrian accomplishments filling three rings, two stages, the hippodrome track and the air above." The big performance is on.

THERE is no excess baggage with the modern, monster traveling circus but there are certain super-essentials without which no circus can function. A circus is not a circus unless it has a clown, an elephant—and a band! And in the last analysis it is the band that makes the circus go. Ask any old trouper—any veteran follower of the white tops and the red wagons—and he'll admit the truth of this.

Cut out the music and the circus "flops." And because circus musicians perform prodigies of valor with vibrating lips or reeds or drums; because they work harder and longer than any other group of troupers "on the show," they are known among their professional friends as "windjammers." They jam wind into clarinets, cornets, French horns, trombones, baritones or sousaphones, or jam sticks against drumheads for nearly six hours a day. They are the heroes of the harmonic world.

Time was, not long ago, when sharp distinction was drawn, in metropolitan musical circles, between "windjammer" and "musician." Skilled city musicians scorned to troupe with circus bands. Now, the better circus bands scorn skilled city musicians.



*red, white and gold uniforms in "the*  
*entrée before the admiring throngs.*

The latter cannot make the grade or stand the pace. "Windjammers" must be men of iron as well as men of music.

"City musicians don't know what it's all about," explains the lucid Merle. "Many circus musicians have graduated into city orchestras. Fouts Webster, who used to play bass on the Big Show, is now sousaphone player with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Charley Randall, an old time circus trombone player, is now playing with a Victor recording orchestra. Bennie Henton, who has played saxophone in many a symphony orchestra, was once a circus windjammer. Henry Waak of the Vincent Lopez orchestra, played sousaphone in a circus band. But I never heard of a city-trained musician who could hold down a chair in a circus band. Most circus troupers are small town men. They think and act quickly. They haven't any easy going traditions to overcome. And they can play classical stuff as well as the best of them."

THEN Merle, with the assistance of his librarian, Joe Simons, reveals some of the mysteries of his art.

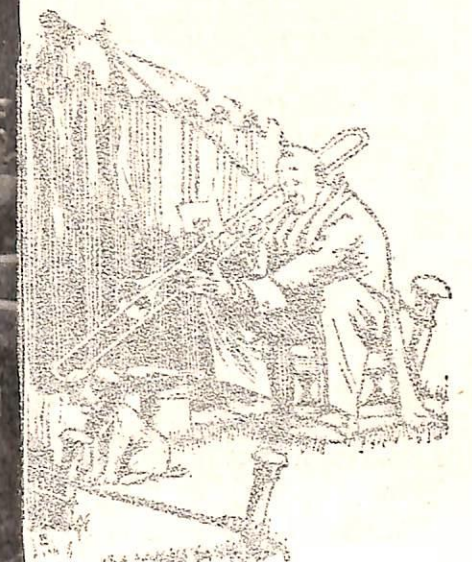
"There are 120 different pieces of music on our ordinary circus program," he explains, flipping the pages of his program book. "Few of these pieces are played from beginning to end, for there are about 250 stops, starts and changes of tempo during the two hours we are on the bandstand."

"Naturally, a musician who follows a circus leader has to know his business. If I lift a finger, nod my head or cock an eyebrow that means 'do something and do it quick.' And the stuff we play isn't easy stuff. Many a star player from another show has come on to our bandstand and gotten off again—because he couldn't hold down even a fourth chair to say nothing about a

# What would the Circus be without its WIND- JAMMERS?

By  
Earl Chapin May

Block prints by  
Lowell L. Balcom



*Photographs by Leonidas Westervelt*

first. I'm not talking about the concerts we play in the center ring before the grand entrée. A musician who joins out with me is supposed to be able to play, without rehearsal, overtures from Wagner's 'Tannhauser', and 'Lohengrin'; Weber's 'Der Freischütz' and 'Oberon'; Beethoven's 'Egmont'; Mendelssohn's 'Ruy Blas'; Verdi's 'Aida'; Saint-Saens' 'Samson and Delilah'; Tchaikowski's '1812' and a lot of other standard selections like that. That's all in a day's work.

"But in the regular big show program, working on a split-second basis, they have to snap into stuff by Rossini, Tobani, Schubert and Puccini. Windjammers still have to jam a lot of wind against reed or mouthpieces but they have to be up on the classics, too. For example, in the elephant act, when—as Ed Norwood, our premier press agent, phrases it, 'Five Herds of Ponderous and Pee-wee Pachyderms Are Presented in Five Rings at One Time'—we open the act with part of a polonaise by Chopin. Then during the next five minutes we go into a fox trot, a march, a two-step, a march, a waltz, a jazz number and a march. You see why the twenty-five windjammers and drummers in my organization have to watch their cues."

"It's just as strenuous with Lillian Leitzel's mid-air act. We open with trumpeting. That gets the attention of the audience. Lou Graham makes his announcement. The spotlight goes on the dressing-room entrance. Then a bit of the overture to 'William Tell', finishing with Liszt's 'Second Hungarian Rhapsody' and the last movement of Gilmore's arrangement of 'The Dance of the Hours'. There are fifteen stops, starts and changes of tempo in that act and everything has to be timed to the quarter-second. There are a half-dozen other stellar numbers just as complicated."

"That's why a country amateur or a city musician is apt to be out of his depth when he tackles a circus program. But at that, most of my men are recruited from small town Silver Cornet Bands. The annual advent of the circus is a big thing





No circus parade in the old days was a complete success without its sumptuously appointed band wagon drawn by a dozen horses.

to the small town musician. If a small town band practices six hours a month its members think they are doing wonders. My band, playing together six hours a day, naturally knocks these small town musicians off their seats. And the small town musician wants to see the world, on a circus payroll. I have some funny ones among the applicants.

"One day in Zanesville, Ohio, an old fellow came up to me as I was resting in the band-top and said, 'You're the leader, ain't you?' I admitted the crime. 'Well,' he went on, 'the best bass tuba player in the state lives right here in this town.' 'Does he?' I replied, 'That's interesting. I'd like to see him.' 'Well,' the old fellow answered, 'you're looking at him now.' But I wasn't. He couldn't make good.

"I was short of drummers at Green Bay, Wisconsin, one season. I always aim to carry one bass drummer and two snare drummers. The tempos and crashes, and all that, are mighty important in playing a circus program. A young fellow flagged me, with, 'I'm the best snare drummer in this state.' Of course they're always the best. I told him to bring his drum and do his stuff in the grand entrée. The wardrobe man dressed the recruit in a fancy uniform for the walkaround. Mr. Green Bay Drummer had a deep army drum. He insisted on carrying it low. It bounced on his knees so hard he could only hit it once out of three attempts. But he got around the hippodrome track without stopping the show. Then we went on the bandstand. After he had missed half the drum cues on the first two numbers I told him to cease firing and watch the performance. I left him in Green Bay.

"We used to cut the titles out of our program so the town band boys couldn't get next to what we were playing. Now we play such stiff stuff that anyone is welcome to our entire repertoire.

"THAT'S what ten years have done to the musical end of the circus business. I rarely hire a man unless I know where he has been and what he can do. But this spring I accepted an application from a trombone player who lived in the Missouri Ozarks. I even advanced his railroad fare to Madison Square Garden. That crazy townier couldn't read a note.

"Why does a circus musician come back to the circus lots year after year? You tell me why a hen crosses the road or who struck Billy Patterson. Windjammers are mostly born as well as made. When I was twelve years old I used to work all day on a farm near Sherwin, Kansas, then walk a mile and a half to the railroad station, catch a local freight to Columbus, Kansas, eight miles away; rehearse with the Columbus Silver Cornet Band until eleven o'clock; catch another local freight that got me back to Sherwin at one o'clock in the morning, walk across those lonesome prairies to my farmhouse job, and go to work at daylight the next morning.

"When I was thirteen years old I ran away from home with Mohair's Minstrels. That job lasted one day. I was so young the boss man, Charles Vandyke Mohair, listening to my parents' tale of

woe, fired me. I only got as far as Baxter Spring. But the next year I eloped with a carnival company and stayed with it two years. Then I went in for the drama. I was one of the two cornets in the rube band with an 'Uncle Josh Spruceby' show.

"I used to make up with flowing whiskers and a linen duster, carry a grip marked 'High C Oil' and do funny stunts on the streets during the noon-day parade around the courthouse square. But, following the evening's free open air concert in front of the 'opery' house and my bit in the orchestra pit (if there was one) I became a regular actor on the stage. I was cast to turn the sawmill upon which the heroine was almost thrown by the villain. I did better than that, however, with a 'rep' show under canvas. I was 'Mr. Brown' in 'The Man and The Maid'; a race track tout in 'Old Kentucky' and the warden in the prison scene of 'Under Two Flags.'

"BUT most of my critics said that as an actor I was a pretty good cornet player and the white tops beckoned me. So in 1916 I went back to circus tramping. In 1919, I took charge of the Ringling Brothers' band and I have been on that job ever since. This answers, to some extent, the question, 'Where do the circus windjammers come from?'

"Joe Simons, for example, came out of Jonesboro, Arkansas. He joined out, when just a kid, with a circus which shall be nameless. It was not a nice circus. Its boss was one of the old school. He carried some bad boys with him. The bad boys robbed the towniers by every known device, including three shells, pocket dipping and clothesline stripping. Joe, with his clarinet, was the band, assisted by two roughneck drummers.

"When the show arrived in some unsuspecting town Joe and his roughnecks would wander to the village Main street where Joe would announce that because of late arrival there would be no parade but that the band would give a concert. Joe would then play, on his clarinet, his entire repertoire, consisting of 'De Molnay' march and 'The American Soldier' march, assisted by the roughneck drummers. Joe would then announce that the parade would proceed to the show grounds where another concert would be given. Having thus proceeded, Joe would again play 'De Molnay' and 'The American Soldier.'

"This continued for weary weeks until certain citizens of Hazard, Kentucky, taking umbrage at the music, or outraged by what the bad boys with the show had done to them, showered the band with empty bottles whilst the uptown concert was at its harmonic best. Whereupon, Joe sought other fields of endeavor, eventually became a first-class clarinetist and has been with me eight years. He is still young and healthy. As my librarian he keeps track of fifteen hundred marches, three hundred overtures, two hundred operatic selections, seventy galops, a hundred and fifty waltzes seventy-five trombone 'smears,' thirty suites, fifty ballets and a hundred or more descriptive numbers—any one of which is apt to appear on the circus program any day.



Merle Evans, Bandmaster of the Ringling Brothers' Greatest Show on Earth, just before his moment of glory when he leads his men into the circus arena.



"Henry Kyes, one of my veteran cornet players, started out of Farmington, Illinois, while still so tender he would tear under the wings. After tramping hither and yon many years he was engaged by wire to lead the band with the Wheeling Mastodon Shows. He joined at Hawk's Nest, West Virginia, with no money, but with huge ambitions and a trunk full of music for his prospective band. The Mastodon Shows, which had once been a fifteen-car railroad affair, appeared, without any advance billing, in Hawk's Nest, on wagons. It was in our parlance, a mud show.

"Mr. Kyes discovered to his horror that he was the entire band. He remained the entire band for three toilsome months while the Mastodon Shows ploughed through the mud and over the rocks of the southern Appalachian mountains—far from any railroad. But when Henry did find his feet on a railroad station platform he deserted the Mastodon Shows for a minstrel troupe and eventually reached a safe haven in the Ringling Brothers' band where he has contentedly tooted for eight seasons.

"Almost any windjammer in my band can tell similar harrowing tales. But they are a healthy, happy lot. Of course, they have sore lips now and then. Any lip that vibrates against a woodwind reed or in a cornet mouthpiece six hours a day is apt to get sore, especially if the musician has uneven teeth. Joker Dalzell, who played sousaphone with us in 1920, used to file his teeth to make them smooth. Then, we have to contend with wind and weather. It may be 110 degrees under the big top one day, and on the next day so cold the oil stiffens in the cornet pistons. But I never heard of a case of pneumonia on the show, once we leave the drafty Garden and get under canvas. And we have no typhoid although we change drinking water every day. Open air keeps the boys healthy. Then, conditions have bettered under the big tops.

"Windjammers used to work for twelve dollars a week, eat rotten cook-house grub; sleep two in a berth, three berths high, and do long street parades. I once played seventy-six full length marches on top of a seven-ton, stiff-sprung parade wagon in Detroit before playing both afternoon and evening performances. I still remember, with sorrow, the mile of cobblestones on the parade route leading to the Syracuse, New York, circus lot.

"But the Big Show now pays its windjammers thirty-six dollars a week. We sleep in first class Pullmans, one man in each upper berth and two in each lower. We eat at our own table in the best cook-house on the road. The Big Show gives no street parades. God bless the Ringling Brothers for that! I say it in all reverence. I wish some of those misguided persons who urge a resumption of street parades, because they give the little ones such

pleasure, had to ride a bandwagon two or three hours on some hot morning in Peoria, Cincinnati, or Washington!

"There is no danger of the Big Show resuming its street parades. No one likes the little ones better than do the Ringling Brothers. They were kids themselves, once. But since the motor cars took possession of big city streets, traffic regulations have made circus parades impracticable. And circus musicians still expend enough energy in vibrating through two preliminary concerts and two circus programs to move the biggest canvas wagon—if that energy could be focussed on any one spot at any one time. Yet, as I have said, circus windjammers are a happy, healthy crew.

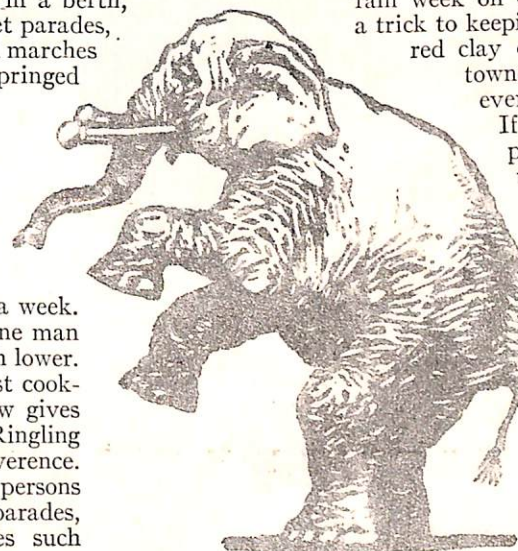
"We don't go to work until 1:30 p. m. We are through with the matinee and Wild West 'after show or concert' about 4:30. Then we have nothing to do but eat and rest until 7:30 and we are through with the night show about 10:30. And what's more, not all of the musicians play all the time during the circus program. Most of them only play half the time, taking turn about with their team mates, as it were. That is, half the cornets, basses, and trombones are playing while the other half rest. And there are a few minutes during each program when some of the boys can get off the bandstand and take a short smoke.

"Of course it's not always easy going. On a nice, spring day on a fresh green lot, life seems pretty soft. But I remember one season we played Johnston, Pennsylvania, when it was dry and the wind was blowing a black dust across the lot. We looked like a bunch of mill hands and no one could eat the grub in the cookhouse. Then when the hot winds blow across the Canadian prairies, or we are playing St. Louis or some other valley town, the sweat gets into the boys' eyes and bothers their lips. I have to play with a dry lip and so hot weather is apt to worry me.

"Wet weather isn't so nice, either. We've played in mud and rain week on end. But the boys carry raincoats and there's a trick to keeping dry, even in the black waxie of Texas or the red clay of Georgia. You'll find that it's generally the towniers who get wet. Of course, whatever happens, even in a blow down, the band has to keep on playing.

If a woman falls from one of the golden swings we play all the harder. If the wind comes up and there is a storm outside we play harder still.

Once at Sioux City, during the season of 1923, a big wind and rain came up, the sidewalls began flapping, the quarter poles began dancing, and the canvas showed signs of ripping. The performers did not go on, but we did. We played three quarters of an hour without stopping. Then the storm blew over, the performers came out of the wagons in which they had taken refuge and the performance was resumed. The only time a circus band is allowed to leave the bandstand during a performance is when the elephants stampede in the band's direction. Then it's every man for himself (Continued on page 67)





*Yid November's  
sinister hand hovers  
over the old house*

*(What Has Gone Before)*

AFTER years of wandering through Europe and the East young John Palmer, poor in pocket, but rich in the hopes of becoming a successful author, found himself back in New York, renting a room in the shabby old house that had once been the beautiful, much loved home of his childhood, before his father's mysterious death there.

The day he took the room he had an unpleasant experience on the street when a gangster, well known in the neighborhood as Yid November, was frustrated in his annoyances of a girl by the quick wit of Palmer, who later discovered that the girl was the typist who had the room above his in the old house. She was having difficulties eking out a bare existence by her typing, and when he heard the virago of a landlady hectoring her about overdue rent he decided to have her do his typing.

Apparently unaware of Palmer's identity, Mr. Machen, a queer old lodger, gave him the idea for a plot in the history of the old house right through to the suicide of its former owner. But when the young author, for the story's sake, suggested murder instead of suicide Machen was strangely agitated. And from that time on there was something very puzzling and rather disquieting to Palmer in the prying interest which Machen and the landlady, Mrs. Fay, took in his novel, "Queer Street, the Story of a Haunted House."

Palmer fell to work on the novel at once but his mind was distracted by the fact that the girl upstairs was going out every night on mysterious pilgrimages returning in the small hours, and avoiding all mention of it when they met.

Acting on a suggestion from an encouraging editor he visited one of the big dance halls to procure copy for a story, and was dumfounded when he recognized one of the hostesses.

TEMPERS hang on hair-triggers that tenant clay fine drawn by toil, privation, and cares whose burden daily grows more galling: that was a tight squeak for one forlorn young friendship. Though Palmer knew he couldn't rightly blame the girl, that this hateful charge she flung into his teeth was, after all, the only natural thing for her to think, it wasn't easy, under the lash of her keen scorn, to hold in leash the retort which trembled on his tongue and, once uttered, would have put a period to everything between them.

"I'm sorry," he heard a voice protesting which he hardly knew, it was shaped by lips so tense—the mettle of the flesh, it appeared, was not so supple as his spirit's—"I'm sorry, May, I couldn't help it—had to."

# QUEER

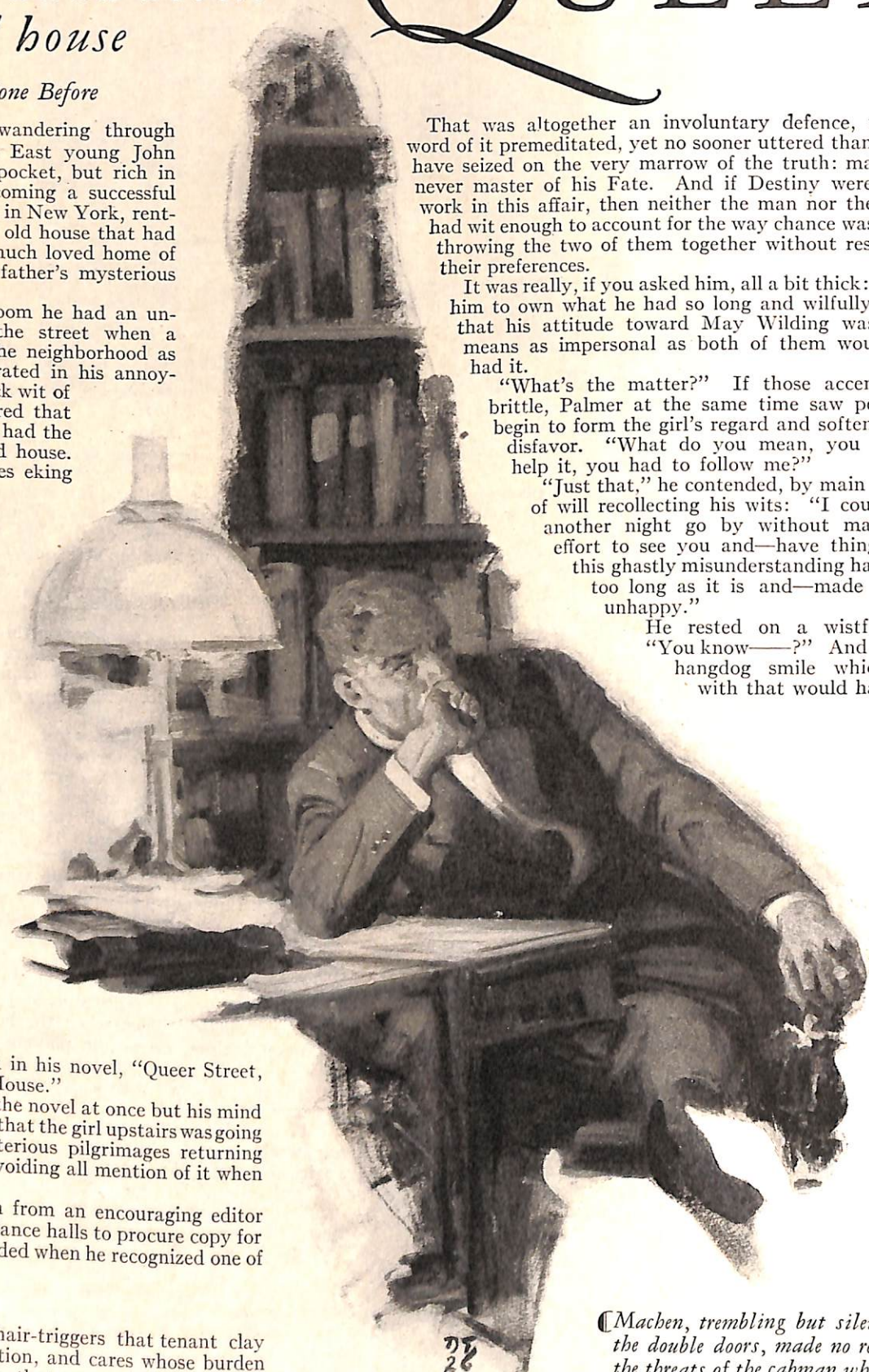
That was altogether an involuntary defence, not one word of it premeditated, yet no sooner uttered than seen to have seized on the very marrow of the truth: man being never master of his Fate. And if Destiny were not at work in this affair, then neither the man nor the author had wit enough to account for the way chance was forever throwing the two of them together without respect for their preferences.

It was really, if you asked him, all a bit thick: obliging him to own what he had so long and wilfully denied, that his attitude toward May Wilding was by no means as impersonal as both of them would have had it.

"What's the matter?" If those accents were brittle, Palmer at the same time saw perplexity begin to form the girl's regard and soften its first disfavor. "What do you mean, you couldn't help it, you had to follow me?"

"Just that," he contended, by main strength of will recollecting his wits: "I couldn't let another night go by without making an effort to see you and—have things out—this ghastly misunderstanding has lasted too long as it is and—made me too unhappy."

He rested on a wistful note: "You know—?" And the half-hangdog smile which went with that would have done



*(Machen, trembling but silent behind the double doors, made no response to the threats of the cabman who insisted on being paid.)*

its work on a much harder heart than that of Miss May Wilding. "Oh yes!" she cried to him, or rather quavered, for the changed voice wasn't high that he found so moving. And suddenly, he saw, her eyes had grown a little misty. "I do know—and I'm so glad you felt that way and—found me! I've behaved like a perfect little beast to you, and I've been just sick about it ever since, wanting you to forgive me."

It wasn't easy to find a conservative return for that, with a

# STREET By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

*Illustrations by  
Donald Teague*

staring rabble all around them. A confused gush of words met, fortunately, a hindrance of some sort in Palmer's throat, and never managed to get by it: the young man could only gulp hard and give a stupid nod.

"Then," he said—as soon as ever his tongue would serve him—"I suppose there's nothing else for it now: we've got to dance or I'll run the risk of losing you again. May I please have the honor of this dance with you, Miss Wilding?"

But she was in no mood to reward his stumbling humor in kind, she was too profoundly moved on her own part; as her answer made evident, and the duck of the head, such as a shy child will give, that went with two syllables more breathed than spoken:

"Yes, please."

FORTHWITH to the throb of a tune they didn't heed—and never forgot—those two drifted away in the Heaven of each other's arms.

From the spell of that sweet lunacy—and whether its bondage held for sixty seconds or as many minutes neither could have said with any certainty—Palmer made a showing of emerging when the music ran out and left them stranded, and holding each other in a mutual stare that was the more eloquent because breathless, because completely tongue-tied. They had so much to say and so little heart to say it, who were too poor for love!

"What happens now?"

Palmer took it that he must have been the one who had put that inane question, because he heard the girl replying:

"Why, I expect we just go on dancing—as long as you can stand it—"

"I feel more like talking. Can't we slip out somewhere?—say for a walk in the Park—"

"I couldn't leave so early." A woeful shake of May's head deplored the hard truth she stated. "The night's just starting here, and in places like this a hostess has got to stick on her job or lose it."

"All night and every night?"

"Yes: just about. Some of the girls won't work Saturday nights or Sundays; but they don't get paid as much per dance. You see, they give us a percentage on the price of the tickets we collect for dances; and if we don't earn a certain minimum amount every week, we're not wanted."

"But we can't talk comfortably hopping about in this mob—"

"We can sit at one of those tables over there, if you want to; but I'm supposed to take a ticket from you for every number the band plays, whether we dance or sit it out."

"Come along then: vogue la galère—and hang the expense!"

The café proper at that hour was thinly peopled, they experienced little difficulty in finding a table at a comfortable distance from any other in occupation. And if Palmer was put to it to dissemble a wince when he found himself obliged to give the waiter an order which meant a meal or two lopped off his meagre allowance for the next seven days, the girl was indisposed to be anything but outspoken about their circumstances.



*(In the hallway stood a night-hawk cabby of the old school, a surly ruffian grimly bent on having his rights by violence, if necessary.)*

"You mustn't stay too long. Not that I don't want you; but you can't afford it; and the time's gone by for bluffing, between you and me, Jack—you know that. Besides, just to have seen you and—made it up—is happiness enough to last me the rest of the evening."

"If you think I'm going to leave before they put the lights out or you listen to reason and come away—"

"I'd dearly love to—you must believe me—but I just can't, I've got to carry on and make a living somehow; and this is the only way I can manage that at present."

"But that's precisely the thing I've been aching to talk to you about," Palmer desperately plunged. "This isn't the place for you, and you know that; and I've got prospects—I have, as sure as shooting! I've got an order—well, anyway, practically an order—for a story about these public dancing places and girls who work for them as 'hostesses'; and you can help me write it in a hurry, and get on the pay-roll besides, as a sure-enough collaborator."

"That would be wonderful, if you really think I could be of any use—"

"I'm sure you could save me no end of time and trouble; you know all the behind-the-scenes stuff that makes this show, whereas I can't afford to pay for a look-in. And that isn't all," the young man promised with large enthusiasm: "Before very long I'm going to need all your time, and will be in a position to offer you a permanent berth with proper pay as my secretary."

"You are such a dear," May told him, but gave her head a wag of fond reproof. "And I do hope with all my heart your dream comes true. But it's no good our not being honest with each other: you know all this is still a dream, and, till it does come true, nothing to bank on. We've got to be reasonable and—patient."

"Don't talk to me about patience: I don't know what you mean—and I don't believe any regular author would, either. It's impatience that gets books written; just as, everybody knows, it's discontent that's responsible for all the real progress this world makes. Besides, we don't have to be anything of the sort, if being patient simply means holding on here till my ship comes in. I've got a bit of money in hand, you know; not a great deal, but enough to keep Mrs. Fay off our backs, yours as well as mine, for the time being—"

"Oh no! Please, Jack, you mustn't." The girl was sitting up with head and color both high and the misty eyes all at once suspiciously bright. "Don't make me cry here, with everybody looking. I know you don't mean to; but I won't be able to help it if you go on, you are so sweet and kind and . . . And anyway, we don't need to fuss about it: I won't have to borrow from you on Mrs. Fay's account, at least. Everything's all right with her for the time being."









## This Man Succeeded DELIBERATELY

By Fred C. Kelly

NOBODY can ever say of Charlie Kettering: "Oh well, he was just lucky."

This is the tale of a man who became a multi-millionaire by deliberate aim and intent—laid his plans and set about building a big career for himself as quietly and systematically as a good housewife would start to prepare a meal. His invention of the first electrical starter for automobiles was no accident.

When he was a young chap just out of the engineering department of the Ohio State University, Charles F. Kettering, born on a farm at Loudonville, Ohio, got a job which required much climbing of telephone poles.

It was a good enough job for a young fellow who had nothing better to do, but as he toyed with the wire on top of poles on hot summer days, there were times when Kettering had grave doubts about wishing to make that his life work. He was just as well satisfied when he stopped climbing poles to take a slightly more remunerative job with the National Cash Register Company at Dayton.

What he really wanted to do was to work in a big laboratory with his time largely his own, and play with mechanics, much as a child might play with toys, while seeing what interesting things he could find out.

But he realized that he couldn't have a big laboratory at his disposal to do as he pleased with, unless he had money. Obviously he must make money and do so with as little delay as possible. He couldn't afford to dilly-dally along half way through his life before getting rich.

Mind you, he was less interested in money itself than in almost anybody you might mention. But his head was full of interesting things that he desired to do, and he yearned to be relieved of the

routine bother of having to make a living. He wished that he might be endowed and he knew nobody who might provide him with an endowment fund. Hence the necessity of obtaining such a fund himself.

He believed that the best way to do this was by inventing something. To this end he associated himself with a business man, also of engineering training, and they got their heads together to think what ought to be invented.

"We can invent something," said Kettering's associate, "that the public never thought of needing and then tell about it until the public decides it wants it. Or we can invent something that the public has been wanting all along. Then all we need to say is that we have it."

Obviously, it seemed to be the simpler plan to invent an article that the public had been wanting but couldn't get.

But what?

After much discussion, and by process of elimination, the two decided that they could give the public nothing which would please it more than better electrification for automobiles—especially electrical self-starting.

So they set about inventing an electrical starter.

As Mr. Kettering explained to me many years afterward, it was comparatively easy to make a starter that would work well enough when properly handled, but that wasn't enough. The public must have a starter that would work no matter how carelessly handled.

THE mechanism of the starter had to be simplified and this led to innovations that apparently violated many rules of electrical engineering. When the starting contrivance was in workable stage, the inventors sought to interest one of the most enterprising automobile manufacturers in their new invention. He was willing enough to pay handsomely for better electrification on his automobiles, but he had a reputation at stake and couldn't afford to equip his cars with anything that wouldn't work. Therefore he sought the advice of the foremost authorities in the country on electrical devices. They put the new invention to severe tests and it stood up under them. Nevertheless the experts' recommendations were adverse.

"It works all right," they said, "and yet it won't do."

"Why not?" asked the manufacturer.

"Because it violates too many rules. It is literally full of methods never before used."

"Oh, well then," replied the manufacturer, "if that's the worst that can be said about it, we want it. Whatever success I have ever made has been in doing things never done before."

That decision "made" Kettering.

Not so long after Kettering and his associate began to manufacture electrical starters, they sold out to the General Motors Corporation for several million dollars.

Today Kettering is in his glory, for he carries on laboratory research to his heart's content. He is at the head of all research work for the General Motors Corporation, and the Lord only knows how many inventions for automotive improvement have come from his head and hand. His services are considered so valuable that his life is insured for \$1,600,000 to be paid to a trust group at his death, to continue whatever research work he might be doing.

Part of his value as a research director is probably due to his boyish enthusiasm over personally trying out each new device. A child taking an old clock apart is no more fascinated than is Kettering when watching wheels go around in a new way or for a new purpose. He doesn't take anybody's word that a car with a certain kind of engine is capable of a certain speed, but climbs into the car and drives it as fast as it will go. His willingness to see just what an automobile engine will do makes it unwise for any of his friends to drive with him, unless they happen to be equipped with strong nerves. I know a man who once rode with Kettering from Dayton to Columbus, Ohio, and he has scarcely been in a car since. He explained that he got enough thrills on that one ride to do him for the rest of his life.

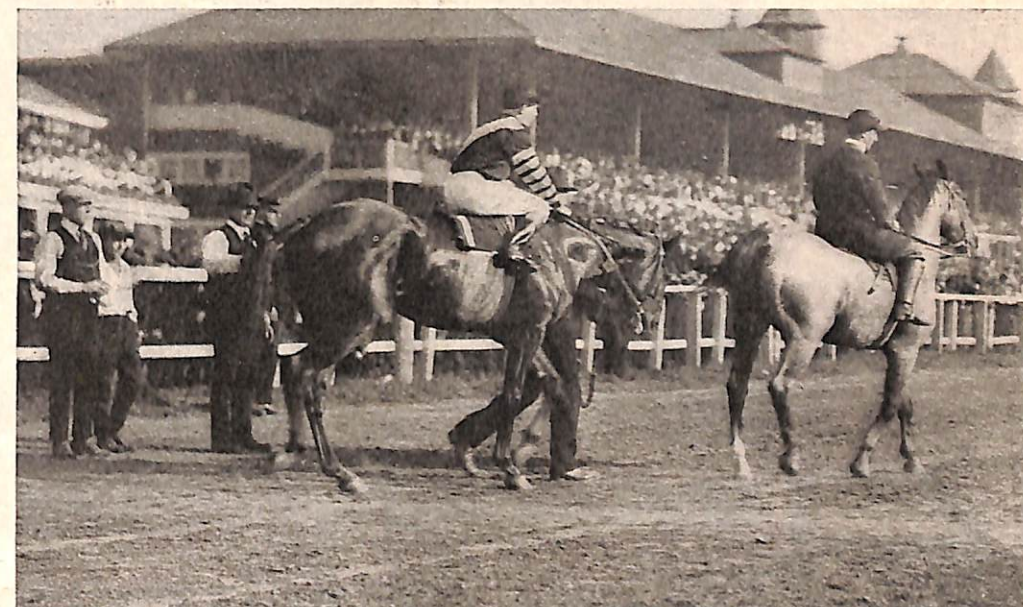
Occasionally Kettering becomes disgusted with the slow pace of even the best automobiles over public highways, and then he takes to airplanes. But I imagine that even an airplane seems crude to him because he is perpetually thinking of all mechanical contrivances in an idealized way—not as they are, now, but as they may be a few years hence.

At times he is looking so far ahead of the bunch that his dreams are a bit shocking. A year or two ago when oiling operations on automobiles were becoming more simplified, I asked if such improvements could be carried much farther. [Continued on page 74]

# The Unknown Quantity In CHAMPIONS

By  
Lawrence  
PERRY

*Kings of the Turf  
Can Be Bred  
While Heredity  
is Negligible  
among Humans*



In contrast to human beings the race horse gets his champion qualities through inheritance. Man o' War, one of the world's great racers, comes from a family of thoroughbreds.

WHAT is a champion?

Philosophers in sport, educators whose intellects are vivid, deep and analytical have given their time to this question. And the answer is still lying in the limbo of mystery.

Psychoanalysis has thrown no light upon the matter; here is a science which is now very much in the vogue. The claims of its adherents are extraordinary and I daresay they are bulwarked by something more than a modicum of basic fact.

But it has never told, has never had the hardihood to attempt to tell why Bobby Jones is one of the two greatest golfers in the world while another young man, more impressive physically than Jones, just as clear-eyed, and clear-headed, equally as quick mentally—if not more so—equally game, courageous and cool, could be spotted a stroke a hole by Jones and easily defeated.

You cannot measure human economy with any appliance that man has devised, nor follow its hidden intricacies. Which is one of the reasons why materialists stop short at a certain point and color their doubt with bewildering phrases and unwarranted conclusions and why psychologists are continually at odds with one another. It would be so simple if men were merely animals. But, you

see, the human soul enters and He alone Who created that divine essence knows its whys and wherefores and all its perplexing subtleties.

If men were animals—well, horsemen have learned the secret of turf kings; it lies in the realm of inheritance.

In England once, a very great man in his sphere, Bruce-Lowe, began to speculate concerning the reasons why certain thoroughbreds, bearing no outward points of discrepancy from their rivals, were yet qualified to leave them behind in the ruck while they galloped on to fame for themselves and gold for their owners.

Thus cogitating, Bruce-Lowe selected three great turf events—the St. Leger, the Derby and the 2,000 guinea—and picked out the various winners back to the beginning.

Then he proceeded to trace their families and great names began forthwith to appear. The family that had produced the greatest number of winners he designated as No. 1 Family; the next greatest product of winners No. 2 Family, and so on.

These families through all the years have continued to produce turf kings and queens in about the same ratio as Bruce-Lowe found.

[Continued on page 51]

Kitty McKane, Helen Wills and Molla Mallory, three of the World's greatest tennis players, cannot impart a tithe of what they know, lacking the secret of the elements that made them great.

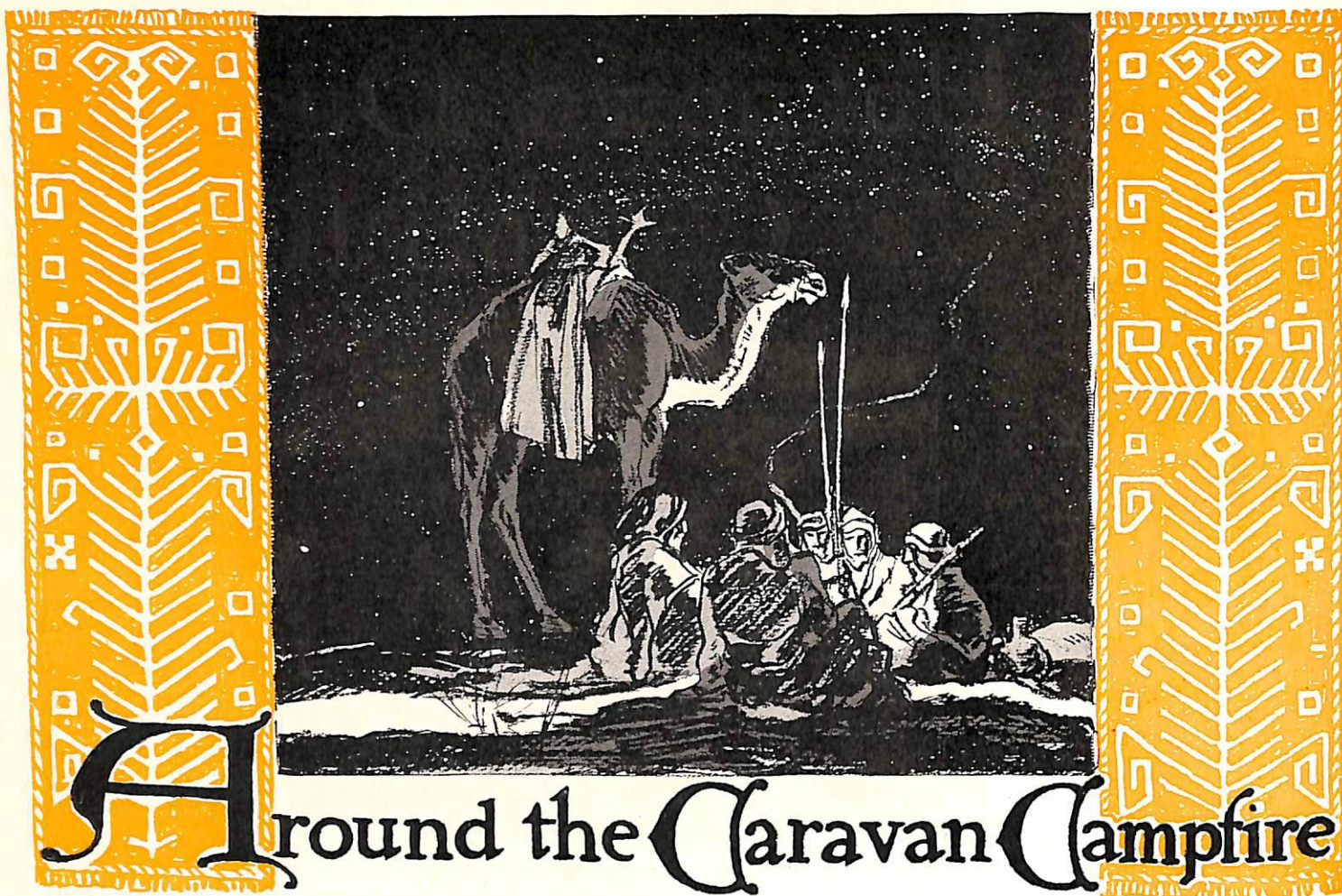


No one knows what made Bill Tilden the tennis marvel, least of all himself.



Mathereson could tell with uncanny accuracy what other players were likely to do.





# Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

The Shrine's own Departments, Conducted by and Dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

**T**HE Dean of the correspondence school which teaches students to write Literature Which Will Live (for seventeen dollars and fifty cents with a Diploma with a Gold Seal) tells us that the way to become a popular writer is to write about that which appeals in a personal way to the greatest number of people.

I want to write about Fools. I am one and I believe there are plenty more! Down in my heart I especially mean *you*, Noble, that's but human! So this may become Literature Which Will Live like it says in the correspondence school ad.

I am just home from a week-end in Atlantic City. First thing I did when I got back after straightening up that little matter of the over-draft at the bank was to go to the dictionary and look up the definition of the word "fool" by that great authority, Noble Noah Webster. He says a fool is one lacking common sense or judgment. Maybe so, Noah, maybe so!

I made friends with a couple of people over at Atlantic City. One of them was an old Shriner who was a part of the rocking chair brigade on the front veranda of the Big Hotel. He and a half a dozen others just sat around counting the water and listening to each other's arteries hardening.

This nice old Noble told me that for the last twenty years he had been figuring on retiring but things were never just right for him to turn over his factory in a midwestern city. All of a sudden, down he went, all shot as full of holes as a collander.

The doctors got him. His honest opinion is that the letters M.D. stand for Mean Disposition. He says Doctors divide themselves into homeopaths, allopaths, osteopaths and psychopaths, but that all these paths, like the path of glory, lead but to the grave. He cited the Bible where it says that "Asa in his disease sought not the Lord but the physicians and Asa rested with his fathers." The old Noble says it was a plain case of cause and effect.

But the important point is that they doctored him till they were ashamed to look him in the face and then they told him to go to Atlantic City and see what that would do for him.

There he was, sitting on the porch. His impaired digestion would not let him eat salt water taffy, his neuritis would not let him climb in and out of roller chairs, his defective vision would not let him sit on the boardwalk and view the passing parade of feminine pulchritude and his rheumatism would not permit him to dance. Like a pimple on a pickle he was neither useful nor ornamental. All his money wouldn't buy him the thing he really wanted, because he couldn't use it after he got it.

He had waited too long. He had been a slave to a little sheepskin covered book that he toted to the bank every afternoon.

I guess he was a fool. Maybe you are a little bit like him. I know darned well I am.

**T**HE other Shriner I met was a fool, too. He was young. He was so young I hated every beat of his heart and every breath he drew. He had everything I have lost! He had pep and hair, snappy clothes, and a wicked Charleston hoof! The flappers smiled at him, whereas they laugh at me. Like a jackal trailing a lion with the hope of getting part of his kill, I trailed this bird from roller chair to beach, from cabaret to dance hall, and had a lovely time doing it. He called me Pops, too, but I could stand that just to watch him.

He is a bond salesman in a big city. He makes pretty good money. Every summer he goes to Atlantic City and every winter to Florida or California.

The interesting part of the story is that he has a set time to come home. He goes home only when he is cold stony broke! He is flat busted twice a year when he has had his fling. What do you suppose he would do if he were taken sick? What would happen if he broke a leg? Who cares? He doesn't!

Which is the fool? That nice old Shriner, all full of aches and pains and regrets, or this irresponsible young Shriner who lives by the rule that the time for pleasure is now.

They can't both be fools! They are each playing the game of life on opposite principles.

(Continued on page 71)

## WITHIN THE SHRINE

### HISTORY OF THE SHRINE

By William B. Melish

Senior Past Imperial Potentate

### THE SHRINE DISCOVERED THAT THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND MEMBERS ARE THE HARDEST

**O**N JANUARY 1, 1906, the Imperial Recorder was able to announce that the Shrine membership had passed the hundred thousand mark, less than thirty-four years after the original thirteen Nobles met to organize Mecca Temple.

The Imperial Council could congratulate itself too, that while the growth of the Order had been rapid, it had been healthy as well; it was never confused with any element of promotion. As early as 1891, Imperial Potentate Sam Briggs commented upon the conservatism of the older Temples.

"In some localities," he said, "notably where new Temples have been established, there appears the enthusiasm that always characterizes the advent of a new social organization; while in the older established Temples there now obtains a conservatism born of earlier experience, which tends more to the cultivation of associations and friendships already formed through the Order, rather than a desire to increase the numerical strength by an indiscriminate addition of the profane."

Again in 1899 the Imperial Council was considering certain applications from England for the establishment of Temples there. In their report, the Committee on Transactions of Imperial Officers sounded a similar note.

"Prosperity is with us to stay," the report concluded. "Referring to the establishment of Temples of our Order in England, Mexico and the Sandwich Islands, we do not find it necessary to encumber any Committee or to occupy the valuable time of the Imperial Council with this subject. In the early, struggling years of our existence, the mountain might have been prevailed upon to move—just a little—but at this late date, it is unnecessary."

"If in either of the countries named they have eligible material, they may make application for a Dispensation for a Temple."

Anezh Temple in Mexico City was chartered in 1906, securing its Dispensation through normal channels as had the Temple at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, five years earlier.

In 1901 the Imperial Potentate, Lou B. Winsor of Michigan, accompanied by 114 Nobles and 58 ladies made the trip to Honolulu to institute Aloha. The Imperial Council was not asked to bear any part of the expense of the trip.

At the suggestion of the Imperial Potentate, the individual Temples contributed generously to the relief of those who had suffered during the Galveston Flood of 1901. A proposal made by Morocco Temple, soon after, to establish a permanent home for indigent Shriners, was voted down as unnecessary. Each year almost all of the Temples, at the invitation of the Imperial Potentates, contributed to the Christmas charities with increasingly large donations.

The Session of 1906 was held in Chicago, a meeting place hurriedly chosen instead of Los Angeles. Only a short time before the Session, the country had been shocked at the news of the

terrible San Francisco fire and the devastating earthquake. Imperial Potentate Henry A. Collins, upon hearing of the calamity, immediately wired \$25,000 to the relief fund established for Islam Temple and, after a conference with members of his Divan, postponed the Los Angeles session for a year. In addition to this sum voted by the Imperial Treasury, individual Temples contributed largely, increasing the fund to nearly \$50,000.

The Nobility of Los Angeles protested the edict which changed the place of meeting. The Imperial Potentate explained that, while he recognized the inconvenience and disappointment which the postponement had caused them, he had been forced to take into consideration the effect which the pilgrimage to Los Angeles would have had upon the Shrine body and upon the Masonic fraternity in general. He added that he did not wish to lay the Order open to a charge of heartlessness and want of proper consideration for others.

Los Angeles welcomed the Imperial Council the next year. For the first and only time in the history of the Mystic Shrine, a serious disaster marred a Session of the Imperial Council. A train filled with Nobles who were leaving the city after the convention was wrecked at Honda, California, near Santa Barbara. Many were killed and injured.

So the first duty of the newly-elected Imperial Potentate, Frank C. Roundy, was providing proper care for the injured and for the burial of those who were killed.

Some years before the question of prohibition was considered a national issue, the matter of temperance, which is a word with quite another meaning, was under discussion by the Imperial Council.

In his Annual Address of 1903, Imperial Potentate Henry C. Akin made a recommendation which had much to do with the future policy of the Imperial Council. He said in part:

"The Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine is composed of gentlemen taken from the highest ranks of Masonry and banded together for sociability . . .

"I have attended many banquets where wine was freely used, and some where there was none. I can truly say that just as much real pleasure and enjoyment is found at tables where there is no intoxicating liquor of any kind, as at the other.

And the temptation to excess, which is always found in a few on these happy occasions, is removed.

"If the Nobility generally realize this as much as I do, the use of liquors at the banquets following our Ceremonial Sessions would be forbidden, and they would join me in a recommendation to abolish it. The many are careful and prudent; the few are indiscreet and often bring discredit upon themselves, upon our Order and upon Masonry. For the sake of these unfortunate few, temptation should not be thrust in their way."

In 1905 the Committee on Transactions of Imperial Officers urged each representative to begin a crusade of reformation in his

Temple, especially among the young and hilarious and the old and vagarious, so that the principles of Masonry might be kept constantly in view. The Committee added that no Noble of the Mystic Shrine should ever forget that one of the qualifications entitling him to the privileges and honors of being a part of the Order, is that he is expected to show to the outside world that he has been deemed worthy of being chosen as an exemplar of the very highest type of a Mason in either of the great fundamental bodies.

The Imperial Potentate, in his charity circular, elaborated upon this point by saying, "Sometimes I think we give far too much information to the public press and draw the attention of the outside world to our proceedings. I think we should be very careful in this respect and not imagine that the Shrine is a circus or hippodrome for the amusement of the people."

### THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar  
Imperial Potentate  
C. M. DUNBAR, Palestine  
Imperial Deputy Potentate  
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia  
Imperial Chief Rabban  
LEO V. YOUNG, Al Malaikah  
Imperial Assistant Rabban  
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus  
Imperial High Priest and Prophet  
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo  
Imperial Recorder  
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria  
Imperial Treasurer  
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah  
Imperial Oriental Guide  
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig  
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master  
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed  
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master  
JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive  
Imperial Marshall  
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora  
Imperial Captain of Guards  
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas  
Imperial Outer Guard





Noble E. L. Cord  
Medinah Temple  
Chicago, Ill.

Past Potentate  
Charles D. Symms  
El Riad, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Noble Daniel R. Crissinger  
Aladdin Temple  
Columbus, Ohio

Past Potentate  
John Rex Thompson  
Nile, Seattle, Wash.

NOT long ago E. L. Cord, of Medinah Temple, Chicago, who is only thirty-two now, was a salesman. He sold cars, mostly, but there were times when he wasn't as high up in the world as that. But he was, and still is, primarily, by instinct and experience, a salesman. He used to sell cars, before 1918, to movie stars in Los Angeles. Then he ran an agency in Arizona, operated a mountain stage line and another mountain line of motor tracks. After that he sold cars in Chicago and Milwaukee.

"If a salesman," he says, "goes to a manufacturer and says he can't sell a car because the doors are too narrow the manufacturer has a comeback. 'Stuff!' " he says. "Why, that car was designed by John C. Whosis, the greatest automotive engineer in the world." Well, the salesman is stumped. Does he know more than John C. Whosis? He does not! So he shuts up.

"But if that manufacturer were on the floor, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones came in, and Mr. Jones put back his check book in his pocket because Mrs. Jones got stuck, trying to get through the door, what would he do? I'll tell you. He'd make tracks for his factory and have that door widened!"

And that is the way Cord has worked in building up his organization, which was losing money. In 1924, he transformed everything.

"The second day I was on the job," he says, "I heard the efficiency man cross-examining the sales manager about a six-dollar telephone call. I listened—and I soon stopped that sort of thing. I cut out a lot of efficiency man rules—the systems cost more to operate than they could possibly save."

Cord built his success on two things—giving the public what it wanted and always telling the truth. He makes an assembled car, so-called—one, that is, the parts of which, to some extent, are not made in his own factory, but bought from outside. He talks about this in his advertising, and people seem to like it. And he will not do anything in a certain way just because that is the standard way to do it—not if he, or anyone in the organization, can find a better and a cheaper way to get the results he wants.

DANIEL R. CRISSINGER happens to come from Marion, Ohio—which was also the home of President Harding, the man who made a Democratic lawyer and banker in an overwhelmingly Republican community Comptroller of the Currency, and so led him straight to his present post as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. But while old friendship may have had something to do with the first appointment it is to be suspected that sheer merit has much to do with the fact that Calvin Coolidge has as much faith in Noble Crissinger—naturally he is a Shriner—as did Warren G. Harding.

His whole record backs up that suspicion, too. He was a good country banker, and he says himself that sound banking is sound banking, whether the institution involved has a capital of \$50,000 or \$50,000,000. He has, of course, one of the very great financial jobs of the whole world. Not a spectacular place, the one he fills is of almost incalculable importance, for the Federal Reserve Board has much to say as to government activity, in both domestic and international finance.

## Who's WHO

He has ideas about sound banking that a lot of bankers don't share. Let him tell it.

"The main business of the banker," he says, "is to lend money. Naturally, a banker must not lend money when there is any real risk that it won't be repaid. But—the certainty, even, that it will be repaid is not enough. I would not make a loan, even though the security was perfect, or the indorsements of the borrower's notes were made by men absolutely good for the sum involved, unless I thought the borrower was going to succeed in the enterprise for which he wanted the money."

"It isn't enough for good banking just to be sure that the loan will be repaid. The loan must be useful—it must actually help to bring success to some undertaking. Nothing makes a business man more resentful than to have to pay another man's note that he has indorsed. Isn't it logical for him to resent the banker's readiness to make the loan? Even if the borrower himself is able to make good he doesn't like to pay for a dead horse. Every time a banker finances a failure he loses friends for himself and for his bank. And a good banker has to make friends and keep them."

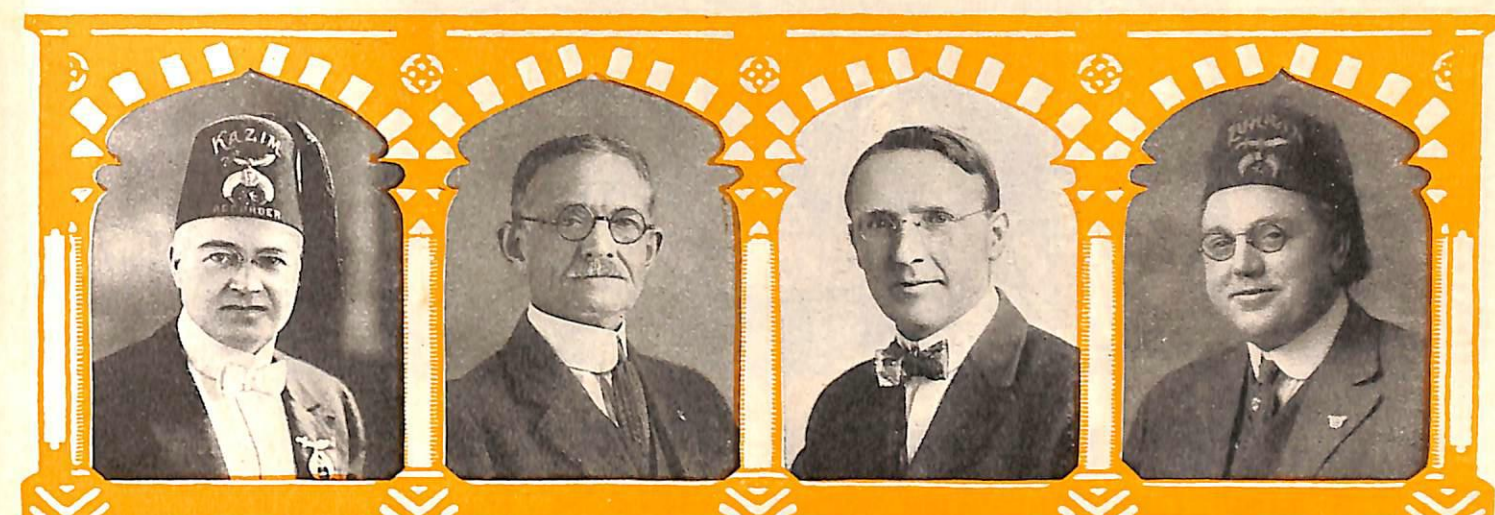
THEY KNEW all about William J. Hofmann out in Portland, Oregon, long before the Shrine, as a whole, had had a chance to get acquainted with him. He is business manager of the *Oregonian*, one of the coast's great newspapers, and he has had a hand in every movement for civic advancement for years. Naturally, he is active in the direction of the Portland unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, serving as its secretary.

No one who went to the Portland meeting of the Imperial Council will ever forget Noble Hofmann. He set a new standard then for future conventions, and you can still hear talk of the perfection and smoothness of all his arrangements. He was convention chairman in that year.

PAST POTENTATE CHARLES D. SYMMS, of El Riad, Sioux Falls, passes through three stages in the regard of most Nobles of his Temple. Before they become Shriners they know him, as a rule, as a genial, friendly man; a business man of standing and repute; an amiable, kindly gentleman whose acquaintance they are glad to claim.

Then the fact that they are to enter the Shrine becomes known to him and, the next time they see him, something about the way he looks at them makes them nervous. A new, piercing look has come into his eyes; he reminds them, somehow, of the first time they dropped into the bank to see the President about discounting a note. They ask friends about this, and get pitying looks, but no information.

Then, as novices, they find out what that piercing look meant.



Recorder John T. Cullen  
Kazim Temple  
Roanoke, Virginia

Past Potentate  
William F. Randolph  
Oasis, Charlotte, N. C.

Noble William J. Hofmann  
Al Kader Temple  
Portland, Oregon

Past Potentate  
A. A. D. Rahn  
Zuhrah, Minneapolis

## In Shrinedom

They realize that this amiable, genial soul was sizing them up—that he was seeking out, with a deadly, practiced skill, their weak points. They come to hate him, fear him, shrink from him.

Then it is all over. Gradually they go back to their first estimate. By the time they have the privilege of seeing a new lot of novices go through new tortures they are among the loudest of those who insist upon making Charlie Symms Director of El Riad for another year—he has held the post, now, for nearly twenty years. He was Director of the work at the Ceremonial in Buffalo, sponsored by the Imperial Council—the only one on record.

NOBLE A. A. D. RAHN, of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, has twice been Illustrious Potentate of his temple. He entered the line in 1915, has been Representative to the Imperial Council four times, and is most active in jurisdictional line matters. He is an important figure in the business circles of the northwest, and his close relations, as a big shipper, with the railways of his territory, have more than once led to unusual courtesies to visiting Imperial Potentates and other Shriners. He is famous as a host, and every distinguished Shriner who has visited the Twin Cities will be able to remember him without difficulty.

He has devoted all of the time not taken by business and the Shrine to his two great hobbies—farming and politics. He makes farming pay, and he gets his fun out of politics. They say he can send the professionals running to cover, too, whenever he gets really interested in a fight, and he could undoubtedly, had he cared to do so, have embarked with success upon a political career.

They still talk, out in Minneapolis, of the Ceremonial over which Rahn presided when he was first director of Zuhrah. He chose to make it a water Carnival, and a water test was one of the great features. He himself appeared in a carefully prepared white suit—and Nobles Buzz Bainbridge and Leo Harris saw to it that he was himself to take the water test!

CAPTAIN JOHN REX THOMPSON is probably as well known as any man who ever lived in Seattle. He began as a steamship man, came to own the line, and, in due time, retired, sold his holdings, and—went to work. He has plenty of money, and he has plenty of ways of spending it.

One way to get to know him is to live in the Northwest, be a Mason, and fall ill. Sooner or later, and probably sooner, Captain Thompson will hear about you, and come around to see what he can do for you. He has been indefatigable in his work for the sick—especially for those shut in by illness. He has

brightened the dull lives of innumerable victims, and for a long list of shut-ins he annually provides a steamboat party, a theater party and a picnic. But his regular visits of cheer and aid are not annual, but daily, affairs.

As a Mason Noble Thompson has been Past Master, Past High Priest, Past T. I. M., Past Patron, Past Commander, Past Grand Patron and Past Potentate of Nile Temple. He has instituted twelve chapters of the O. E. S., from Fairbanks, Alaska, to the Columbia River, and he represented the Grand Master in instituting Farthest North Commandery at Fairbanks. He was Director of Nile for seven years, and has made three pilgrimages to the Orient and twelve to Alaska in the interest of his Temple. And he has been Representative to the Imperial Council nine times.

JACOB, the Bible says, worked seven years for one wife, and when her father fooled him with another sister, turned around and worked another seven years to get the right one. That has stood for some time as a record in pertinacity—that and the spider that made Robert Bruce ashamed of himself. But Noble John T. Cullen, of Roanoke, has some excuse for regarding both Jacob and that spider as pikers.

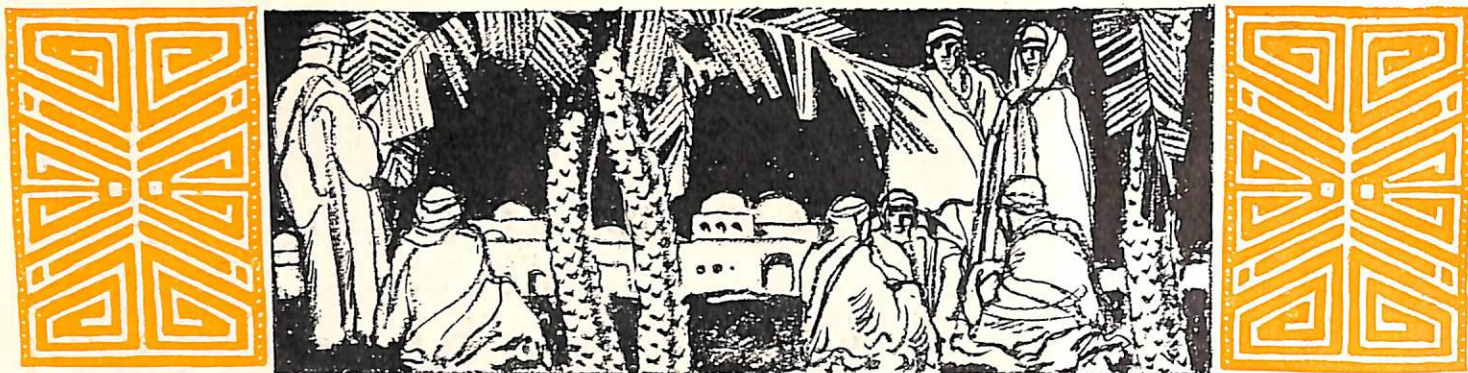
He wanted Roanoke to have a temple of its own, and he began trying in 1902. He couldn't get anywhere. The surrounding temples thought things were very well as they were; they wouldn't encourage Cullen one bit. But he kept on, and he turned up at every meeting armed with a new lot of arguments, until members of the Committee on Charters and Dispensations trembled and grew pale at the sight of him. And in 1916, at Buffalo, after fourteen years, he finally got a dispensation, went back to Roanoke, and organized Kazim Temple.

Kazim now has more than 2700 members, while its parent Temple has climbed, in spite of this, to a membership of about 5000. And Kazim proclaims its gratitude, year after year, by reelecting Cullen as Recorder and Representative.

PAST POTENTATE, WILLIAM F. RANDOLPH, of Asheville, North Carolina, owes allegiance to Oasis Temple, of Charlotte. He is, in his way, a dictator; the flaming youth of Asheville when it wants to make a hit with its girl, drops into Noble Randolph's store, and his taste in neckties and such things has, he thinks, made many a match.

When it comes to getting information about Noble Randolph the end of one's search comes near the beginning. He is, you see, the father of ten children, and a twelve times grandfather, and he hasn't had, and still doesn't have, much time for fads and hobbies. He spends a lot of his time, at present, in spoiling his grandchildren, which is his way of getting even with their immediate progenitors for the trouble they made when they were youngsters themselves. But he has had time to garner Masonic honors, and is Past Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter and Past Grand Commander, Knights Templar, and Honorary Thirty-third and a Permanent Representative from Oasis.





## THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

### ALL ITS LINE OFFICERS ARE NOW MEMBERS AT LARGE OF THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL

**T**HE IMPERIAL COUNCIL has at last taken a step it should have walked years and years ago. It has made all of its line officers members at large of the Imperial Council.

For all the years of the existence of this body its officers have held their positions dependent on the whim of the electorate of the local temple. If an Imperial Council officer was not reelected as a delegate from his own temple, he lost his position in the Imperial line.

After a Noble has risen to such prominence that he is able to win this much sought honor his career in the Imperial Council should be dependent on his services. The Imperial Council alone should have the right to say that he is or is not fit to progress year by year towards the high position of Imperial Potentate.

It was not fair that a man's Imperial Council career should depend on his personal popularity at home. About once in ten years there is an election upset in most Temples. The Nobility in their wisdom decide to throw out the "gang" that is running the Temple and put in a fresh outfit. This is not to be criticized. A hotly contested election in a Temple of the Mystic Shrine is more likely to increase interest than to diminish it. It is right that local officers of a Temple should be subject to the will of the majority of that Temple.

But it was manifestly unfair that an Imperial Council Officer should be caught in the swirl of a local election and rendered ineligible to retain his office in the Imperial Council when that body was satisfied with him. The higher body has the right to select its own officers. The old plan placed the election or continuation of an officer in line in the hands of his home Temple, where it did not by right belong.

The automobile made us a nation of mechanics, the radio made us a nation of electricians, and prohibition is rapidly turning us into a nation of chemists.

### INVESTIGATE BEFORE RENDERING ASSISTANCE TO STRANGERS ON THE STRENGTH OF A SHRINE CARD

**T**HERE are six hundred thousand Shriners in the United States and Canada. Each of them carries in his pocket a card which should be a guarantee of Nobility. Upon its presentation any Noble may introduce the bearer into his family, at his bank, or into his club.

To the man who carries it a Shrine card is the same as the "Sterling" mark on a piece of silver, a guarantee of his solidity, his purity and his genuine character.

Every Noble should bear this fact in mind, when recommending a man for admission into his Temple. Ask yourself if the man you recommend is one you would introduce to your wife and daughters. Is he a man you are willing to turn loose in the world bearing a card with such financial potentialities? Counting each Noble as a possible endorser of a check for one hundred dollars a Shrine card is to the holder a potential asset of sixty million

dollars. Are you as careful as you should be in the choice of men you bring into your Temple?

Remember the importance of the card when meeting a Noble in distress. Crooks have not failed to realize the possibilities of the Shrine card. In more than one instance cards have been stolen or forged. Men are now carrying them and using them to impose on the credulity of generous Nobles ready to help another Noble in distress.

There is a right and a wrong way to help Nobles in need of money. Wholeheartedly and generously to take the man with a Shrine card to your bank and stand good for him is probably the wrong way. No real Noble has the least objection to a thorough investigation of his case. No crook will stand for such investigation. Objection to an investigation is suspicious.

When a man with a Shrine card appeals to you, greet him with cordiality, of course, and take him at once to the Recorder of your Temple. Let the Recorder handle the matter. He not only has the information about crooks posing as Shriners and so may be able to put one where he belongs but he also has facilities for helping real Nobles in real distress. He can wire the home Temple and do everything any real Shriner wants in the proper manner.

To render assistance to a man purely on the strength of the fact that he has a Shrine button on his coat or carries a Shrine card in his pocket, is to add to the possibilities of imposition and encourage crooks who are using the Shrine as an instrument for high class pan-handling.

The true Shriner in real distress courts investigation. The wily crook has a dozen excuses to avoid the regular channels of relief.

### THE MAJORITY IS ALWAYS RIGHT. WHAT THE MOST PEOPLE WANT IS WHAT OUGHT TO BE

**D**O NOT fool yourself, Noble; the majority is right! Never let yourself be deceived on that point. What the most people want is what ought to be done.

The trouble with folks in the minority is that they waste so much valuable time trying to convince the majority instead of trying to understand the majority.

The only time that dissension and misunderstandings arise in a Temple of the Mystic Shrine is when a minority fail to accept in full Shrine idealism the decision of the majority.

It is the right and the duty of every Noble of the Order to rise in his place and say his little say of every matter of policy. But the time for this declamation is *before* the vote. The decision being made against him, his duty as a Mason and a Noble is to get squarely in line with the policy he opposed and stop talking about it.

We all have the courage of our opinions, but when the rest of the Nobility decide against our pet plans, the right way is to take our medicine without playing with the spoon.

"Silenced but not convinced" has no place in the organization. Instead of consistency this is pure unadulterated stubbornness. The only animal which has attained fame for stubbornness is the mule and who wants to emulate the mule which is without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity?

The only trouble with the snappy roadster type of automobile is that blonde hair is so liable to get tangled up in the fan belt.



## THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

### YOUR TEMPLES INCOME MUST INCREASE IN PROPORTION TO THE WHOLE SCALE OF LIVING

**H**OW WE do love to discuss the high cost of living and how heartily we sigh over the high prices of everything we have to buy! We long for the impossible situation in which everything we buy will be at its lowest and all our incomes at their highest.

Much has been said of the purchasing power of our dollar but little about the purchasing power of our income. The dollar is one thing, and the income quite another.

The Labor Bureau tells us that the purchasing power of a dollar based on the present cost of living is only seventy-three cents. But the same Bulletin tells us that the purchasing power of wages or income is one dollar and thirty-seven cents.

None of us ever made as much money in our lives as we make now. Never in the history of the world have we lived as well as we do now. Everything is up, including wages. The purchasing power of each single dollar of our income is a bit more than twenty-five percent reduced, but, with the purchasing power of our income increased by almost a third, we should worry a lot.

We have telephones, automobiles, radios, vacuum cleaners, ice making machines, moving pictures, a hundred luxuries. We spend more for rent, for food, for clothes, for amusements, than we ever spent before. The whole scale of living has been raised, income more than outgo.

The Mystic Shrine has its business side. It too must purchase for its members food, rent, amusements, etc. It too must pay the increased cost of purchase. There is no escaping it.

How in the name of all that is logical, reasonable, and expectable could the Potentate and divan of your Temple be expected to accomplish their work without an increase of income? Your business or your personal expenditures could not stand the strain today, had it not been that your income went up with the increased cost of living. Your Temple cannot do what you could not do.

To object to increased expenditures is human. Not to realize an increase in purchasing power of income is also natural; each Noble of us feels that the increase in his own personal income is but the natural recognition of ability!

With our Shrine dollars let us mix a bit of Shrine sense!

No man can win a relay race, but one man can lose it. Let's get together a bit more.

### THERE IS NO BUSIER MONEY THAN THAT WHICH NOBLES PUT INTO CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

**O**NE OF our big banks has on exhibition six copper coins which were taken from a child's bank in the ruins of ancient Utica. They were saved by a youngster five hundred years before the Christian era.

If these coins were worth a cent each, and had they been put out at compound interest at the rate of five and a half percent they would today be worth in dollars the figure 36 followed by fifty-nine ciphers.

This is too big a figure for the human mind to comprehend but

the lesson of keeping money busy instead of allowing it to lie idle is not.

There is no busier money than that which Nobles put into crippled children's hospitals. Those two dollars each Noble puts in every year, bring much more than any bankers' five or six percent.

Each of us has the satisfaction of knowing that our two dollars brings each year two hundred smiles to the faces of unfortunates. He knows that poor twisted little chaps are being straightened up to chase fly balls and hammer out homers. He knows that hundreds of little misshapen girls grin joyously in new strength and health; girls who will grow up to be fine wives and mothers of other happy little children.

These two dollars are the hardest working any of us spend. The interest will be paid generation after generation and make the increment on six copper coins in that B. C. bank look like small money.

The Nobles chronic grin has been passed on to the faces of thousands, and yet other thousands will bless that happy, giving smile, so characteristic of our Order.

When people start treating you like one of the family it is time to go home.

### THE HUMAN VOICE SOUNDS PARTICULARLY SWEET....TO THE MAN WHO IS DOING THE TALKING

**T**HE SWEETEST sound in the world is the human voice . . . to the man doing the talking. Oratory offers the last word in human delight; it hands us the nectar Jupiter sipped, it gives us the cup of spring water from the Fountain of Eternal Youth, it provides us the divine sense of power which comes from swaying other men by our eloquence.

This all applies when *we* talk.

Oratory is the breath of life to the orator: the clapping hands of an entranced audience is music more divine than that struck from the strings of Apollo's harp. Its joys are above the mere possession of things. Houses, lands, money, office emoluments pale into insignificance before the spell it weaves around the man doing the talking.

It is thus when *we* are speaking.

Oratory may secure for us the possession of things, even money itself, but it is not for this we talk. This is a divine intoxication, a self-losing spell we cast over ourselves when we orate, which makes us seem to have sipped from some mystic cup, the potent liquor of which enables us to soar beyond the clouds.

Oratory is an individual accomplishment. No orator is beholden to any man for his power. He does the whole thing single-handed and his intellect, his eloquence, his earnestness alone are involved and to him must go all the credit.

Again let us repeat, that this is thus when *we* talk.

There are some other fellows who orate in the Temple at the least excuse. They make long winded talks, without interest or purpose, agitating the ambient in unattractive phrases.

Note these men with care, Noble. Remember how their efforts sound to *your* impatient ear when there are candidates to be initiated.

Think it over!

Microbes are always looking for pale people and they cannot be fooled with a lip stick or a rouge compact.



# Dealing In Futures

By Margaret Culkin Banning

## What the Shriners Are Doing for the Crippled Children of the Northwest

ONE of the hardest things for a benevolent institution to do is to find and hold the difficult balance between sentiment and practicality, to define the exact point at which useful investigation and necessary statistics become tangling and superfluous red tape. But it is exactly that fine balance which the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, seems to maintain. There is nothing sentimental about the management of the hospital but it is as flexible, imaginative and sensitive to varying needs and children's temperaments as the management of a thoughtful home.

The work neither needs nor allows self-advertisement. In so far as the purpose of advertisement is vainglory that seems to be one of the few things the hospital can find no use for; and in so far as advertisement might attract the attention of the needy to the hospital, one has only to point to the most pathetic thing I saw there, that list on the office wall of the two hundred and eight children who were waiting their turn to come in. That is the average length of the waiting list and the hospital accommodates sixty-three children, not counting, of course, its cases in the out-patient or physiotherapy departments.

The children who are admitted for treatment are chosen according to a well-worked out system of allowing each temple to send in a certain number of cases, and this system too makes allowance for a certain flexibility, so that

a serious emergency case would not be kept waiting disastrously long. The children come from states all over the northwest, from distances as great as Wyoming and Nebraska, Montana and the Dakotas, as well as from places nearer to the Twin Cities Unit.

There are only three conditions of admission. The children must not be incurable, by which of course one means unimprovable. That rules out the mentally deficient and the dark, tragic cases for which science has found no aid. The second rule is that they must be under fourteen years of age at the time that their name goes on the waiting list and the third one is that they must come from a family which cannot afford to give them the treatment their disability requires. It is as simple as that. Beyond those rules there are no taboos of race or religion. Human need governs every admission. I asked how young a child would be taken in and someone quoted Mr. Charles Ovenshire, one of the men whose interest in the place has been boundless, who has answered that question by quizzically saying, "Well, they have to be born!"

It is not so long ago that the crippled child of a poor family had no chance for any sort of normal development. He was badly educated or not at all, because his disability kept him out of public school and he could not get private schooling. Sometimes he wore cheap, badly made appliances which caused him years of

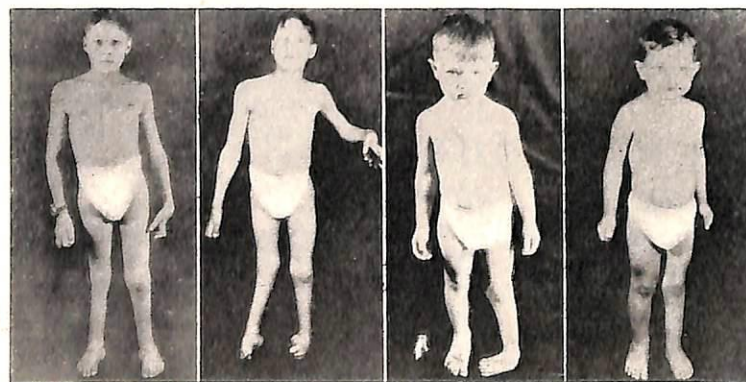
[Continued on page 62]



Little patients of the Twin Cities unit, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children taking their daily sun bath. The minds of these children are not brooding on the fact that they are crippled.



Miss Lucy F. Corey, Supt. Twin Cities Unit, of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.



Wilhelm Berg, one of the patients of the Shriners Twin Cities Hospital, before and after surgical treatment.

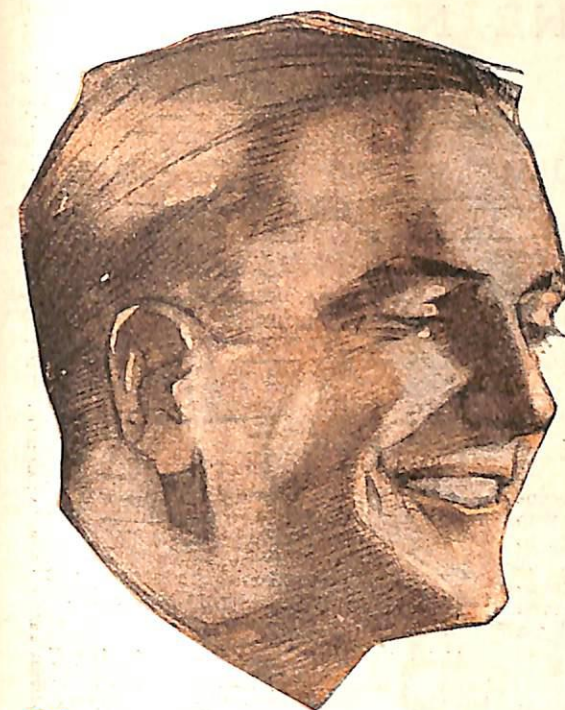
These two photographs, before and after treatment, show what marvels the Shriners Hospitals are performing.



Past Imperial Potentate, C. E. Ovenshire, Chairman Twin Cities Unit, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

SEPTEMBER, 1926

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## SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES  
of the

## TEMPLES

Tripoli, Milwaukee, will put on the first Shrine Ceremonial ever held at Madison, Wis., Aug. 21. Carl Gutwein is President of the Madison Shrine Club and is in charge of all arrangements for the occasion.

Sudan, New Bern, put on its recent Ceremonial at Durham. Two large halls were used for the dancing, while a tobacco warehouse served as the place to cook the fresh meat.

Abdallah, Leavenworth, turned the recent Ceremonial over to the Topeka members, who stoked the fires for two weeks in advance to have the sands at proper temperature. A hump-backed nonchalant camel lent his countenance to the occasion. Luncheon was served at noon and supper at night, followed by a theater party and dance.

Zembo, Harrisburg, put on a Ceremonial and a picnic at Hershey, Pa., immediately after the Imperial Council Session, in which the units of Zembo Temple participated.

Nile, Seattle, held its big annual family picnic July 17th, at its Country Club grounds. Limited to Shriners and members of their families.

On April 28th, the Spring Ceremonial of Khartum Temple (Winnipeg) was held in the Royal Alexandria Hotel. The Temple was honored with a visitation from the Imperial Potentate, James C. Burger. A class of thirty-eight crossed the "hot sands." There was a banquet and afterwards a musical program was rendered. Khartum Temple presented to the Imperial Potentate a beautiful piece of statuary made by Past Ill. Potentate A. W. Chapman. The Ceremonial itself was a splendid success, a feature of it being a drill by the Arab Patrol under Acting Captain Royal Burritt.

On his recent visit to Toronto, the Imperial Potentate was presented with a silver bowl and an honorary membership. The Band and Patrol contributed largely to the enjoyment of the Ceremonial.

Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, preceded the Ceremonial with a prologue in which a cast of seventy, many of them beautiful dancing girls, were in search of a mystical city, under direction of Allah. Noble Ernest Belcher directed. Candidates numbered 150.

Palestine, Providence, put on a circus recently, the proceeds from which went to the Springfield hospital unit.

Al Chymia, Memphis, sponsors the natorial event, the contest for the Goodman trophy being held in the Shrine pool.

Al Chymia, Memphis, is recovering from a gridiron dinner, which required two toastmasters, all the Fraternal talent and a lot from outside to keep things at high pressure from start to finish.

Morocco, Jacksonville, has authorized the appointment of a committee to consider ways and means for enlargement of its Mosque.

Morocco, Jacksonville, took 25,000 Chamber of Commerce Bulletins to Philadelphia. Past Potentate Harry B. Hyde is president of the Chamber of Commerce at that place, beside having Vice-President Dawes as a brother-in-law.

Morocco, Jacksonville, upset that old statement about there being nothing new under the sun when they put on their minstrel show. It took a showing of three nights to meet the requirements of the people of Jacksonville in the matter of seats.

Syria, Pittsburg, put on one of its successful dances recently.

Zuhrah Spring Ceremonial was followed by a ball in the latter part of the evening.

Cyprus, Albany, took the starch out of thirty Novices at its Spring Ceremonial.

Aloha, Honolulu, put on their Spring Ceremonial at Lihue. Novices were clad in bright hued bathing suits. The band and drum corps headed a large parade and nineteen Novices were shown what a volcano could be made to do in full action. At night, Aloha put on its minstrel show.

Osman, St. Paul, has been indulging in a giddy round of pleasure, scoring to its credit in the past few months a reception to the Imperial Potentate, a Ceremonial, a Shrine Pageant and a formal ball.

Zamora, Birmingham, has been going the pace during the last few months putting on a mammoth minstrel show free to the membership and families and repeating it four times that all might have an opportunity of viewing this work of the leading artists of that section. The Spring Ceremonial was a classic, too.

Mizpah, Ft. Wayne, catered to about 3000 at the Spring Ceremonial, when thirty-nine Novices were conducted along the road to Mecca. The fall Ceremonial has been announced for September.

Moolah, St. Louis, scorched the soles of 139 pairs of feet at the recent Ceremonial.

## UNIFORMED BODIES

Tripoli Band, Milwaukee, is now the proud possessor of one of those mammoth drums, the gift of Drum Major Horlick, who has served in that capacity since the organization of the Band in 1915. The drum has a diameter of seventy-four inches and is mounted on a wire wheel carriage.

Nothing backward about the boys at Ali Ghan, Cumberland, as was shown by their organization of a Band which made its initial foreign appearance at the Philadelphia convention. A Chanters organization has also been perfected. A drum and Bugle Corps was already existent.

Za-Ga-Zig Band, Des Moines, has a membership of fifty-seven, with an auxiliary list of eleven, three having been added during the past year. That the work of the Band may be fully understood, a report states that a weekly rehearsal was had, and public appearances made by broadcasting a community program.

[Continued on page 52]

## THE STAGE [Continued from page 28]

hat with stick and boutonniere. The attendants clicked their heels in bows; the company rose upon his entrance with reverential "Guten Morgen Herr Doktor." The basic reason for that dignity and respect was that the theater in Germany had reached a high stage of perfection in every detail. But now you will find the identical Herr Doktor a "fits-well-around-the-neck" hanging on a peg, no tie, and sprawled in a swivel-chair as the director of a motion picture concern. Necessity for livelihood did that, but in the face of such decay, the German stage will be the first of all European stages to return to its normal high standards, having profited by its bitter experiences—one step backward, two steps forward.

Through similar upheaval, the "Comedie Francaise" has clung tenaciously to its ideals, but, unfortunately, in a stilted, non-progressive fashion. But a return of prosperity may help to abolish the artificiality which is now holding the French theater back.

The English theater, its head high for manner, although its refinement has remained, has lost its reality in the maelstrom of post-war turmoil. It is my hope that the English theater will pull up the reins, and give us again the solidity for which they formerly stood so firmly, but on the way, profit by the passage of internal struggles.

Russia, as far as its gravity in the drama, artistic production, and cooperation are concerned, is still strong, in spite of the terrific destruction and reconstruction of the wonderful repertory-theater organizations which exist in all large cities, such as Leningrad (St. Petersburg in my time), Moscow, and Riga. But I trust that from now on they will include in their work more of the new and less of the old.

Through my observation, it is my honest belief that the American theater, having profited by its own experiences, and by those of the European theaters, is the one best fitted to progress furthest, incorporating as it does, the highest standards of honesty, truth-telling, and gravity of purpose, which can be wrought into legitimate drama. No overseer can tell the public what it should take, because the censor is too slow for the development of the public. All that we have to do is to live up to the people, and they will live up to us. Thus, two steps forward every day.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY  
IN CHAMPIONS

[Continued from page 41]

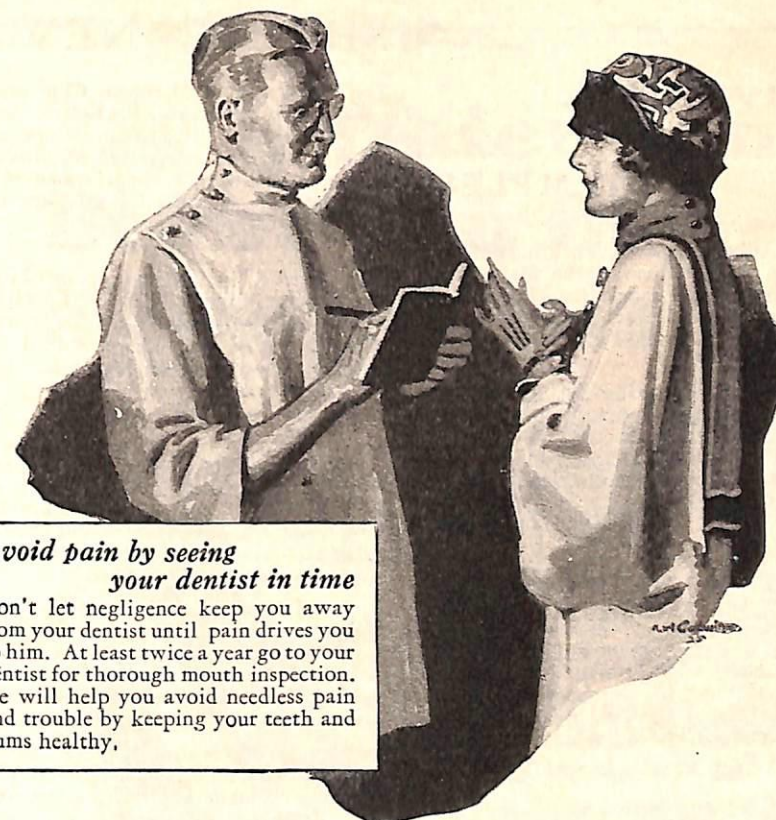
Man o' War, for example, sprang from No. 4, the Layton Barb Mare strain and included in this family root are many great racers including Hourless, Si Sancy, North Star III, Bona Vista, Rock Sand, Blue Girl, The Finn, Ladkin, Mad Play and Cudgel.

It is a curious thing about this No. 4 Family that it never has produced horses that have proved successful as sires in the stud, save as sires of fillies. It is, in other words, a filly family producing fillies that produce great racers. And so Man o' War, great race horse though he was, will never produce sires of great race horses, while his daughters will.

It is possible to be dogmatic about this but when it comes to the human family there may be no dogma. Bobby Jones' sixteen months old daughter may become a great golfer but if so it will be because of something unique and specialized in the child, some individual flame that has nothing to do with heredity, or at any rate, very little.

Bobby Jones' father is a lawyer in Atlanta and never was a champion, although he has been known to break eighty and his mother has many fine and distinguishing qualities—as the writer personally can testify—but in golf she is not and never has been in Mrs. Fraser's—Alexa Stirling's—class.

There is a woman [Continued on page 53]

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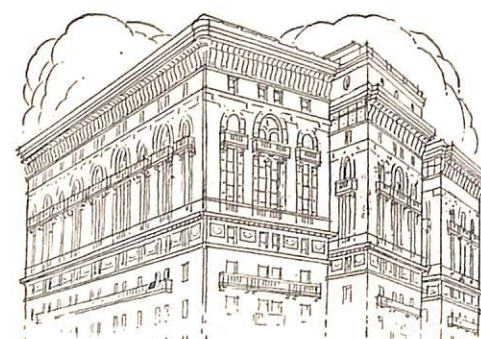
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**HOTEL McALPIN**

"Where the White Way Begins"

34<sup>TH</sup> & BROADWAY ~ NEW YORK



## SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES  
of the  
TEMPLES

(Continued from page 50)

About Ben Adhem, Springfield, Mo., put on a free concert in the Mosque, the fifty piece band furnishing sacred music for two hours. One of the features of the occasion was the Scotch drumming of Noble Orin Bricker.

Melha Drum Corps, Springfield, Massachusetts, gave a dinner to the Arab Patrol association, Loyal Legion and Directors' association. Practice drilling was indulged after the dinner, the units making earnest preparation for their appearance at Philadelphia.

## SHRINE CLUBS

Covers were laid for 117 people at the recent meeting of the Orange Belt Shrine Club, San Bernardino, California, a musical program being rendered while the dinner was in progress. A Shrine emblem was presented Secretary Charles J. O'Connor in appreciation of his services to the club. Dancing filled the balance of the evening. The ladies staged a comeback.

New officers of the Shrine Club were installed at the meeting held at Whittle Springs, Tennessee, under the jurisdiction of Al Menah, Knoxville. Noble Rex Wallace now wields the gavel and started off his term by giving a dance that evening. Approximately \$500 in prizes were awarded to the fifty-six ladies attending the gathering. Musical and theatrical numbers were interspersed between the dance numbers and an address by Potentate Tate bids fair to bring into existence a woman's auxiliary to the Lunch club.

The Big Four Crescent Club, the only organization of its kind in existence is composed of Shriners in the service of the Big Four Railroad. It gave a dance last month, visited the St. Louis hospital unit and then viewed the Scottish Rite Temple in that city.

The Florence, Col., Shrine Club joined with the Eastern Star of that city and spread a banquet for the local De Molay chapter. An evening of music, speeches and dancing followed.

The Portland, Me., Shrine Club held a most successful dancing party, which was preceded by a concert rendered by the Band of Kora, Lewiston.

Nile, Seattle, has started a luncheon club, 200 members having been interested in the first meeting to boom the project.

Past Potentate Hugh M. Caldwell, has been selected to preside over the Luncheon Club of Nile.

Ladies' night at the Automobile Club of Lu Lu, Philadelphia, was an unusual entertainment, even for that live organization. The Legion of Honor Rifles did the ushering, a movie—"Hello—Good-by"—lived up to the latter part of its name by breaking the machine at the first turn of the reel and it was good-by for the evening. Comedy acts, novelty dancing, musical numbers, both vocal and instrumental, however, filled in the time until dancing was announced.

Major W. R. Ellis, head of the uniformed bodies, Hella, Dallas, took a bunch of live wires to Mineola and organized a Shrine Club. W. C. DuBose was elected president and J. Morris, Winnsboro, secretary. A banquet was served at the Lion Club.

The University of Michigan Club and the Damascus Shrine Club, Rochester, held a joint meeting with U. S. Senator Copeland as guest of honor. Jason Westerfield, director of the New York Stock Exchange, spoke on Wall street matters. A splendid program entertained the two clubs.

Noble Fred J. Wadley was appointed for one day as director of the Al Malaikah Lunch Club, Los Angeles, and decided the boys wanted amusement rather than enlightenment, so he substituted a head liner vaudeville show for the usual speakers.

Ismailia Lunch Club, Buffalo, had the leading artists of the Buffalo Operatic company as their guests and entertainers at a recent meeting. Hollywood Shrine Club, California, put on a splendid vaudeville show and gave each member the privilege of bringing four guests. And it was unanimously availed of.

Tebala Motor Club, Rockford, had the first run of the season in May going to Lake Geneva. At the latest meeting of the Tebala Lunch Club the ladies of the Eastern Star were guests.

Past Imperial Potentate James S. McCandless, Aloha, Honolulu, was the guest of the Washington Caravan Club at the last session until September. The meeting was presided over by Major General Amos H. Fries, who is also the National President of the Sojourners. Colonel H. Edmund Bullis, Media, Watertown, was the principal speaker.



## POLICE WANT HIM

Peter W. Miller, alias Peter Burke, alias J. J. Manning, who is believed to be Harry Thompson, should have his activities curtailed. He usually operates along the line of checks payable to cash or bearer. The police authorities at Los Angeles are very anxious to get in touch with this gentleman, so if he shows in the offing let him have both barrels.

Caravan Shrine Club, Detroit, Mich., now has a membership of 874; 176 of these having been added in a recent drive. This makes the Caravan the largest luncheon club in that city. Noble Dewey Schlee drew a trip to Philadelphia as a reward for adding the largest number of new members and Nobles Al Lothamer, James Dickson, Jr., H. B. Loveland, H. W. Diebolt and Ivy Black were each awarded diamond Shrine lapel buttons for their activities in securing new members.

Sesostri, Lincoln, has \$140,000 in its rainy day sock that it wants to turn loose on a country club. Debate is now on as to whether the proposed club shall have a golf course or be furnished with a general athletic equipment. A committee has been appointed to confer with Temples having club attachments and report findings to the Temple.

## MISCELLANEOUS

## VETERAN HONORED

Colonel John S. Van Doren, one of the three living charter members of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, was tendered a reception by 600 members of the Nobility on his 96th birthday. Noble Van Doren served as the first Recorder of Al Malaikah Temple.

## SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

Imperial Potentate James C. Burger traveled more than 57,000 miles during the incumbency of office.

## OUT FOR THE TROPHY

Noble Frank Schnell, Islam, San Francisco, for the second time had his name engraved on the \$1000 Howard trophy, which is a three time win, contestants confined to Islam. Dr. Harry Brownell is a former title holder. While this leaves Noble Schnell champion of Islam, Dr. Brownell had the satisfaction of winning the championship of the California Indians the day before this match. Noble H. K. Miller of Healdsburg won the finals in the defeated eights flight. This is Islam's annual golf event.

## MASONRY ON HIGH SEAS

On a recent trip North of the "Voltaire" from Buenos Ayres to New York a group of Shriners conceived the idea of forming a high seas club, but a canvass of the passengers developing that there were thirty-eight Masons aboard it was decided to organize a Masonic Club for the voyage only. The following officers were elected: President, James Alston Cabell, P. G. M., Virginia; Vice Presidents, G. K. Staples, Active 33d, New York and G. C. Hanford, P. G. C. K. T., New York, and Secretary, Spencer B. Greene. Several gatherings were enjoyed and just prior to landing a banquet was served the thirty-one brethren and their ladies by Brother James Taylor, chief steward of the ship. The ship's band furnished selections and speeches were made responding to toasts to the York, Scottish Rite and Shrine.

## CAMEL DISAPPEARS

Headquarters of the General Committee in Philadelphia were decorated with Oriental settings, among them being a papier-mâché camel. Said camel was carelessly allowed to occupy a prominent place in front of headquarters and is now among the missing. It is assumed that some practical joker superintended the removal.

## FIE, FOR SHAME

The Damascus, Rochester, baseball team bit the dust before the team of the Athletic club, the score standing 2 to 0.

(Continued on page 59)

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY  
IN CHAMPIONS

(Continued from page 51)

in this country who in college was an outstanding athlete, a Diana, an Atalanta, or anything you please—a fine, wholesome, stunning young woman. She believed in eugenics and when from among her many suitors she selected a husband, the fortunate man was one of stature and athletic prowess; he had played tackle upon a university eleven and was an all-around athlete.

Yet their three children are all frail and two of them in sooth are so sickly that they have given almost unceasing concern throughout the years. And so if anything important in the way of a finding is to be made concerning heredity as it applies to athletes one may say it will be only stumbled upon; nothing that suggests a definite clew has been discovered as yet.

THE great Robert Fitzsimmons had two sons and above all things he wanted them to follow in his footsteps as a world-beating fighter. He determined that they should; was resolved that the Fitzsimmons traditions should endure. But his elder son absolutely refused to be interested in a boxing glove; he is now a business man and glad of it.

The other was more amenable and as a youngster he was taught all the shifts and turns of the fighting game by the father who will rank as one of the greatest exponents of the manly art who ever stepped into a ring.

As the boy grew older he developed great proficiency with the gloves but he lacked that fighting instinct which makes a man love the interchange of fisticuffs, was without that essential killer-instinct of which boxing writers talk so much today.

Once when the lad was nearing eighteen, Fitz took him outside determined to beat the combative spark into being in his son. But all he succeeded in doing was to prove that the youth was game.

Young Robert Fitzsimmons is fighting today, a first class workman in the ring and yet not equipped with that essence of ferocity that would probably place him among the outstanding fighters in his class.

Once out west a man with whom he was to box was taken ill and the boxing commission of that state named a boxer to take his place. He was a young man who had served with Young Fitz in the world war in France, a buddy.

He was inferior to Fitzsimmons as a fighter and Bob knew it. So he stalled along until word came that the boxing commission would bar him from that state if he did not perform creditably. Suspension meant reciprocal action in many states and Young Fitz lived by boxing. So he knocked out his opponent, Ted Jamieson, with a right hook—and then wept over the prostrate man.

In the old Madison Square Garden he completely outfought an engaging young heavyweight who had but recently entered the professional game from the amateur ranks where he had been a champion.

When the decision had been rendered in favor of Fitz he came over to his rival's corner and seized his hand.

"I'm sorry, Jack," he said. If anyone ever detected the quality of mercy or knightliness in the elder Fitzsimmons the discovery has never been recorded.

But this alone would not explain why the father was a great world figure as a boxer and why the son is not. It figures, of course, but when all is said and done the original Fitzsimmons was a physical marvel with mental qualities that were unique. And they died with him, just as physically his sons are not reproductions of him.

But even so, young Robert Fitzsimmons on his own merits has at least emerged out of the common run of fighters and has figured as a topline in New York [Continued on page 54]

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## UNKNOWN QUANTITY IN CHAMPIONS [Continued from page 53]

and elsewhere. And this is noteworthy inasmuch as he is the only son of a fighter, English or American, who has made even a dent in the pugilistic profession.

As for the great fighters themselves, they inherited nothing that accounted for their supremacy. John L. Sullivan's father was one of the submerged laboring citizens of Boston. The father of Jim Corbett was an unostentatious resident of San Francisco. Jess Willard's sire was a farmer and Dempsey's a miner. Jim Jeffries' father was as far from a pugilist as may be imagined; he was a clergyman.

THE late Walter Camp went rather deeply into this matter of the origin of champions and he came to the definite conclusion that it is something mental inside a man that causes him to stand out in a given specialty and that it is neither inherited nor acquired.

In the final stage of the British Open Championship at Troon in 1923 Walter Hagen needed a three to tie up the match with Arthur Havers of England.

Walter drove well but his iron shot landed in a trap to the right of the green. In order to equal Havers' score he had to make a chip shot out of the trap and have his ball fall into the hole. He walked up with the utmost indifference and made his shot, a very good one, but the ball did not roll into the cup and so he lost the match.

Hagen looked and acted as though he were the most astonished man in the world that his effort—a miraculous feat had it been successful—had failed to come off. And he was astonished; he admitted it.

"I did not have a thought in the world that I would not hole out," he said. "I had the whole thing pictured, with the ball going in."

Walter Camp, with whom the above was a favorite story, always told it by way of accounting for Hagen's greatness. "The Haig" always visualizes success; never failure. Any one who knows Hagen, or has followed his play, will speak of this as one of his salient characteristics.

As a stylist he is open to criticism; his form has never convinced Englishmen; yet he has won the British Open twice and stands with Jones above all other golfers in the world.

When it comes to strokes, to mastery of ball and club, Joe Kirkwood, the Australian star is a veritable genius. But he is highly strung and his imagination works adversely, pictures failure instead of success.

Once at Troon a runner came to Kirkwood and told him he had the championship sewed in his pocket; he had only a few holes to go and had but to equal par to beat the field.

And right there he blew, as the sporting saying has it. His genius failed him because his wayward fancy whispered to him of the possibility of error rather than the probability of undeviating accuracy.

Christopher Mathewson was probably the greatest pitcher that the game of baseball ever knew. He was a big strong man, but his pitching had little to do with physique. His great success came from his head.

And after he had retired he would come into the press box at the Polo Grounds and sitting behind the catcher would tell with uncanny accuracy just what the batter was likely to do; he even called the direction of the ball before it was hit.

A few years ago the writer was at Freddy Welsh's farm in New Jersey where fighters go to train. A golf club and some balls were lying on the lawn and the writer made a few brassy shots while a lithe young fellow very courteously shagged them.

"That boy," said Freddie Welsh, himself a former lightweight champion of the world, "will be the world's champion in his class some day."

"How do you know?" the writer asked. "His record so far is none too good."

"I don't know how I know," said Welsh. "All I can say is he has got it in him and it shows—at least to me—as plain as a bump on a man's forehead."

Welsh was right; for that volunteer caddy was Pete Latzo, now the welterweight champion of the world.

In his first fight after he had outpointed Mickey Walker and had become champion, Latzo defended his title against Willie Harmon in Newark. Harmon was a ruggedly built young man, the very epitome of strength and power, a bright appearing, intelligent lad, too. Why could he not beat down his more frail opponent and take the championship away from him?

In truth, for three rounds it seemed as though he might. But finally the champion, evidently deciding that it was time to put on power, began to tear into his adversary; suddenly there was the flash of a white arm, a dull cracking sound; Harmon went head first to the floor and when he awakened in his corner nearly four minutes had elapsed.

That is the way with a champion—he produces suddenly and swiftly something that sets him apart from his kind.

ANY good heavyweight fighter enters a ring with an opponent and finally after several rounds of thumping sends his man to the canvas. Dempsey in his prime and in condition had but to strike a man once, either on the head or body and that man either passed into oblivion or took a long count before rising. That is the difference between a world-beater and a boxer who is merely good.

Dempsey was never so strong physically as many men in his class, was not so skilled a boxer as some and yet, the elder Fitzsimmons excepted, there never was such a hitter as he. Why? Tendons perfectly strung, muscles that

moved like oiled mechanism and were so geared to eyes and nerves that they reacted instantaneously as an interlocking unit; these and some mysterious essence lying back of it all made him what he was and what he may still be today for all we know.

But occasionally there are elements not so subtle that admit of explanation. Four years ago Miss Helen Wills came east from California and was defeated by Mrs. Mallory. In 1923 Mrs. Mallory continued her victories over the west coast girl in preliminary tournaments.

But in the international matches for the Wightman Cup Miss Wills defeated the English champion, then Miss Kitty McKane, now Mrs. Godfree.

When she met the English girl in the National Women's Singles she beat her again. Now Miss McKane had been very successful that season against Mrs. Mallory.

In viewing her coming contest against Molla Mallory—the American champion who had reigned over American women for sequential years—Miss Wills naturally took thought of the fact that she had twice in important matches prevailed over the girl who had beaten Molla Mallory.

So when the two met the Californian swept to victory. The encouragement of her defeats of Miss McKane, who had been victor over the American champion, had given to Miss Wills just the impulse she needed. Since then Mrs. Mallory has never beaten Helen Wills.

But when you come to Suzanne Lenglen, who stands out from all women players in the world, including Miss Wills, what shall be said? She is frail, a mere bundle of nerves; her health is not robust, her temperament not to be calculated. But, man, how she can play lawn tennis!

Suzanne, like Bill Tilden in his prime, is something more than human when it comes to driving a felt covered ball to and fro across a net, in covering court, in accuracy and pace of drive.

And the curious thing is that these superhuman folk cannot impart a tithe of what they know; as teachers they are usually failures. This, of course, is because they know as little as anyone else the secret of the elements that made them great.

Once on a university football field a graduate star spent a week on the football field trying to teach tackle candidates to play as he did.

"You see," he would say to a man, "you simply stick out your right arm and then go through."

"Ah yes," said the head coach approaching the group, "but don't you realize, Jack, that you have the only right arm in the world?"

If, youngster, you have reason to think you are qualified to shine in whatever sport, give your days and nights to form and to sane living with the assurance that if you are to be a great champion all that pertains thereto was arranged long before you ever took thought of medals and cups and world fame.

with human interest. Miss Phoebe was not unworthy of being looked at as a human being at that moment, too. A discerning eye could have appraised itself on several qualities apparent in her then, although her fellow townsmen had overlooked her for nearly thirty-five years. She was flushed pink with excitement, interest and solicitude all at once, and she sparkled. His eyes shone brightly with a steady seriousness which reminded Miss Phoebe of Bobby's eyes.

He started to rise and fell back with a sharp, surprised expletive. Miss Phoebe bent impulsively, passionately commiserate, towards him.

"Let me help you! What is it? Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" was what she said, in little mothering moans.

The man closed his eyes and himself did not know whether it was against the pain or to bask in that rich maternal tone.

"My ankle's broke, I think," he said coolly. He let out a roar. He was a man of abrupt variety. "That damned dog!" he roared. "Bring him here and let me wring his neck!"

"I'll help you to the house," said Miss Phoebe firmly. "Can you hop?" "Of course I can't hop," snapped the man irritably, "with all these weeds and bushes here."

"Wait," said Miss Phoebe brightly. "I'll bring grandmother's crutch. I know just where it is."

She departed in a flurry of excitement. This was even better than a sweet full day alone in the house. The thought came to her just as she passed the hall mirror, and glancing at it she saw the unwonted blush on her cheeks. She shook her head reprovingly at herself, and remembered the man was hurt, and hurried up to the attic, even quicker than she supposed she could; but somehow she couldn't be so all sorry for the man that she didn't have room to be a little happy for herself.

"Say, how tall was your grandmother anyway?" demanded the man irascibly, as he endeavored to adjust himself to the crutch. "She was right tall, come to think," said Miss Phoebe.

"A flagpole would have been handier," he grumbled, making fair progress, however, between the crutch and Miss Phoebe's assistance.

He would have got to the house without a mishap if Bobby had not reappeared. Bobby, who could not understand why no one was playing with him any longer, strolled back unseen by either Miss Phoebe or the man, and nipped lovingly at the man's trousers. The man tore himself from Miss Phoebe's support and kicked at Bobby. Miss Phoebe recaptured the man in time to save him from falling, but unfortunately he had used the wrong foot, and hit a stone, and his cries were just terrible to hear.

In the sitting room Miss Phoebe paused and said, "I'll fix a place for you on the sofa." He said, "You'll be most in the kitchen, won't you?"

"Yes," answered Miss Phoebe. "You fix me a place in the kitchen," he ordered brusquely.

She made him comfortable over two chairs, and helped take off his shoe.

"It isn't swollen hardly," she said, feeling his ankle to see if it were really broken.

"What it lacks in swelling it makes up in pain," he said morosely, twitching his other foot in sympathy.

"I—I'm sorry," said Miss Phoebe. "Shall I fetch a doctor? I don't think it's broken." "You'll not fetch a doctor," said the man decidedly.

She rummaged in the medicine chest for linen and ointment.

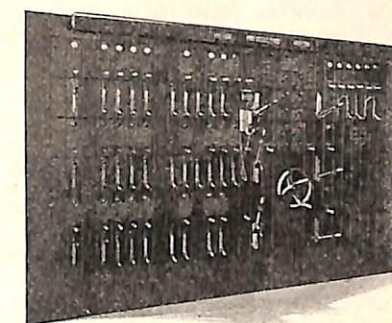
"What did my dog do? I didn't quite understand." Bobby was lamenting at the door to enter and romp some more with his new found friend, and this reminded her.

"Don't mention that dog," he commanded murderously. "Do you know you're going to get into trouble with that dog yet?"

Miss Phoebe's heart [Continued on page 56]



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## THE CROWDED HOUR [Continued from page 18]

crouching beside it. She heard a rapid hammering: angry, insistent, petulant. At the same moment she looked around for Bobby.

She whistled and called and circled the house. She went as far as the orchard. When she reached the orchard she heard a faint yell from afar. More yells followed. The yelling was coming nearer. She ran round by the woodshed. The yelling became more distinct but wider spaced. Just as she reached the south side of the house a small and dirty object with rear legs in advance of front ones raced into visibility for an instant and vanished again behind the north side. Twenty yards behind, over the crest of the knoll came a man running.

Miss Phoebe recognized him. She had seen him once or twice at a church supper in the

fall. He had something to do with the quarry at Morse Point.

Once he stopped running to pick up a stone and hurl it out in front of him, but as he continued running and shouting as strenuously as before it was apparent that his marksmanship was not a match to his temper. He was saying dreadful if somewhat unintelligible things. Then he, too, disappeared, shut off by the house.

Miss Phoebe, hand over heart, hastened to the north side of the house also to catch another glimpse of the procession. The little dog had made for the pasture and the man was following. And then something dire occurred. The man, leaping from blueberry to juniper, fell. He fell hard, sliding over rubble, and a

ghastly imprecation marked his downfall. She ran to him.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she panted. "Are you hurt?" "Hurt, of course I'm hurt!" he snapped tartly, grabbing a piece of rock and staring at it peculiarly. For a moment Miss Phoebe believed he was going to throw it at her. "Who owns this place?"

"I—I do," stammered Miss Phoebe, horrid visions of complaints in law and calamitous porcesses flooding her.

But the man on his knees kept staring at the rock in his peculiar way, breaking it in pieces. "I'm so sorry," faltered Miss Phoebe, tremendously puzzled.

The man turned his head and for the first time looked at Miss Phoebe as at a person, and



## THE CROWDED HOUR *[Continued from page 55]*

sank "I—I hope not," she said, kneeling and fixing a bandage expertly around his ankle.

"Not so tight!" he cried angrily. "D'ye want to stop the blood?"

"Would you like some tea?" asked Miss Phoebe, to make up for the pain she had unwittingly caused him.

He said, "Yes," and he was equally receptive to the suggestion of crackers and toast, because dry bread and crackers were all Miss Phoebe had in her house.

FOR a time they were silent. The silence was attended to amply by Bobby demanding admittance.

"What did my dog do?" asked Miss Phoebe again.

"He chewed off the tubing of my pump, he ate my last blowout patch and ran away with one of the tire lugs I put down for just a minute," listed the man, holding himself in. "That was when I first saw him and naturally I threw all the other lugs I was holding at him. Now," he concluded gloomily, "I don't expect I'll ever find any of them."

"Automobiles, that's what it is," remarked Miss Phoebe decisively.

"What?"

"You see," she explained, "he likes machinery."

The man stared.

"I got him from a garage," said Miss Phoebe. "Oh," said the man, drawing a breath.

A new human silence ensued and was competently taken in hand by the little dog shut outside.

"You're Miss Phoebe Hollybushe," said the man suddenly, "but you don't even know who I am."

Miss Phoebe started, taken aback that he should have taken the trouble to learn who she was.

"Trask is my name," he said. "Marion Wilbur Trask, and I've come here to live; yes, m'm, I've come to start a new quarry."

"Where are you staying?"

"With Mrs. Pratt and her daughter."

Miss Phoebe said "Chkk!" with quick pity. "What's the matter?" he said testily.

"Know any place better?"

"There's places you'd get better than only canned beans and store crullers," said Miss Phoebe simply.

"Could you give me something better?" he asked, letting his gaze linger on her.

"Course I could," answered Miss Phoebe quietly.

"Right now," said the man, "I have changed my boarding place."

"You couldn't move for a little anyhow," she observed, as though all this were beside the point after all.

"No, I couldn't, could I?" he said, with a philosophic acceptance of the circumstances flatly out of keeping with his usual character.

"I'll have to go to the other house and get some things," said Miss Phoebe. "I guess I'll go now."

"Have to get my car in here," said the man abruptly. "Can you drive it? Wheel ought to stay on that long anyhow."

"I don't know," said Miss Phoebe. "It's—it's gear shift, isn't it?"

"Certainly it is."

"I've never driven a gear shift car," said Miss Phoebe, "but I'll try if you tell me what to do."

He looked at her almost admiringly. Then he moved his head forward and pierced her with his little bright eyes.

ANYONE else but Miss Phoebe would have known that he was testing her, curious to know whether she would dare to attempt to guide that unfamiliar mass of machinery around to her door. However, Miss Phoebe, who believed whatever people told her about themselves or their requests, listened closely in good

faith, and before he could call her back got up without a word and went outside. She heard him shout something after her, but he was such a gusty man, a man with whom one had to follow a general course and not be misled by impulsive by-plays of his whim, that she continued imperturbably down to the red car. And without the slightest trouble whatever Miss Phoebe started the car, kept it slowly going as far as the gravel pit, turned there easily and brought the car back, into her road, round to the tool house. She opened the door of the latter, shifted several objects on the floor, and brought the car to rest under shelter.

She noticed the kitchen door was ajar, and when she reentered her kitchen the man was sitting there with a slightly pale face and the remnant of a perturbation he was manfully concealing under a terrific ado with the poker and stove handle, as well as flinging pieces of hard wood at an agile little dog who followed up each new missile with a pleasure which seemed to imperil the man's intellect. He broke off suddenly and shook his fist at her.

"You did it! You did it! I heard you get in safe!" he cried in an argumentative tone, as though she had denied something that was flattering to him, and roared: "Take that damned hound out and drown him, d'ye hear?" and flung another stick of wood at a corner which Bobby had just vacated.

She swept Bobby up protectively in her arms. "Anything special you want I should bring?" she asked.

"N-no, Miss Phoebe," said the man. "You won't be long gone, will you? If you think," he blustered, "I'm going to sit in this house all by myself a long time, you're mistaken!"

"I'll be back soon," said Miss Phoebe gently.

"Miss Phoebe, I—I," he stammered, as though she were slipping away from him forever, or at least all the afternoon, "I get hot-headed sometimes, but really I—I—"

"I know," interrupted Miss Phoebe serenely. "It's all right."

He scowled at her. "What do you know?" he demanded, bristling. "What's all right?"

Miss Phoebe stepped close and removed three long brown hairs from his knee.

"It would have been easier to've hit Bobby when he was sitting on your lap and you petting him," she said calmly.

"Of—of all the confounded impudence!" howled the man.

Miss Phoebe, with Bobby beside her, drove out of her own road on to the State highway and up and into the village road, and soon came to her stepmother's house. It was a longish, highish house, with brown blinds and trimmings, and a sagging barn that served for a garage. Miss Phoebe entered it with less enthusiasm today than usual, and Bobby tumbled out behind her and followed her in.

The kittens arched and spit at him but his friendliness was not to be suppressed. Miss Phoebe poured milk into their bowl and he pushed between them and lapped it up before they had wet their tongues, spattering them richly.

In time an ominous silence from the dining room smote her ears. When she went in kittens and puppy were sleeping in a bewitching conglomeration on the sofa pillows. The kittens were steadily purring. Bobby, conscious of the approach of his great love, opened one eye. She snuggled him up to her. A peculiar noise, resembling a tiny rough saw, issued from him, interspersed with erratic miniature grunts. She held him off and stared at him. He seemed to be trying to arch his back.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Phoebe. "He thinks he's a kitten! He's trying to purr!"

She let him down. The grey cat, aroused, fled from him in mock terror and climbed up the screen door. Bobby was an ambitious mimic. No matter how often Miss Phoebe

took him away he returned to try to climb up, too, filling the house with metallic shivers of emulation. Also was he a very noticing dog, because out of the mere corner of an eye he saw the black and white spring gracefully on the dining room table. Miss Phoebe caught him just in time.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "I had better put him outside for a while."

MISS Phoebe went upstairs for the blue and white comforter. She thought Mr. Trask would like it. A portentous music approached through the village. From the window she saw Bobby, a bone in his mouth bigger than himself, racing home with all four of Al Boone's young foxhounds in pursuit.

Miss Phoebe sped down sick with fear. Out on the road before the house the four foxhounds were yapping in a frenzied circle of friendliness round Bobby who was worrying the mammoth bone with ingenious ferocity. Everyone of the hounds was laughing his foolish long ears loose.

"He makes friends so quickly," thought Miss Phoebe, letting her eyes rest on him fondly.

As she turned to go in again the music of the pack tore after him around the barn. She stopped short and listened, puzzled. Above the belling of the hounds she could distinguish Bobby's treble. There was something curious about it. A new and unmistakable prolongation. Suddenly, with almost maternal intuition, she understood what it was. He was now trying to bay like a Walker.

Out of deference to Mr. Trask she did not take Bobby with her, but she thought she would leave him in the shed.

Miss Phoebe hugged him close before she shut him in the shed. Al Boone saw her from the distance and her ownership was established. Also her responsibility.

MR. TRASK was dozing over two chairs. The kitchen fire was out. He seemed annoyed at being awakened.

"Took you a long while to get here," he said fretfully.

"I had a lot to do," said Miss Phoebe apologetically.

Mr. Trask made a disdainful gesture. "I bet that dog kept you—" he snorted.

Miss Phoebe flushed guiltily.

"You'll have to go over to our other house tomorrow," she said, in order to say something, "when mama comes back."

"I want to stay here," Mr. Trask said wilfully. "I like this place."

His words went to Miss Phoebe's heart, but she shook her head.

"I have to help mama," she said. "You'll have to go."

"Parsnips and nonsense!" said Mr. Trask. "Drat mama!"

She made a fire again, and cooked and baked a pie.

"No," said Mr. Trask, "the Pratts ain't up to this. No," he amplified generously, "nor anybody else!"

Waves of joy laved the outermost shores of Miss Phoebe's soul. She ran upstairs to do a few of the things she had planned to do in her house that day. Mr. Trask called her in five minutes.

"Great carrots! Can't you rest still for a minute?" he complained. "D'ye think it's a pleasure for me sitting here alone without any company? I looked ahead, forward," he said fumblingly, "to a cozy visit. Thought you'd sit here, knitting or sewing something by the lamp, and me reading, and you sewing, and a little conversation. That'd been cheerful. And now what do I get?" he queried bitterly. "It's hard to have a little harmless pleasure a man in my predicament can expect snatched away from him. Beets, but it's hard!"

Miss Phoebe's eyes looked dreaming into

the distance as though visioning paradise. She rose abruptly.

"I'll help you upstairs," she said.

"If you think I'm going to be put abed at this hour you're fine wrong!" Mr. Trask boiled over. "I'm going to sit right here till I can't sit any more, and then I'll hobble to that sofa in there."

Miss Phoebe stood irresolute for a moment, then donned hat and coat.

"There is nothing else I can do for you then, Mr. Trask?" she asked. He did not answer.

"Good-night," said Miss Phoebe, turning the doorknob.

"Go on," said Mr. Trask in an embittered voice, as though communing with himself in the twilight of disillusion, "go on back to your giddy village and your gay diversions and let me rot here alone. Go on!" he shouted with withering contempt. "And feed that blasted pup!"

She opened the door.

"You be early in the morning!" he shrieked after her.

IT WAS not fully dark when she made the last turn that brought the village into sight straight before her. Al Boone, with a hound on leash, stepped into the road and held up a hand.

"Jackson Leach shot that dog of yours."

Miss Phoebe's world plowed insanely through lava prairie. A stranger voice issued thinly from her innermost.

"Bobby!" it gasped. "I locked him in the shed . . ."

"Wal, he got out, and chased the sheep all over High Cliff and near druv a couple overboard. And Jackson shot him."

She set the car going and had hardly time to put it into high when a shrill voice called her name, and Mrs. Hake materialized out of the murk.

"That dog o' yours, Phoebe Hollybushe, chased my settin' hen into the woods and we ain't seen sight nor sound of her for—"

She waited for no more and would not have stopped until she had reached the house and lost herself in its dark to be alone with her pity, but that the contents of Miss Letty Webber's store barricaded the road. A uniform but decidedly pungent odor emanated from them.

"Smell! You just smell your fill, Phoebe Hollybushe! That dog o' yours found a skunk and come in here!"

Somehow she put the car between the kippers and rolled oats and saw the road clear before her.

"It's in the sugar!" Letty's voice floated after her like a disembodied vengeance.

As she passed the Dombly's a reference to wash on the line sawed into her, and in hot terror she went faster, just catching something about a cow from Gil Bennett. She left the car before the door and ran into the house and sank into a chair, and put her hands over her face.

"Bobby!" she moaned. "Little Bobby!"

SOMETHING tugged at her skirts. In the reflection from the automobile lights which she had left burning she saw a rounded dark form. It was Bobby. There was not the faintest doubt of it. Miss Phoebe just stared and stared and then swooped to gather him up.

She straightened herself with a jerk. Dazed emotion had atrophied one of her senses but it was alive and outraged now. The odor in which Robert was enveloped was not that of sanctity. She dashed wildly through the door she had left open, beseeching him to follow. Miraculously he came instead of chasing the kittens off the sofa pillows. She lured him to the shed.

Bobby protested with every indefatigable atom of his being against the outrage of that second bath. Miss Phoebe combed him lovingly and almost wept over four little open trails where fine shot had clipped him close.

"You didn't know," *[Continued on page 61]*

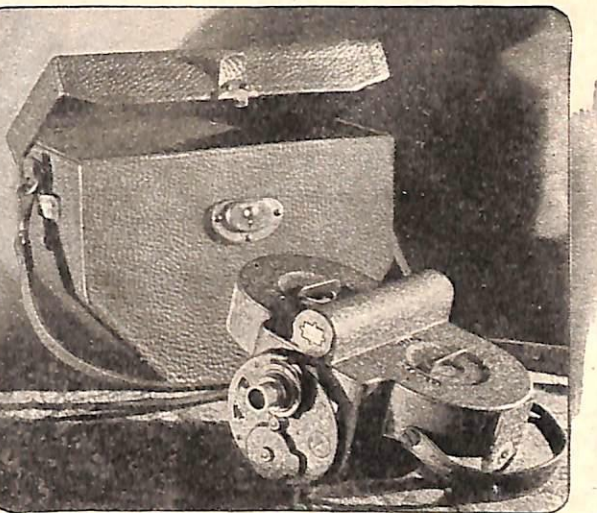
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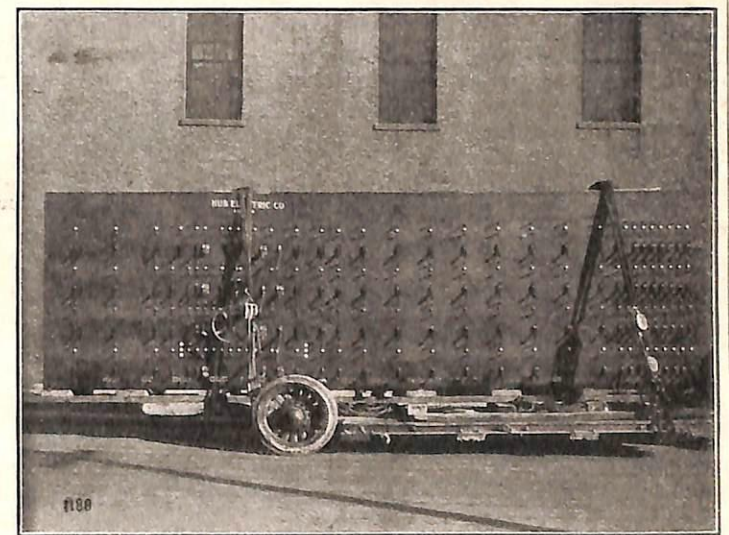
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## FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

THE inventor of "Safety First" probably had Mr. and Mrs. Investor and all the little Investors firmly in mind when he promulgated that slogan. For safety is the very essence of investment. Like nearly everything else worth while, safety in investment must be paid for either in cash or by the exercise of care and sound judgment. It is the one acid test which, when applied will determine beyond question whether a proposition is an investment or a gamble.

The yield from an investment usually varies directly with the safety qualifications. That is, it is possible to dispose of securities to investors (which is merely another way of borrowing money) at a lower rate of interest when perfect safety is guaranteed than when there is an element of risk. If you are willing to accept this element of risk, you can obtain a higher return for your money.

### Paying for Safety

The bonds of the United States Government, according to leading financiers, are perhaps the safest investment securities in the world. The yield on them, in consequence, is comparatively small.

Let us take Panama 3s, due June 1, 1961, as an example. These bonds, having no option or callable date for prior payment, are the longest term government bond now outstanding. By the time they mature, every other Liberty bond or Treasury bond and note now in existence will have been redeemed.

The issue offered the public consisted of \$50,000,000 and the average price received by the government was 102.50. At this price the yield to investors was 2.90 percent. These bonds are tax exempt and at the present rate of taxation, have the advantage of about half of one percent in yield over a taxable security carrying the same interest rate.

### High Yield Possible

Now look at the other side of the picture. There are a goodly number of perfectly legitimate and well managed companies the stocks of which pay from 15 to 20 percent returns. Investment experts, many of them, think that the price of such stocks should, under normal conditions, range around a figure which would assure a yield of at least 15 percent to the purchaser. Among such securities are stocks or bonds of coal and metal mines and timber and oil companies.

The reason for this is obvious. Every pound of coal or ore or gallon of oil or foot of timber taken from the ground belonging to such a corporation reduces the assets of the company by just that much. There can be but a certain amount of ore, coal, lumber or oil within a certain limited area. As the deposits are depleted the producing power of the property behind the capitalization is lowered and the equity which the stock or bond holder possesses is reduced in value.

One can know only approximately how much petroleum exists in the pools tapped by the

wells of any certain company. A well that is flowing ten thousand barrels a day may be down to ten hundred the next week. An influx of salt water in certain sections may make a producing well practically valueless. Other concerns may drill wells along the border of a property and drain the pools underneath that property of oil. It is true "offset" wells may counteract such moves to a certain extent but at considerable cost and loss.

### One Can't Have Cake and Eat It

As to coal mines, the value of any producer is diminishing at exactly the same rate at which output is maintained. The tax rolls of any coal mining community offer concrete evidence of this fact in the continuous reductions of assessed valuation. If one cannot have one's cake and eat it, neither may one mine one's coal and have it, too.

The metal mining industry is replete with stories of veins that have "faulted" of ore bodies that have "pinched out" and of ore values that have dropped below cost of extraction. The old road to Pioche, Nev., for example, is still littered with rusted mining machinery dumped off the freight wagons when water in the lower levels ended for years the progress of that great camp. Unless timber lands are reforested each cut reduces their value.

### Cost of Safety High

Thus, Mr. Investor, you have before you two extremes of investment. The man who has bought Panama 3s at 102.50 and gets a return of 2.90 percent has also bought safety. The man who has bought mining or oil stocks at a conservative price gets a return of perhaps 20 percent but has not bought equal safety with it. In other words, between the two, safety has cost 17.1 percent of the sum invested.

The foregoing does not mean for a moment that the purchase of securities of oil, lumber or mining companies constitute a gamble. They may be and often are conservative and legitimate investments. It means that an investor in them must yield a percentage of safety for the sake of a high percentage of returns. Also, management in the case of any investment is a prime factor and it becomes more potent in the concerns with the smallest margin of safety.

### Management a Factor

The management angle is a factor in the case of government securities also. We have every right to boast that we have a well run government. Each citizen, and each bondholder has a say through his right of franchise as to how the business of the government should be done. If he does not approve the management, he has the right and the power, in conjunction with others, to change it.

In between the long term government bond issues and the stocks of companies engaged in the more hazardous industries, lies the great, broad field of moderate yield investments. These provide a reasonable factor of safety

without a prohibitive cutting down of interest or dividends. In this range of investments, the question of management takes on additional importance.

Investment presupposes a tying up of funds, not for a moment, but over a fairly extended period. From time immemorial, commerce, industry and trade have ebbed and flowed. The last year and a half has been a most prosperous period for America, but there is no indication that any dispensation of Providence has exempted the United States from the rise and fall of prosperity. Managements therefore should make provisions not only for the immediate present but for contingencies which may arise in the future.

### Why Bonds Are Favored

The business of a corporation may increase tremendously but unless it has adequate capital to carrying on the increased trade, disaster is likely to result. Mere payment of dividends, therefore, is not a guarantee of safety unless the management be efficient. That is why bonds find high favor with conservative investors.

The very meaning of the word "bond" indicates its powers. It means anything which binds, fastens or confines. A bond binds the management of the concern issuing it to a definite course of action, namely, to pay interest to bond holders at a specified rate and to pay the face value of the bond at maturity. It also ties up certain property or assets of the issuer so that if the requirements of the bond are not fulfilled, the holder is protected. Holding a bond puts you in the same relative position as a mechanic's lien. In other words, you become a preferred creditor and you must "get yours" before other debts can be liquidated. The bond therefore serves to eliminate some of the dangers of possible mismanagement.

### Well Informed Investors

Frequently the investor is in a position to know and judge just what the management of a certain concern is doing and how efficient it is. That is one reason the public utility securities have been holding the center of the stage this year. Hundreds of thousands of customers served by these companies have become shareholders in them. They know whether the company is giving efficient service, what possibility it has for expansion and whether the rates charged are adequate. In consequence they can see both the company's and the public's side of the questions at issue. As a result the companies have been getting a square deal and the investors receiving adequate returns.

The same opportunities for investors to judge managements and values for themselves has aided the placing of real estate bonds and the municipal issues. There has been a wave of popularity in favor of mortgage bonds which carry an insurance feature. These bonds are issued, by mortgage companies, against deposit of first mortgages with a trustee, as collateral. Either the mortgages or the bonds are guaranteed by a surety company which does this business for a consideration just as it assures faithful performance of contracts. Thus the factor of safety is doubly assured.

### Hard to Stick To

Safety unquestionably is the most important factor in investment, but as the old negro said about water; "It's powerful hard to stick to." This was shown conclusively by the head of a conservative southern bond house. As he stopped to talk with a client, the banker said:

"It's better to take 4½ or 5 percent and be safe. The few dollars extra you would gain from a less sound security are not worth staying awake nights. Safety first is my motto, first, last and all the time." Just then he heard a crap game in progress in the alley behind him. He took one quick look and tossed a half dollar on the pavement.

"Four bits you don't six" he yelled, snapping his fingers, "Come to me seven."

## SHRINE NEWS

### MISCELLANEOUS

#### NOBLE CLINE'S APPOINTMENT

Due to the hurry in getting to press with the proceedings of the Imperial Council Session the name of Noble Walter D. Cline was left off the Committee on Dispensations and Charters. The full committee is as follows: George F. Olendorf, Abou Ben Adhem Temple, Springfield, Mo., Thomas P. Bradley, Aad Temple, Duluth, Minn., Dr. William F. Taylor, Khartum Temple, Winnipeg, Man., Walter D. Cline, Maskat Temple, Wichita Falls, Texas, Dr. O. W. Burdats, Osiris Temple, Wheeling, W. Va.

[Continued from page 52]

#### ANY TAKERS?

Noble T. D. Duke, Kaaba, Davenport, was quite disappointed that no Noble accepted the challenge issued by him to compete in either a foot race or wrestling bout during the Imperial Council meeting and wishes to extend the time limit to the Shriners all over the jurisdiction. Noble Duke tips the age scales at ninety years but still has enough pep to respond to any calls made on him.

#### IN MEMORY OF FOWLE

At the recent Ceremonial of Moslem, Detroit, a portrait of the late George W. Fowle was presented by Mrs. Fowle to the Arab Patrol. Past Potentate Claude W. Moore made the presentation and acceptance was by Captain-General Harry A. Cramer. The portrait is to hang in the lounge room of the Shrine Club. Past Potentate Fowle was the father of Moslem Patrol.

#### CUPID JUMPS IN

Noble George C. Foster, Moolah Patrol, St. Louis, and Miss Eleanor Anderson, daughter of the Senior Missouri State Senator, have been engaged to be married for quite a while and decided that the opportunity for a wedding trip and Shrine Carnival combined, was just about the right ticket. Accordingly, the knot was tied June 3 and the Moolah party saw to it that plenty of entertainment was furnished the newly married couple from that time on.

#### A PRESIDENT MAKER

Noble Willis G. Bowland, nearly 75 years old, but still active in the ranks of the Chanters, was a member of the glee club formed in Columbus more than fifty years ago to aid General Grant's campaign. President McKinley used to join in the choruses with the boys, and President Harding would sometimes join them when they called at the White House, Mrs. Harding leading with the baton. Noble Bowland directed the Chanters until three years ago when he resigned in favor of Noble Robert W. Roberts.

#### FRAUDS—WATCH FOR THEM

The larger and better the field, the more rascals attempt to exploit it. Cards are frequently lost and fall into the hands of crooks who do not hesitate to use them for swindling the easy going Noble who is taken in by a hard luck story. Refer all strangers to the Recorder of your Temple. No worthy Noble will ever be permitted to go without proper aid, nor is it likely that the professional swindler will get very much—except what is coming to him—if only ordinary business caution is observed in dealing with strangers.

Al Chymia Temple, Memphis, reports Card No. 1006 issued to J. G. Bailey as being in the hands of a grafter. He has used this card to obtain money in Winnipeg, Quebec, Massachusetts and New York City. His usual plea is for railroad fare and the amount he lands is \$25 to \$50. Call the police should he approach you and wire the Recorder of Al Chymia.

Noble J. S. Rushing of Al Amin Temple, Little Rock, lost his card case containing all his Masonic cards. They were found by some unscrupulous person, who has been operating in Michigan having bogus checks cashed on the strength of this card. The latest effort reported was a check issued on the State Bank of Hammond, Hammond, Ind., on May 25. If he presents himself have him arrested and notify Recorder at Little Rock, Ark.



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Probably the only Past "Grand" Potentate's jewel in existence is the one in possession of Past Potentate Preston Belvin, the original booster for Acca, Richmond. Noble Belvin is now an emeritus member of the Imperial Council, an honor awarded for twenty-one years' service as Representative, and was probably the happiest as well as the proudest man present at the laying of the corner stone for the Mosque at Richmond in June.

[Continued on page 70]

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# The SESQUI-CENTENNIAL at PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, so closely linked with the beginning of American history, is commemorating the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by giving the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. It was in Philadelphia that the first Continental Congress met—in Carpenter's Hall—on Sept. 5, 1774. In 1787 delegates from the various states met there and adopted the Constitution.

The site of the Sesqui-Centennial, which comprises 1000 acres of equal area, adjoins the League Island Navy Yard. All that a trained landscape architect could suggest has been done to make the grounds beautiful.

Five huge exhibition palaces, a large auditorium, a colossal Stadium, a 170-foot Tower of Light, some fifty buildings of varying sizes and architecture, and about 250 pavilions, booths and stands, compose the structural features of the scene.

The major buildings are: the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures, 964 feet long by 392 feet wide, providing seven and three quarters acres of exhibition space; the Palace of Agriculture, Food, Civic and Foreign Exhibits 970 feet by 450 feet, eight and a half acres of space; the Palace of Education and Social Economy, 524 feet by 208 feet, two and one half acres; Palace of Fine Arts, 496 feet by 280 feet, two acres of space; Palace of Government Exhibits, Machinery, Mines, Metallurgy and Transportation, 850 feet long by 400 feet wide, seven and one half acres.



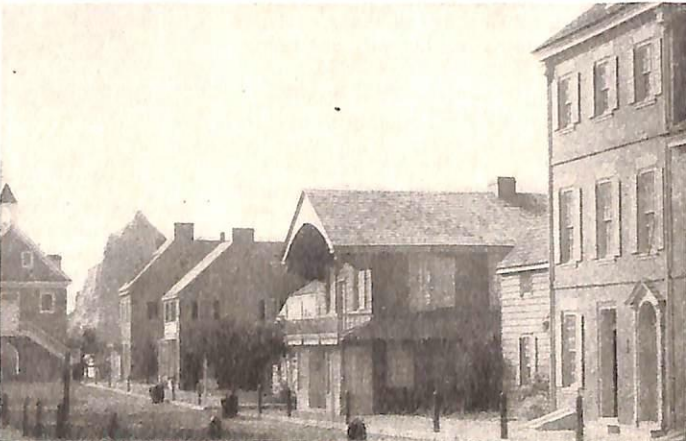
One of the most beautiful of the government buildings of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in the Government Exhibit of the United States Coast Guard. It is situated on Edgewater Lake.



On the left—the Auditorium, situated on Broad Street. All that expert landscape architects could suggest has been done to beautify the grounds. Liberty Bell in the distance shows main entrance.



An outstanding feature of the Sesqui-Centennial is High Street, a faithful reproduction of the main thoroughfare of the Quaker City in Revolutionary Days. The Town Hall is shown at the left, and on the right homes of Washington, Jefferson and Morris.



## THE CROWDED HOUR

[Continued from page 57]

did you, it was wrong to chase sheep?" she crooned to him. "You only thought you were a silly sheep yourself, didn't you, Bobolink, and you were trying to learn to baa."

Miss Phoebe bathed and put on a fresh dress. She still had many things to do. Happiness nestled warmly against her once more. She picked up the lamp and went down to the dining room. When she saw Bobby lying fast asleep between the kittens on the sofa she felt like saying a prayer.

"There is so much to be thankful for," whispered Miss Phoebe, "because he certainly can't do anything more. There isn't any more."

And she was wrong.

She set the lamp on the dining room table. Lilacs and fruit blossoms and new grass and May were outside softly, insistently calling to Miss Phoebe, and the day having been what it was Miss Phoebe rose and went to the door. A wind was getting up. A wind of Maine that her stepmother hated so deeply. She lifted her face to it. A phrase recurred to her. "One crowded hour . . ." she murmured. And she sighed. She stepped on the grass and walked slowly into the night.

BOBBY snorted in his sleep. Just as he had chased the grey kitten over the High Cliff it suddenly took flapping wings to itself and alighted up a spruce tree where it swelled and swelled and grew horns and angrily shook the bell under its neck and said: "Moo!" in a tremendously insulting not to say challenging way. It was beyond question unbearable and he intended to bark something about it in a deep prolonged bay when his voice suddenly went flat and to his mortification he found himself answering, "Baa!" The humiliation he suffered was so poignant that he shook himself and dislodged an eyelid and one eye became exposed, and he abruptly awoke to his great peril!

Directly ahead of him, almost across the room, a bleary yellowish eye rested unmovingly upon him. He trembled all over and assembled his muscles with a tug. Rapidly running over the repertoire of sounds at his command, he discarded them all for something entirely new. "Grschruxxxbrk!" he said. He jumped off the sofa and crept stealthily forward, that unblinking eye ever on him.

Suddenly he nearly fell over backwards, and showed his teeth against a monstrous new danger. The next instant he recognized the black and white cat preceded by a black flat something about to grapple with him. He gave a leap, teeth in readiness. Cat and Something vanished. But Yellow Eye had not moved.

HE MADE a quick dart sideways, trying to arch his back and hold his nose to the ground at the same time. He looked up and met the Eye. He shivered deliciously and gave a growl in his own character. And then he saw that it was on the table.

He ran round the table rapidly twice; he sprang back from it and at it again, sniffing upward. He circled the table once more, smelling harder. He had that smell now. It was like the bouquet of the Place of the Iron Things and the Round Wheels, and the delectable mysteries of Cans. Now he noticed that a cover hung down from the table like a screen door. Here was where a dual personality came in handy. He began to climb this soft, pleasant screen door.

Standing at the fence Miss Phoebe heard a distant tinkle of glass. It seemed to her to come from Gill Bennett's house.

"Fire! fire! fire!" shrieked Georgie Bennett!

"Mis' Hollybushe's house is on fire!"

Men dragged out a few sticks of furniture, and Al Boone saved twenty jars of blueberry

preserves and two of mustard pickle, and Miss Phoebe herself backed out the little automobile. Someone found the two kittens, but Bobby had been vanquished by old Yellow Eye. By three o'clock there was only a little safe smoke, and there was something to be thankful for, that the wind had not carried havoc to other houses, or started the woods. A crowded hour, indeed. Miss Phoebe clenched her hands and felt her heart bleed for a little dog only. She refused shelter, standing motionless and watching the smoke snakily uncurl.

The dawn prepared. Mrs. Hake's rooster crowed. A moment later a raucous disturbance broke forth from the top of the ledge across the road from the house.

Faces turned anxiously to one another. People listened. It came again. Folks said, "Is it possible? What can it be?"

Cold shivers ran up backs. Miss Phoebe suddenly gave a shout.

"It's Bobby! It's Bobby!" she cried. "He thinks he's a rooster! He's trying to crow!" Nevertheless, though a little surprised, came the dawn.

Miss Phoebe opened the door of her own proper house and entered the kitchen with a little dog under her arm. Mr. Trask was stuporously awake.

"The house burned down," said Miss Phoebe simply.

"I bet it was that dog!" cried Mr. Trask.

"Yes," she said.

"The little son of a gun!" beamed Mr. Trask.

"Insured?"

"Yes, for just what mama wanted for it," she answered in a strange tone.

"Where is your mother?"

"In Bath. I telephoned her."

"Well?"

"She always wanted to go south," said Miss Phoebe.

"And?"

"She's going."

"Not coming back at all?"

MISS Phoebe shook her head. "No, never," she said. Her eyes were moist. She simply was incapable of conquering a loyalty.

He stared at her. He jumped out of his chairs. He landed impartially on both feet, the booted and the bandaged alike.

"Phoebe, I—I," he stammered, "I didn't really hurt my ankle. I saw you sometimes last fall and I couldn't get near you, and this time by squash, I said to myself now I got her and I'll see if she can dodge me!"

Miss Phoebe stood perfectly still, looking with eyes fixed on something about fourteen inches above Mr. Trask's head.

"I noticed," she mused softly, "right from the start, you see, your ankle wasn't swelled a bit."

"Phoebe, are you an old maid?"

Phoebe's eyes flickered.

"Well, you don't need to blink," he said impatiently. "I'm an old fool. But I got this one thing to recommend me. I've had forty-two years to learn what I want. I know what's good for me. You may think I'm sort of queer, but you ought to have seen me before I met you yesterday." His voice was suddenly grown startlingly wistful, so that he seemed almost a small boy to Miss Phoebe, and tugged at her heart strings. "And I want you," said Mr. Trask tremulously. "Phoebe, dear, I need you. Jumping cabbages!" he exclaimed, as though surprised and a little shocked by himself. "I love you, drat it! What, what," he stammered anxiously, "do you say?"

After a moment, her eyes shining, Miss Phoebe said it.

Just then Bobby noticed Mr. Trask's bare toes. He chewed them all. Mr. Trask never even noticed it.

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## DEALING IN FUTURES [Continued from page 48]

steady suffering. He dragged himself along through life, sometimes learning some sort of makeshift occupation utterly unsuited to his temperament, sometimes learning nothing. Sometimes he begged on the streets, self-respect slipping quickly from him. Conscious of being cheated by fate, he often brooded over that until his mind became as crippled as his poor body.

These were not uncommon cases. There is an astonishingly large number of cripples even when it is not a time of war. The Cleveland survey of 1916, which seems to be generally accepted as reasonably accurate, showed that at that time there were in this country six hundred thousand persons handicapped because they lacked the normal use of the skeleton or skeletal muscles. These are figures which belong to the period before the war and show what may be expected even in times of peace.

Hundreds and hundreds of cripples existed in every state in the union and still exist, many of them neglected and even hidden away by ignorant relatives who regarded them as hopelessly afflicted by God, or curses sent by God. Of course, here and there a good deal of charity has been expended on these cases and aid for individuals given. But emotion never gets very far without intellect to help it and it was not until the problem of the disabled began to be considered as bigger than one of charitable relief to scattered individuals that much began to be done about it.

The people who are dealing with the problem of the disabled in the United States today, doing what they can with the victims of disease and disaster have one basic piece of advice which is also their major hope for the future. It is in effect that the younger a crippled child can be treated, the earlier his disability can be combated by proper treatment, the more chance that child has of taking a normal place in society. That is what the people back of the conception of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children know, and it is with that in mind that they are generously spending their money on one of the finest remedial works in the world.

A long, low, red brick building, which will age beautifully, built in a kind of graceful curve and designed for children who cannot climb up and down stairs, with trees, shrubbery and lawns about it and a playground in the back, the Twin Cities Unit does not look like a hospital from the outside. There is, for instance, that amazing playground with every kind of athletic apparatus on it. It is amazing that it should be there at all, considering the fact that the children are cripples, until, half an hour later, in the course of a brief conversation with a couple of boys, one of them tells you he can stand on his head and does it. His feet and legs, sticking up in the air, are both in plaster casts! Yet he handles himself with such agility that they do not suffer from his gymnastics.

INSIDE, it does not smell like a hospital. There is none of that usual hospital smell, mixed of ether and disinfectants—possibly of grief. As you go through one of the corridors and see the ward for the small children at the end of it, you get a glimpse of a child in a bright pink dress playing with some toys, her crib set in the middle of a circle of long, sun-filled windows. It looks rather like a happy nursery for a minute.

There are sixty-three children in the hospital and the average length of a child's stay there is three and a half months. Some of them stay much longer, and some of them come back a second and a third time for further treatment if it proves to be necessary. They are in uncrowded, cheerful wards, protected from the germs a casual visitor might bring in by glass

partitions, but since the partitions are of glass the wards are extremely sociable places and not at all lonely.

The children are allowed just as much freedom as their physical disabilities will allow and yet there is no confusion anywhere. The player pianos built into cabinets in the corridors are at their disposal. They have toys of all kinds. In each ward are well filled book shelves and the books on them have been chosen carefully. One boy is reading "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table" and another "Pinocchio" and both are absorbed in romantic adventure and not in their own troubles. The minds of these children are not brooding on the fact that they are crippled. They know what is wrong with them and will discuss their legs or arms with you interestedly but they do not seem to have any morbidity or self pity. Here and there a child may lie silent and look tired but you are apt to be told that she was operated upon only the day before.

There are a great many children whose faces look exceedingly healthy and they are usually the ones who have spent some time in the hospital and have had their general health built up by good food, sunlight and air. But wherever you look you can see the legs in casts, the weighted limbs being corrected in some way, the pitifully thin legs which have never been able to properly support a body, the

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twisted backs, stiffened hands or arms. Some of the patients are very little children of not more than two or three years of age and yet as you go through the wards there is not a sound of weeping or complaint except from one irate baby who does not understand why his mother has just left him. Like all other children, these crippled ones take on the color of their surroundings quickly and this environment is a happy one.

Every possible need, physical and mental, of the children has been provided for. There is a little school-room at one end of a corridor and two competent teachers work with the children all the time except for two months in the summer. This gives a child a chance to keep up with his grade in case he has been removed from a public school for treatment. It gives opportunity also for a little individual study of a child's mentality and possibly a lead toward some development of a talent. One little girl, who was flat on her back in bed, had already written a fairy story and an older girl who has come back to the hospital three times for treatment told me that she wanted above all things to be a doctor. It is entirely possible that some day the public may be reading books written by that first crippled child and that the second will find a valuable life work in some laboratory of medical research. At any rate, they are to have their chance to get in the race for success and achievement.

Their teachers are trained educators and are provided through the agency of the Shrine auxiliary which in that section comprises some five thousand women headed by Mrs. G. W. Curtis. They supplement the work of the hospital in every possible way. They look

after all the clothes for the children and are responsible for those gay dresses of colored crepe and gingham that the girls are given and the sweaters the boys wear, the overalls and all the under-clothing.

No child leaves the hospital with the clothes he wore on entering. Those are sent back to his home and he is outfitted anew when he is taken in, and on leaving is given everything he needs to wear home. There is a store room of clothing, all of it made with as much care as if the articles were Christmas presents for friends. For the babies there are bibs and tray cloths with animals embroidered on them, good firm bloomers for the girls, nice looking shoes, all the kinds of clothing that inspire self-respect and encourage neatness and individuality. The women of the Shrine auxiliary are also responsible for the surgical dressings used in the hospital. And with all that on their hands, they find time to see that every child has a birthday party with a cake and a present on his birthday and that all the children have an entertainment every two weeks.

As you go through the wards, asking about these children, you find that in over fifty percent of the cases the child is crippled as a result of infantile paralysis. There is an unusually large number of cases in the country just now due to last summer's epidemic but as nothing is known yet which will prevent these epidemics from recurring every few years, the best that can be done is to get at the cases as quickly as possible and try to restore them to normality or approximate it as closely as possible. There is good medical authority for the statement that ninety percent of such cases will definitely grow worse without treatment. The other groupings of causes for the crippled condition of these children come under tuberculosis of the bones and joints, congenital defect, such as a club foot, wry neck, dislocated hips and so forth.

The percentage of cure in tuberculosis of the bones and joints is extremely high, the club foot is now known to be entirely curable and of course as the Shriners Hospitals do not keep cases which cannot be helped, every child in the hospital has a chance for improvement if not complete cure. For while the children's minds are being kept off their disabilities, the thoughts of the people in charge of the hospital are constantly on them, surgeons and nurses bringing every aid that science has yet discovered to their relief.

Above the pleasant wards are the operating room, the X-ray room, the sterilizing room, the room where the children's teeth are cared for, fully equipped for modern dentistry, the room where the children are photographed when they come in and before they leave. This part of the hospital equipment leaves nothing to be wished for apparently, and in 1925 two hundred and ninety-five operations took place there. The surgeons in charge are specialists and rank extremely high in their profession.

Statistics are not dull when you think of them in terms of human lives, of grave little babies who are very patient though they ache and don't know what is the matter with them, or of boys who look so sturdy except for a leg in a plaster cast. So, thinking in those terms, it is pleasant to know that the hospital records show that in 1925 there were three hundred and thirty admissions to the hospital and that one hundred and seventy-four were discharged as cured or improved. That "cured or improved" grouping is a safe, conservative one. In many instances it takes years to ascertain whether a cure is going to last or the trouble recur. So the statistics at the Shriners Hospital seem to be grouped so that they may be sure rather than boastful.

But the cases in the hospital are only part of the work. In 1925 the out-patient department listed eight hundred and twenty-one cases and these [Continued on page 80]

## LOVE (Made in U. S. A.) [Continued from page 27]

To that Peter had assented. Now he accepted her mockery in the spirit in which it was intended, which was one of spontaneous camaraderie. They had progressed that far, so soon, thanks to the effect of the Gold-Digger on Pat.

"I'm a lily of the field only because you're aboard," he told her. "Somebody ought to look pretty and Dalton won't. So I try to."

"You really are interested in engines?" persisted Pat, still skeptical.

"You've heard of book worms. Well, I'm an engine worm. Let me get my nose into an engine and I'm lost to the world. That's an awful confession, I know it costs me caste—"

"I don't see why! Why shouldn't a man be interested in engines—"

"I mean as a yachtsman. Your real yachtsman scorns power; he goes in for canvas. Want to run up to Marblehead and see the big stickers there?"

"Have we time?" answered Pat eagerly.

"You haven't seen the Gold-Digger travel yet," he replied with a smile.

He opened the throttle and the Gold-Digger tried to tear the ocean asunder.

They came back to Lyemouth as the sun sank and the coast light pricked the darkening shore line. From the Gold-Digger's stem the spray flew like fairy lace. The throbbing screws were like a drug, enhancing the enchantment that put a spell of silence upon them.

"I've had a glorious day," Pat assured Peter, with all sincerity, as he put her ashore.

"I'm glad," he replied, "because perhaps you will prove it by coming again."

Pat proved it. This was high summer and both she and Peter had time on their hands. She told T. D., rumbling and reverberating like Vesuvius about to cut loose, that if he wanted to persist in spoiling his digestion it was his fault, not hers.

She was only twenty-three and had never been a father, naturally. She could not be expected to realize, therefore, that what she looked upon as a silly notion of his, was to T. D. a great and growing fear.

FROM the time when she had begun to take airs and graces to herself he had known this fear. She was his pride, his joy and his Achilles heel.

Some day Pat would marry. He knew that and hated the very thought.

This he would have denied. He would have said he would be glad to turn her over to a good man but he had yet to see a man he considered good enough. The truth was he would have found fault with Sir Galahad or even the Archangel Michael, if either had appeared.

The contempt he felt for Peter, in the beginning, had now become a consuming hate, based on a fear that even Pat's nonchalant frankness could not shake.

One might surely have believed that Pat had no illusions about Peter. Peter himself certainly had that impression, which was what amused him and intrigued his interest, and disarmed him as well, for if Pat had shown herself persuasive or possessive in certain feminine ways he was swift to sense, he might have sheered off.

"A cute kid," he had informed himself, amiably, after that first night at the yacht club. "And how well she uses her claws!"

He had yet to learn that was the way most love stories begin.

They seemed utterly unsentimental. Yet in them, during a succession of summer days, the subtlest of viruses was at work. It worked secretly, always beneath the surface until one day, as she mocked him, he surrendered to a swift and irresistible impulse to take her in his arms and kiss her.

They were both too stunned for words for a moment. Then:

"I had no intention of doing that, you know," he murmured, instinctively steadying the Gold-Digger's wheel which swayed in Pat's hands.

"Is that an apology?" demanded Pat, trying to meet his eyes and not quite succeeding.

"If—you choose," he said, "and yet—Pat, don't you think we might make a go of it? I know you don't wholly approve of me—"

"I don't," Pat assured him, truthfully. But her pulse was hammering and she added, "but—but—"

She said no more. She couldn't. Nor did she need to.

"You darling," he said, huskily, and took her in his arms.

The Gold-Digger gave a lurch. The crew stuck out a startled, protesting countenance from below deck.

"Hi!" he shouted.

They had forgotten him, along with the world in general and T. D. in particular. But the world in general and T. D. in particular were to return to their consciousness in time.

This is very often the trouble with love as made in the U. S. A. The process followed might seem at first glance to be international and universal yet it is a ways subject to differences due to climate, location and tradition. The rules differ everywhere.

There are almost always complications, naturally, and nowhere, save in the U. S. A. would a young lover of Peter's financial and social background be likely to be arrested by precisely the same doubt that came to him.

"Do you know," he announced abruptly, "that I have an awful suspicion that your father won't give three cheers when I break the news to him?"

"I know he won't," confessed Pat.

"Does it make any difference?" he asked swiftly.

Pat's eyes met his. One segment of her mind reminded her that T. D. was not wholly without justification and that she had agreed with him herself, once, about Peter.

But now Peter was lodged in her heart, suddenly grown inexpressibly dear.

"No," she said staunchly.

And yet it did. She shrank from the need of telling T. D. yet insisted stubbornly on sharing the ordeal. She discovered then that T. D. could look at her as if he hated her.

And the things he said to Peter!

"Lounge lizard—cackie!" he finished, with no diminishing of his rage. "She herself called you those names. And now she wants to marry you. I'd rather see her dead!"

Fighting words these were to a man like T. D. Yet Peter, to his way of thinking, took it all lying down.

It never occurred to him that Peter felt the chivalry of youth towards age, or that he would have considered it murder to hit a man so much smaller than himself.

"I see what you mean," Peter managed to get in, when T. D. paused for breath. "But if it's just because I don't work I could get a job, you know."

"A job!" snarled T. D. "You mean get some of your mother's rich friends to hand you something soft and pretty, I suppose."

Peter would have spoken but T. D. had the floor again.

"You couldn't hold a regular job!" he raged. "You're too soft. I need a truck driver right now but I wouldn't pay you ten dollars a week. You wouldn't be worth it—"

"I'll take it at five a week—or nothing then," Peter cut in quickly. "You can decide later what I'm worth—if anything."

"You?" gasped T. D. taken unawares.

"What do you know about driving a truck?" "It can't be very different from driving an automobile—and I'm a bear at that," argued Peter, reasonably. "It doesn't take a very high order of intelligence, does it?"

T. D. felt like saying that it took a good deal more than he credited Peter with. But he didn't. He felt trapped.

"I've got enough trouble already," T. D. began, evasively—although that was true, "without trying to break in a green hand. Why should I take you on?" [Continued on page 64]



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Please be sure to always include your old address when writing your Recorder about a change.

## LOVE (Made in U. S. A.) [Continued from page 63]

"Because," Peter informed him with a smile, "I've called your bluff—and you know it."

T. D. did. He gagged. "All right," he said thickly. "I'll call your bluff! Come around in the morning and if you last one week I'll pay you regular wages."

Whereupon he left the room, banging the door behind him with a force that shook the house as much as had the historic gale of ninety-eight.

Pat and Peter looked at each other. "I don't think father was the least bit fair," Pat burst out, indignantly. "I didn't call you a lounge lizard or a cake. You—you aren't really going to drive a truck, are you?"

"You just watch me!" suggested Peter. "Father will load work on you. Do everything to make you quit—"

"I have a hunch myself that he will," said Peter and grinned. "Let him! There's historical precedent for this, you know—Jacob worked seven years for Rachel. And although seven years strikes me a shade too long—"

"And he didn't get Rachel even then!" Pat reminded him.

"Well your father can't palm off any substitutes on me," said Peter. "And in the meantime, we have one thing to be thankful for. That is that your father has so far departed from the high standards set down by fiction as to forget to forbid me to see you until I have proved my sterling worth—as a truck driver!"

THIS customary detail T. D. had overlooked but he remembered it later.

"I expect you to play fair," he informed Peter the next morning, eyeing him with a distaste that Peter did not merit even in overalls, "and not try to see Pat behind my back."

This seemed a bit thick to Peter. But he was not sure just what repartee was permitted between employe and employer so he said nothing.

Pat said a-plenty. "What nonsense!" she scornfully announced. "I certainly shan't agree to anything like that. Did you?"

"No," said Peter. "Unless silence gives consent—"

"Shut your eyes if your conscience objects," she suggested. "How are you coming along?"

"I seem to be a dub," he confessed. "I ought to be getting a clear and comprehensive picture of the trucking business in my mind so as to be prepared to show your father how he can increase his profits a hundred percent but—"

He paused and regarded his hands. "Where did you get those awful blisters?" demanded Pat, shocked.

"It's a long story. Driving a truck isn't the half of this job. I've been loading several million bags of cement. I didn't mind the first couple of million but when it came to the third it began to occur to me that cement is lovely for buildings and walks and so forth, but a devilish thing to handle in bags!"

"You—you don't want to quit?" demanded Pat, anxiously.

"Me? Never! If my hands drop off, as now seems likely, I can have a pair of hooks fitted and be on the job the first thing in the morning. In the meantime I don't know what your father's rule about social calls during business hours is but I suspect that in my case they'd be strictly enforced—"

"I'll go—but I'll see you tonight."

"But your father said, Pat, that—"

"I'll tell father what I think of such a notion," she assured him.

And Pat did. Poor T. D.!

Troubles never come singly and he was having more than his share of them these days. And not only in his home. He was doing a whale of a business yet there was something wrong somewhere.

Of this, being T. D., he never dreamed of speaking to his family.

To keep growing, always extending—that was his creed. He counted that year lost which did not see new trucks added to his fleet. It might seem to others that the territory he served imposed definite limitations upon him, something had always come up to make it seem as wise as it was—to him—desirable that he push on.

This year it had been a new fish cannery with which he had made a three months contract. The latter had just expired. It was not, T. D. was informed, to be renewed.

"Our figures for the period show that we are paying thirty-five cents a hundred to ship our product by truck as against twelve cents by freight," the letter T. D. had received this same day had announced. "We have decided, therefore, to ship by freight henceforth."

In that T. D. felt there must be some flaw. But he had no head for figures. His business asset was a driving force that had made him the sublimated truck driver which he was at heart.

So he ran true to form. He announced, in the hearing of his office manager, his shipping clerk and several drivers, that the fish cannery was a one horse concern anyway and that they and their business could go to a better place than Lyemouth, so far as he was concerned.

This was not politic. But T. D. never was that.

The general impression was that he did not need to be. People often said that he could buy and sell half the wealthy loafers who came to Lyemouth for the summer, if he wanted to.

Only T. D. himself knew that that wasn't so. The business he owned had grown until it was like an over-cannvassed yacht—at the mercy of the first vagrant breeze that blows from an unexpected direction.

T. D. sensed disaster. And on top of that Pat turned on him.

He listened to her in unwonted silence, his face as hard as flint. They were suddenly become enemies.

They continued so, principals in a little domestic tragedy which Lyemouth saw only as a comedy. The town, all the year-rounders and summer colony as well, was vastly thrilled by the sight of Peter driving one of T. D.'s trucks while the Gold-Digger swung idly at anchor.

"What's the big idea, Pat, dear?" demanded Muriel Leighton. "Is the young man trying to prove he is worthy of you—or what?"

"Oh, he has a bet on with father," explained Pat evasively.

"And the stakes?" queried Muriel, sweetly. "None have been named," retorted Pat, coloring in spite of herself. "It's just that father thought Peter would hate it—and he doesn't."

Peter really didn't. He was getting interested.

The first week ended and Peter went straight to T. D.

"What do I get?" he demanded. "Nothing—five dollars or the regular wage?"

T. D. grunted. He knew what he must say but the words stuck in his throat.

"Regular wages," he managed, finally. And added, "I suppose you're quitting."

"Not at all!" retorted Peter. "I'm learning a lot about the trucking business. It has possibilities—and I'm just getting into my stride."

T. D. literally saw red at that instant. He had been sitting on an emotional safety valve for days, now it blew off with a roar.

"Get out of here!" he bellowed. "If you don't I'll throw you out!"

"You sound almost as if you were firing me!" grinned Peter.

"I am," T. D. assured him with great vehemence.

"But I say—that's not cricket!"

"It goes as it lays," maintained T. D. knowing that he was unfair and unjustly enough charging that up to Peter too.

Peter eyed him for a second, then grinned. "Well," he commented, "I believe that it is the inalienable prerogative of a fired man to tell his boss what he thinks of him. Here goes!"

He looked T. D. square in the eye.

"I've been in several businesses since I left college," he said. "And they all went flat. I began to think that as a business man I was a born dub and that I might as well let it go at that. I've only worked for you a week but I can see what my trouble was—I always went up against something hard. I ought to have picked something nice and soft like this business of yours."

"What," gasped T. D., his rage eclipsed by incredulity.

"Take the cement manufacturing proposition that flopped," Peter went on. "What was I up against? A strongly organized and entrenched industry that had me licked before I started. That was true all along the line—I always picked them big."

T. D. stared up at him goggle eyed and speechless for once.

"That's why this week has been an eye opener for me," Peter went on. "I never realized that anybody could run a trucking business the way you do and get away with it. I've half a mind to buy a couple of trucks and start right here in Lyemouth—"

"You? You in the trucking business!" T. D. managed to say.

"I could start off," Peter explained, "with the business the new fish cannery would give me. I could quote them figures that would open their eyes—"

"I'd like to see you!" said T. D. almost fervently. "You'd begin to learn something about overhead—"

"I've learned a lot about that this week," Peter broke in. "You've got the most imposing overhead I ever saw in my life. Heaven knows that I'm a boob at business but even I wonder how you manage to carry it yet make a profit. It must be because anyone can get away with murder in the trucking business."

"What do you mean?" demanded T. D. yet to recover the offensive.

"Well, again and again your trucks come back to the yards at three or four o'clock in the afternoon and lie idle the rest of the day—"

"Yeah—and what would you do about that?" sneered T. D.

"Have a schedule of small time jobs that could be worked into the tag end of the afternoon. You have such jobs but now you let them break the day up instead of using them to round the day off."

"You've learned a lot in a hurry," sneered T. D.

"Only what anybody with half an eye could see," retorted Peter. "Take the way you unload large freight shipments. A truck goes to the yard and is loaded. That takes time, the whole truck is tied up for fifteen or twenty minutes every trip. So you buy new trucks when you ought to buy detachable bodies. While a truck is delivering a load the crew at the yard could be filling the extra body—"

"And then toss it lightly on the truck!" derided T. D.

"They couldn't—but a couple of chain hoists could," retorted Peter. "And incidentally I've a hunch that you don't use trailers enough. A man, a horse or a truck can pull a much heavier load than it can carry. Over level roads your five ton trucks could, if equipped with a trailer, haul five tons more—"

"And use no more gas or oil, I suppose," observed T. D. savagely sarcastic.

"You can't get me there—I know engines inside out. A fifteen or twenty percent increase would cover gas or oil. There would be another increase in wear on drive wheel tires—but the saving in overhead would be enormous."

"So that's the way you're going to get the fish cannery business," jeered T. D. "Expect to cut your overhead down so that you can quote them better than twelve cents a hundred weight, I suppose."

Peter grinned.

"I wouldn't have to do that," he said. "I'd show them instead that it really cost them nearer forty cents than twelve to ship by freight. Figures lie like blazes at times—I've discovered that much at least—and they have obviously forgotten to figure in getting the shipments to the freight yards. The railroad won't take it from their shipping room, as you have, you know!"

Even T. D., determined not to be swayed by anything Peter might say, could not but see that—now! That he had not seen it before filled him with a new access of rage that—deplorably enough but not naturally—found outlet toward Peter.

"You get out," he said thickly. "I've spent too much time listening to your ravings!"

"I suspected you would say that," replied Peter. "That's the reason I was not afraid I might give my hand away too much. I—"

He dodged swiftly behind a chair and then not a fraction of a second too soon—managed to get out of the door.

This method of departure, he realized, was undignified at the best and not in keeping with the best traditions of such fiction as he had read. Even the most impartial observer could not have failed to perceive that he left T. D.'s office with the toe of T. D.'s boot only a few inches removed from his person.

No one could have been more conscious of the unimpressive picture he presented than was Peter himself. Yet what else could he do? He couldn't indulge in a rough and tumble with Pat's father.

So he assured himself. But he was, after all, only twenty-eight and this was the first time any man had aimed a kick at him and gotten away with it.

THIS was all in his mind and it affected his outlook on life as he passed out into the yard which, at the moment, was in charge of T. D.'s foreman. The latter perceived Peter.

"Hi there, Percy!" he shouted.

To his foreman T. D. had let it be made evident that Peter could, and preferably should be ridden. The foreman had accepted the suggestion with enthusiasm.

As a beginning he had, with rare wit, rechristened Peter as Percy.

Along with most males, Peter had an unreasoning but deep-seated aversion for the name Percy. Nevertheless he had, for reasons of his own, let himself be so addressed.

The reasons were not what the foreman, who stood six feet and weighed over two hundred with almost no visible surplus of flesh, had assumed them to be.

Peter turned a cold eye toward him. "Are you speaking to me?" he demanded.

"Who in blankety-blank did you think I was speaking to?" retorted the foreman.

"I merely wanted to be sure," Peter informed him, "because, as it happens, I dislike to hear myself addressed as Percy."

The yard was half filled with trucks returned from their day's duties and their drivers were scattered here and there taking their ease.

"He doesn't like to be called Percy," the foreman informed these, as if that were a jest too good to keep. Then he turned back to Peter and demanded, "And what is mama's little pet going to do about it?"

Peter surveyed him.

"I rather think," he remarked austere, "that I'll begin by changing the shape of your nose. I have no hope of improving it but there is something about it, as it sets in the middle of your face, that fills me with a desire to punch it—"

And therewith he made a noble effort to do just that.

At Yale, Peter had been what might be termed an honor student in boxing and wrestling. As a matter of equipment he was therefore more than a match for the foreman who despite his greater bulk was the type known as a slugger.

To keep away from his adversary while he wore him down was [Continued on page 66]

## The Unexpected

lays in wait for some men; and no one can tell in advance how many shall be called, or who will be chosen.

During 1925 One Hundred and Forty of our policy-holders met death by accident; some when automobiles overturned; others at grade crossings when disputing the right of way with railway trains; still others through drowning or hunting accidents, or injuries received while engaged in occupational duties in factory or railway service.

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## LOVE (Made in U. S. A.) [Continued from page 65]

well within Peter's powers. It was not, however, within his mood.

Peter craved physical violence and he craved it raw.

What followed was, as the spectators were prepared to tell the world and subsequently did, a great fight while it lasted. In the beginning they were all for the foreman. But before long Peter had, by his showing, established a following. Fight fans are ever notoriously fickle in their partisanship.

"Atta boy, Percy," one of them approved with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur. "Hit the big bozo in the bread basket—he doesn't like them there!"

And that was a fact. If the foreman carried a few ounces of superfluous weight, they were around that portion of his anatomy now being publicly advertised as his bread basket. He had a good appetite and never had considered the wisdom of curbing it.

The foreman would, indeed, have preferred that Peter stick to his original ambition, to change the shape of his nose. But Peter, having reached that goal once, no longer aimed so high. He was hitting his adversary again and again where it hurt the most and the foreman, as a result, was beginning to have a fellow feeling for whoever it was that once captured a Tartar.

Peter himself was in no better state. He had elected to stand toe to toe and swap punches with a man forty pounds heavier than himself. One eye was closing, the other felt none too happy and his own nose had not escaped.

Neither had any intention of quitting. At the same time, at the end of five minutes of steady give and as unvarying take, both had lost some of their gusto with which they had squared off and started to it. No one was licked but they had each taken an awful licking none-the-less.

This was the situation when T. D. became aware of something in the air.

T. D. had not been measurably soothed by the manner of Peter's departure. He knew that he would have to explain that to Pat and the thought suggested the necessity of keeping his anger hot and his blood pressure high.

"Double asterisked young pup!" he was fuming, charging around his office and aiming kicks at the furniture. "Trying to teach me my business!"

This was his frame of mind when echoes of the battle presently penetrated his preoccupation. He paused to listen and learned that somebody was being earnestly solicited to punch somebody's bread basket.

T. D. shot out into the yard forthwith. "Hi there!" he roared. "Cut that out? Hear me?"

They heard him and their tired and pummeled bodies yielded instinctively to the blessed authority of his command. They were still wary, yet ready to listen, as to a father, to such words of counsel as the approaching peace-maker might address to them. That was their mistake for T. D. was no dove of peace. It was his impression that two big bums were fighting and his intent to show them who did all the fighting around here.

The foreman happened to be the nearer so at him T. D. promptly launched a swift hard fist. "Fight will you?"

The foreman, taken unawares, did not. Instead he sat down.

T. D. turned to Peter whom he had yet to recognize. This was not surprising. Even his own mother would have had difficulty in recognizing Peter at that moment. He wasn't quite sure who he was himself. All he knew was that Pat's father was present and that he must be careful not to hit him.

But it did seem wise to try to hold T. D. off. So he thrust out his hand with that intent.

The result was most unfortunate. T. D. got the idea that he had been given a poke in the eye whereas what actually happened was

that he had poked his eye into Peter's hand. "Oh you will, will you?" he shouted and became a small sized tornado.

In a numb fashion Peter did everything in his power to protect himself save hit back. He covered and retreated to no avail. T. D. was at him like an avenging fury. Caught in the wind Peter too sat down.

"Had enough?" demanded T. D. standing over him menacingly.

"Plenty," Peter assured him with great bitterness.

Not until then did T. D. recognize him. He gaped incredulously and then turned and stared at the foreman.

Finally he managed to find his voice.

"I'll have no fighting around here!" he announced and, with a glare for all present, strode back to his office.

"Holy Moses!" he murmured. "What a fight it must have been! Who would have thought he had it in him."

That was at half-past four. At half-past six he went home. The moment he entered the house Pat noticed a difference in him. His pipe was at its cockiest angle: he looked—for the first time in weeks—like a man at peace with himself and the world in general.

But that wasn't all Pat saw.

"You've got a black eye!" she accused.

"Yeah—but you ought to see the other fellow," he retorted jovially.

"You've been fighting—"

"I wouldn't call it that," he deprecated, modestly. "A couple of the boys went at it down in the yard and you know"—virtuously—"that fighting among the help is one thing I won't stand for. So I just waded in and separated them and when one objected I gave him a little lesson."

Pat gave him a suspicious glance.

"Who—who was it you gave the lesson to?" she demanded quickly.

"That young feller of yours," retorted T. D. and grinned.

"You—you didn't!" gasped Pat.

"He hit me first!" T. D. retorted. "But don't worry, Pat. I don't think any the worse of him for that. He's a shade too cocky and I had to take him down a peg. But I haven't any hard feelings toward him."

"What?" gasped Pat, incredulously.

"In fact," T. D. went on. "I've never had anything against him. I only wanted to be sure that he had the stuff in him. So I tried him out."

AND T. D. literally believed now that that had been his purpose all along. In the course of a couple of hours he had, thanks to that mental elasticity with which all humans are endowed, been enabled not only to see the problems that had beset him in a new light but even to believe that the solution that presented itself was one that he had worked toward in his wisdom all along.

Now he juttied his pipe a little higher.

"I never yet had a man working for me that was any good until I'd handed him a licking," he told Pat. "If Pete wants to stick with me I think we'll get along together fine now."

"Pete?" echoed Pat, doubting her ears.

"He's young yet, but he'll learn," T. D. went on. "He's got a lot of crazy notions about overhead expense and stuff like that which he sprang on me half cocked today. But there is some sense in some of them and—" T. D. gestured with a large magnanimity—"I wouldn't wonder if I could use some of them, after I've polished them up a bit."

He stopped there and, clearing his throat, prepared to perform that abrupt about face with which he was to save his face.

"You might call him up," he said very casually, "and tell him that so far as I'm concerned there's no hard feelings. He—he may have an idea there is."

Which, in her own words, all but finished

Pat, but just the same she managed to reach the phone. And so twenty minutes later she and Peter, who had lost no time, found themselves together—very close together—on the east veranda.

"I was simply stunned," Pat assured him, when she finished telling him what T. D. had said. "You could have knocked me over with a feather—"

"That goes double," Peter assured her. "I almost passed out when you suggested that I come over. I'm still wondering just what happened—nothing that has seems to run according to formula. I thought when I passed on some of my bright ideas to your father he'd grasp my hand in gratitude, the way that they do in stories. Instead he tried to kick me out of the office—"

"He didn't tell me that!" said Pat, indignantly.

"Then he didn't tell you the half of it!" Peter assured her, cheerfully. "I thought I'd have to persuade you to elope with me. Then I got into the scrap with the foreman and your father mixed into that which seemed to make it that much worse—"

"You're an awful looking sight!" she broke in critically.

## KEEPING THE WHITE TOPS IN TUNE

[Continued from page 35]

and the elephant catch the hindmost. And it is a curious fact that when a circus band does take to its heels the base drummer is nearly always in the lead."

The marvel of the circus musicians' mastery over mind and matter is best exemplified at the opening of the circus season. With the big show, the season opens at Madison Square Garden, New York, early in March. Four days before the opening performance, Equestrian Director Frederick Bradna lays before Bandmaster Merle Evans a diagram and chart. The diagram shows three circles, each representing a ring, and two squares, each representing a stage. The chart contains the names of the various performers with a few cabalistic words which explain to the initiated what those performers do. This chart is divided into twenty-two sections, each section representing a "display" or number on the program.

With this piece of skeletonized information before him, Evans arranges his musical program. There are two rehearsals of the band, and one dress rehearsal with band performers. Then the show goes on—without a hitch! When one considers that one-hundred-and-fifty performers or artists are sometimes "working" simultaneously and that most of them are doing decidedly different things, one gets a hazy idea of how highly specialized Merle Evans' job is.

The band changes its tempo a dozen times while Berta Beeson is on the wire. It changes tempo oftener during May Wirth's star riding act. It changes even oftener when the high school horses are doing their bits. The music must be so carefully synchronized with the performance that when a fancy stepping horse is at the further end of the main tent or big top—about six hundred feet away—the band plays about half a beat ahead of the horse, but the rhythm reaches to the horse on time!

I've watched Merle Evans work season after season. I've sat opposite him in the Garden and under the big top. I've sat beside him on the bandstand. About half of his stop and start signals are given by Equestrian Director Bradna's whistle. The other half, as well as many of the changes in tempo, Evans catches by watching the performance. I've never known him to miss a cue by the fraction of a second. If he did he'd hear about it from one of the Ringling Brothers, from Mr. Bradna or from some performer. All told, he has directed programs, and played a good part of them himself—for he likes to pick up his cornet on galops and any especially heavy

"You ought to see the foreman!" he assured her with a grin.

"Oh you men—don't you ever think of anything but fighting?" she protested.

Peter tightened the arm that was about her.

"Now and then we—do," he whispered.

Presently she broke the comparative-silence.

"Did—did father really lick you?" she demanded.

"Lick me?" echoed Peter puzzled. "Your father? Did he say that?"

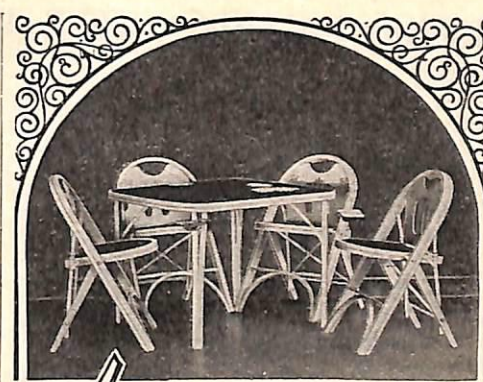
Pat nodded. He hesitated. Then suddenly he all but glimpsed the astonishing but very human gymnastics T. D.'s mind had performed. He might have succeeded had Pat not been waiting for his answer, her lovely eyes lifted to his.

"Well so long as he also said that he'll let me have you we'll let that go as it lays," he replied. "Why look a gift horse in the mouth?"

"Am I a gift horse?" she demanded.

"Not at all—please close your mouth," he replied.

And inasmuch as he was tilting her face upwards as he spoke she decided she better had.



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Probably no man in the history of our Country has left a more vivid influence than Thomas Jefferson—the author of our Constitution.

In the October issue of the Shrine Magazine an outstanding feature will be an article discussing this famous disciple of complete democracy. It will be written by

Norman Hapgood

Former Minister to Denmark and one of the leading authorities on political history of our time.



## KEEPING THE WHITE TOPS IN TUNE *[Continued from page 67]*

busy mind. Crone is the "champeen arguifer" of the band. And he always has an interested audience.

The hours between the close of the night show and 1 a. m., when the circus train pulls out to the next town, are the club hours for all circus windjammers. There and then do the men who play the sousaphones and clarinets vie with those who jam the breath of life into the French horns and baritones in that camaraderie which keeps them on the road year after year. When Crone has exhausted his first enthusiasm for exposition and debate, others take a hand in the exchange of personal opinion and reminiscence.

"The only showman I ever knew who owned his own show and blew his own horn," one of them will interpolate, "was Harry Eschman, out of Minneapolis. He owned a nine-car show and played trombone in his own band."

"Oh, guess again," another will reply. "Charley Sparks of Sparks' Show is a swell trap drummer. He can do the double roll and toss the sticks like the devil."

"That's nothing," a third will snort. "Our own Charles Ringling can sit in with us any time. Ever hear him play 'The Lost Chord' on his baritone?"

Then they will begin to argue about the circus owner who remonstrated with his piccolo player for resting.

"It was old John Robinson," one will declare. "Old John used to sit in front of the bandstand. One day the piccolo player's score gave him ten bars rest. Old John happened to notice that the piccolo player wasn't tooting. 'Why don't you play?' Old John demanded. 'I have a rest,' the piccolo player replied, pointing to his music. 'I don't pay you to rest. You play, and keep on playing,' Old John ordered."

"No. That wasn't it," another windjammer will declare. "It was Leon Washburn who stood watching the second alto playing after-beats. Leon asked some questions. The alto player tried to explain that he was hired only to play the after-beats. 'That's only half a job,' Leon growled. 'You play the on-time beats, too.' To which the alto player replied, 'All right, Governor. But you make the tuba player play after-beats as well as on-time beats.'"

Let the layman might need a diagram for this windjammers' joke it is here explained that it is the natural order of things that a tuba player should sound the on-time beat or "umph" and the alto player respond with the after-beat—or "pah", and that if either attempted to do both for any considerable time he would be suffocated.

Joe Simons comes tearing out of the windjammers' sleeping car. "Who left my hat on

my bed?" he demands. It is one of Joe's pet superstitions that bad luck will overtake him if he ever leaves his hat on his bed. He doesn't know why he believes it, but he does. This incident provokes discussion about bad luck.

"There's no sense in Joe's superstition," a trombone player begins, "but it sure is bad luck to play 'Home Sweet Home' at the end of the season."

All nod at this. "It's worse luck to play 'Light Cavalry' overture any time," one of them avers. "Ask Merle Evans. He played 'Light Cavalry' on the 101 Ranch Show season of 1916 and right after that the show train was wrecked between Roanoke and Norfolk, Virginia, and thirty-six horses were killed. Same thing happened on the Brundage Show coming out of Tulsa, Oklahoma. You won't find 'Light Cavalry' in Merle's library."

"Speaking of faking," a sousaphone player volunteers, apropos of nothing. "Harry Eschman used to have an old band leader named Pop Smith. Old Pop never used any music. Said he didn't believe in it. We didn't give any parade on that show; just played on Main street at high noon. Old Pop would say, 'All ready, boys.' One of us would ask, 'What tune, Pop?' And Old Pop would reply: 'Never mind what tune. You'll like it. I'll start and you all join in.'"

"Glad the big shows cut out circus parades," a veteran horn player declares. "The band wagon ran away at Fall River, Massachusetts, once, and left me hanging on the under side of a viaduct. Another time a clarinet player on our show was late for the parade. He tried to climb on the band wagon after it was in motion, fell off and was killed by the hind wheel."

Thus do windjammers enjoy themselves after the excitement of circus day. Thus do they continue as long as they hold windjammers' jobs. And after that? Most of them aspire to teach some town band. Harry Crigler, after thirty-seven seasons on the road during which he lead the Gentry Brothers' Dog and Pony Show band from Nova Scotia to California and from British Columbia to South Carolina, is the prosperous teacher of wind instruments at Bloomington, Indiana. Major George W. Landers, once with the John Robinson band, has settled down to the simple life at Clarinda, Iowa.

Gabe, most histrionic of ye olden circus leaders, hailed from Somerset, Ky., and had his eccentricities. He carried under his faded derby hat a soaring sense of humor. He carried in his vest pocket a small pair of scissors. He carried in his rugged face a small, red mustache. It was Gabe's jest to collect rural whiskers. It was his habit to approach some bearded citizen in some village square

and, taking hold of the citizen's beard, innocently remark: "Friend, I always liked whiskers. You wear a mighty fine set, best I've seen in this town." Whereupon Gabe would snip a sample of the bearded one's facial decoration and march grandly away.

Gabe used to keep a keg filled with these souvenirs in our sleeping car. I say "our" because I tramped with Gabe. He was a sentimentalist as I suppose most humorists are. I recall playing "Nearer My God to Thee," as cornetist with Gabe's circus band when the late Reynolds' Mighty Shows pitched tents at Jefferson, Iowa, in 1893. We, of the circus band, rendered that hymn, reverently, over the grave of Yankee Robinson, pioneer showman. Such was windjammers' custom in my youth. And as we marched from the cemetery back to the circus lot, Gabe dropped out of line long enough to garner two choice samples of Iowa whiskers from farmers who had come to Jefferson to see the circus. Gabe was a genius in his way. I wonder if any windjammers will play a hymn over his grave when the trouper troupe through Gibsland in future years.

They say life, losing its color, is becoming standardized. I know that windjammers' lives have changed. When they have tramped under canvas for 14,000 miles and thirty weeks or more, and falling leaves remind them they must land a winter's job, they no longer paw the pages of The Billboard for advertisements reading: "Wanted, for Buchanan Comedy Company: Cornet Player to double in blue shirt lead." The "western" dramas which once enlivened the stage of Bain's Opera House back in dear old Rochelle, Illinois, now flash on the screen in Berve's Motion Picture Palace. Windjamming actors are no longer in demand.

Yet fortune smiles more generously on the windjammer of the current day. The Billboard advertisements now read: "Wanted: Hot trumpet player, who can play sweet and dirty". And most of our summer windjammers spend winters in luxurious ease, jazzing the chilly months away.

Even Merle Evans, instead of directing British circus bands amid London's winter fogs, swings a light baton on Florida's coral strand and speaks casually of bankrolls and real estate. I hardly recognize the windjammers of 1926. In habits they are circumspect; in dress, meticulous. But in one respect they run true to circus trouper form. When their week's work is done and the gayly painted circus train rolls into Sunday's town they hasten to the nearest park or square to hear the town band play! That was and is and always will be the windjammer's idea of perfect bliss.

to a cave man I ever saw or expect to see. For the first instant of our meeting it seemed to me that I had encountered a gorilla in trousers and shirt. But Joe wasn't a bad sort. He was born and reared in the Everglades and his knowledge of wild animals was uncanny. In fact, he made a good living by capturing wild creature's for menageries and zoos.

"Almost every Old Timer of the beach illustrated to some extent the fact that it is very easy for a man to drop the habits of civilized society and revert to the primitive—especially in this easy climate. Count Nugent was perhaps the most conspicuous illustration of this tendency. He came here several years before I did. His full name was as long as the title of an act of Congress. He was educated to take his rightful place in the life of the French aristocracy. Therefore, he was sent out on a tour of the world. But when he reached the wilds of southern Florida he fell under the spell of its climate and easy life and dropped

all communication with his family in France. One day a stranger named Gordon Doe appeared, looking for the titled Frenchman. He had been sent by the count's family to locate the lost aristocrat and return him to his people. But in this undertaking he reckoned without the enticements of Florida. Count Nugent not only refused to return to France but Gordon Doe remained with us and became a land owner and an Old Timer.

"The life here, then, was more primitive than you could possibly imagine. It was a man's world; Mrs. Vreeland was for years the only woman in the Beach section. Our neighbors went for months without seeing a woman excepting when they came to the House of Refuge. They lived very much like South Sea Islanders and, in summer, wore about as little clothing as a South Sea Island warrior.

"Speaking of a world without women recalls the romance of Valentine, a pioneer surveyor. His one-room shack was just south of me on what is now known as Burnham's Island. He was more afraid of meeting a woman than a panther.

"In summer he followed the Fiji Island fashions in dress. This led to the only real fright from which he ever suffered, so far as I know. He was sitting in his cabin one hot day, in almost complete dishabille, when, suddenly, at his door he heard a thin falsetto voice. With one leap he went through the back door—carrying with him its mosquito netting. The breeze was off land that day and the air was full of mosquitoes. They settled on his exposed body in clouds. He was fighting them wildly when Captain O'Neil and Fred Morse appeared, grabbed him and rushed him back into the house.

"Where's the woman I heard?" demanded Valentine. "Sure," laughed Fred Morse, "and 'twas me own gentle voice—which sounds more ladylike with every drink."

VALENTINE lived his free hermit life until he was drowned in New River. All of his acquaintances were surprised to learn that he had left a will bequeathing all his property—mainly land holdings—to a woman to whom, as a young man, he had been engaged. A lover's quarrel had separated them and he had taken to the jungle. She married and recently her son sold one parcel of the land left to her by Valentine for \$50,000.

"Captain Dennis O'Neil is entitled to a prominent niche in Old Timers' gallery because he was the original land speculator of this locality. He began buying land at \$1.50 an acre and holding it until he could sell it for \$10 or \$15. Then we all thought him very shrewd and far sighted. One of the pieces which Captain O'Neil bought was part of an island out here at Las Olas. About fifteen years ago Frank Oliver offered him \$50 for it. After the transfer was made Captain O'Neil confessed to Mr. Oliver: 'I tried to stick that land into a deed to the fellow who bought the adjoining piece—but he caught me at it and wouldn't have it. Now I'm going to tell him that he wasn't so smart as he thought he was.' Decidedly amusing in view of the fact that not an acre of that fifteen acres could now be bought for \$20,000! Captain O'Neil finally returned to New England.

"Fred Morse, the jolly Irishman whose squeaky voice was mistaken for that of a woman, lived long enough to come into his own. He died last year worth at least half a million dollars. Back in those old times, a man was not measured by the money standard as much as he is today. A gallon of whiskey came nearer being the standard of material wealth than the dollar. But what counted most was a man's courage, his loyalty to his friends and his ability to meet emergencies.

"No Old Timers' party is complete without the pioneer physician. The toastmaster calls upon Dr. J. G. DuPuis to respond to 'The Country Doctor,' following this introduction: Last year when lot speculation was staging its great sensational show, an army of real

estate developers discovered that a physician living in modest rooms over his drug store and offices on Dixie Highway, five miles from the center of Miami, owned more than a thousand acres of land in and adjoining Miami. He let go of five acres and then he called a halt. They offered him for his 980 acre dairy farm, prices which would have made him more than twice a millionaire. When he refused they conferred upon him the title of 'Land Miser.' He grinned and turned his attention to caring for his patients, his dairy and the Dade County Agricultural High School—his chief interests in life. Gentlemen: Dr. DuPuis:

"I came here twenty-seven years ago and attended a dance the night I landed. It was held in Lemon City because Miami had no hall. Of course Lemon City and Miami were then separate settlements. Miami had about 1500 inhabitants. The only road from here to Miami was the railroad. I walked to all my calls and walked the track when I went into Miami. There was not a hard road in this country then. I helped build the first rod of rock road put down in what is now Miami. The Ladies Aid Society of the Lemon City Church planned to give a supper each Wednesday evening on Biscayne Beach to raise money for charity.

"The strip of road from the railroad to the beach—about a third of a mile—was impassable for vehicles. The young men of the community volunteered to put in a road. There was plenty of coral rock but the problem was how to move it. We could get two wagons but only one mule. With another young man I found myself in the shafts of the muleless wagon; three others pushed at the tailboard. But the applause of the young ladies who were deeply interested in the project robbed the rôle of substituting for a mule of any indignity.

"This talk of big fortunes made by Old Timers in the rise in land values overlooks a vast volume of the most satisfying sort of prosperity. Hinson, a carpenter of my acquaintance, is a type of what I have in mind. When land here was cheap he bought five acres for a home. Possibly he paid as low as \$15 an acre. He lived for his home and his family and worked hard, six days a week. When the boom came a neighbor said to Hinson: 'Why work so hard? Don't you know that your home has made you rich?' His answer was: 'To keep my children in high school and send them to college. My savings have gone into my home and my children. When I get my price for my place I'll sell and take things easier.' He sold, for \$100,000.

"A gardner bought a lot near me and made it beautiful. He loved it, so he hung to it. Last year he sold it for \$50,000 cash. Charlie Schmidt, a common laborer, bought a lot in this neighborhood for a hundred dollars and lived on it until last summer, when he sold it for \$50,000. E. P. Higgs, a pioneer carpenter, occupied rather a unique position in this community because the working people here had great confidence in his honesty and common sense. They consulted him on land values. He used to say: 'I've never owned a piece of dirt here that didn't increase in value. All the land about here will be worth more than you can sell or buy it for now.' That was his theory, as it is mine, and he became wealthy by following it."

I am not moved to tears because a multitude of binder boys and "development" speculators over-reached themselves last year in their Florida real estate gambles. Hard luck, of course, but an incident of the game! But I get a big kick out of the prosperity which has overtaken thousands of sturdy Old Timers, real settlers, who have believed in their state, worked and endured for it and glory in its triumphs as a personal achievement. And the pleasantest thought possible in connection with Florida's dramatic real estate boom is that its prosperity has percolated to widows who worked in truck patches, to the wielders of mattocks and spades, to the carpenters and mechanics and to the solitary men of the beaches and swamps.



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 for October

## CONQUERORS OF A WILDERNESS *[Continued from page 23]*

\$50,000, a one-half interest in it was sold for \$80,000 and a little later the entire piece sold for \$165,000. In short, for \$72,000 I parted with property which actually sold for \$480,000 a few months later."

Captain Vreeland, a young architect and builder in New York City, came to Florida in 1900, because of broken health. He cruised its entire East coast. Shanties everywhere—no place for an architect! Finally, he settled in Wabasso, on the Indian River, where he worked for the government in connection with mail contracts.

The natural charms of Fort Lauderdale haunted him and when he saw the announcement that the position of "Keeper of the House of Refuge" there was to be filled, he took the civil service examination and, in 1906, was assigned to that post. The position was not, as its title might suggest, the supervision of a social welfare enterprise for reclaiming the erring, but a coast guard station for the

protection of endangered vessels.

Then Las Olas Beach, on which the House was located, was an island, covered with a thick mangrove jungle. New River was the natural highway to the village two and one-half miles from the beach "as the crow flies." Fort Lauderdale village then had about one hundred inhabitants; sixty persons received mail at its post office which has now more than forty employees. Its twenty cabins occupied the center of the present city, which has about 25,000 permanent inhabitants.

"When I look," said Captain Vreeland, "at the Las Olas Beach of today, with its Ocean Boulevard, its fine houses, its procession of expensive cars and its crowds of gay bathers, the old place as I knew it seems like a dream. If one of those young ladies on the beach were to meet Alligator Joe, as I first met him in the jungle, a few rods from this spot, you'd hear a scream that would bring out the coast guard. In appearance he was the nearest approach



## SHRINE NEWS

## EL ZAGAL Takes in The BAD LANDS

IT WAS a trip long to be remembered—historical, beautiful, with hospitality extended at every stopping place.

Regrettably, Potentate Alexander Bruce, El Zagal, Fargo, after having spent months of preparation for the trip, met an accident the night before leaving, turning his ankle, and was unable to guide his desert horde through the fastnesses of the region which has an allure all its own—the Bad Lands of North Dakota. His place was taken by Chief Rabban A. J. Stephens.

The station at Fargo was a riot of color for a full hour before the train pulled out, those of the uniformed bodies that were compelled to stay at home donned their festive raiment to add to the start off, which was on schedule time.

The program given in each city was the parade from the train, an exhibition drill by the Patrol, music by the Band, songs by the Chanters and finale by the Drum and Bugle Corps.

Two things are to be emphasized: That the Saxophone Band comes from Lisbon and reports on every Shrine occasion one hundred percent, and second, that El Zagal has a tower of spectacular strength in Past Potentate Arvold, who had charge of the many and varied diversifications from the established routine.

The first stop was made at Valley City, where the Nobility extended greeting. The line was formed at once and proceeded to the Barnes County court house, which was in process of dedication. The various units took proper parts in these ceremonies. This was to have been followed by a pageant, but rain spoiled that part of the program and the party proceeded to the church where dinner was served, followed by a song service.

Jamestown was the next place in order and a similar program was carried out, terminating in a very lively dance that kept the musicians busy until time for the train to pull out at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Arriving at Dickinson the following day, breakfast was served by the ladies of the Eastern Star. Drilling and music filled in the time until train departure.

At 9-45 autos conveyed the party to the Killdeer mountains, where luncheon was served, a magnificent spectacular setting arranged for all the bodies on the top of one of the mountains. The Scottish Rite, having just finished a three day session in these hills, joined in the spectacle.

In the afternoon, there were drills, concerts, rodeo and a real barbecue, where fifteen quarters of beef underwent treatment for 36 hours to bring them to succulent perfection.

Back to Dickinson by motor cars and off for Beach, arriving at 7 o'clock the next morning. A breakfast of appealing quality was served, the Eastern Stars presiding.

The party left for the Montana line to shake hands with the Montana Masonic officers across the border line and on return the customary entertainment was provided for the residents of Beach.

Medora was the next scheduled stop and it was at the Chateau de Mores grounds that the spectacular climax was reached. It is in the very heart of the Bad Lands district, in the section where President Roosevelt once maintained a ranch and the cowboys—real, honest to goodness ones, with chaps that are old and sombreros that are real—love to tell of his exploits. The Chateau was placed at the disposal of the Shriners for the day and lunch was served.

In the town hall a business meeting was held, while the patrol and other uniformed bodies scattered in Bedouin camps on the sides of the hills.

Then came a Ceremonial that would have made for history anywhere and one which would have caused thanksgiving on the part of the Nobility that they were not among the Novices. The slide was only 120 feet long, running from the top of a mountain to a shaded

glen below and the speedometer was thrown in the bushes before the start was made. There was a free field for endeavor down below and it was put to the best possible advantage, the smallness of the class permitting concentrated effort on the seventeen who found the sands of the desert up to any advance notices as to heat.

On to Dickinson for supper and a dance, with an entertainment in the Dickinson Normal School, where the Uniformed bodies earned well merited applause at the hands of the thousand people in the audience. Past Potentate J. Harry Lewis, Osman, St. Paul, spoke briefly on the hospital movement.

Mandan was the next stop and it had been arranged to spend this day in aiding in the memorial exercises to General Custer, it being the fiftieth anniversary of the day of his burial.

Breakfast was served at the Masonic Temple, the spectacle was put on by the uniformed organizations and immediately after lunch the entire party proceeded to Fort Lincoln, and with the Sioux Indians, the Yankee soldiery and the populace, took part in the memorial exercises, all the music being furnished by the El Zagal units.

In the afternoon, the organizations and all Nobles, with Knights Templar in uniform, proceeded to the center of Memorial Bridge to meet the Bismarck Nobility and exchange greetings.

In the evening a Shrine spectacle and concert was put on at the Capitol grounds, where dinner was served and at 9 o'clock the party of 300 departed for Fargo, at which place they arrived about 3 o'clock in the morning, having very successfully conducted one of the most varied and spectacular entertainments and pilgrimages ever attempted under the auspices of the Mystic Shrine.

A collection was taken up on the train and turned over to the Twin Cities unit for the crippled children to have books and toys.

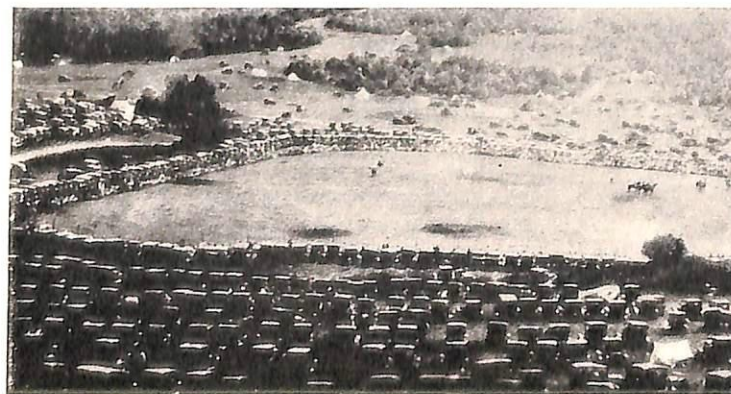
(Right) Potentate Alexander Bruce, El Zagal, Fargo, to whom credit is given for arranging the trip.



(The popular Lisbon Saxophone Band was a big factor in making the trip a success.

(Right) The North Dakota Shriners greeting their Montana fellow Shriners at the State Line.

(Below) A magnificent and spectacular setting was arranged for the rodeo and barbecue on top of Kildeer Mountains.



(Below) With Kildeer Mountains as a background the Shriners of El Zagal conducted a most impressive pageant.



## AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 42]

Most of us miss a lot by weighing life in the gold scales. We try to mix money and happiness, two things not even remotely related. The big thrills of life do not come through money. Conjure up in your mind the thrill which came to you when you put over your biggest money-making deal, and in the other side of the scales, put the thrill which came to you when you lifted your biggest trout out of the landing net; when you killed two right and left over a good dog in the brown October stubble, when you gave the family the first car it ever had, when you stood that night just out of the moonlight behind the honeysuckle covered veranda and held HER close in your arms for the first time! Money! Man, Sir! Money doesn't even understand the language of thrills! But as in all of life, there is a happy mean

between two extremes. This is the true philosophy of the Mystic Shrine. My good old friend who worked ever and saved, probably feels he was a fool for not enjoying life while he still had a stomach, a good pair of legs for dancing and a good pair of eyes to see what can be seen on the Beach at Atlantic City. My bond selling boy friend may some day sit, an old man, regretting that he fed his to the canaries and made two wild oats grow where only one grew before!

Between the two extremes there is a mean, where a man can step aside from money making to sniff the fragrance of a wayside flower; where he can stop in the mad rush for things and yet more THINGS, to have a happy half holiday with his brother Nobles.

Who is a fool anyway? Is it you?

## BRIDE OF THE LAMB [Continued from page 31]

Albaugh—I love you in our blessed Saviour—I worship you—I'll be your slave—walk on me—I'll worship you! I've got to . . .

Albaugh—Ina—Ina—for God's sake—Ina—we can't—we dasset—Ina—!

Ina—Take me—take me—

Albaugh—My soft honey sweet—little bride girl . . . God! Ina—we got to remember—we can't—Oh-h! I got to go now! Don't—don't—I'll get my valise—there's a late train—due now—lemme get on it—

He hurriedly leaves her. Ina, torn to tatters by her religious transport and her blind love for the preacher, falls prostrate upon the floor. A moment or two—and the man is back again, caught in the same net as the woman. He takes her in his arms.

The next morning sees the hopeless problem taken up again.

Ina—Couldn't you? No, that wouldn't be right—to give up your ministry, and—

Albaugh—No, that wouldn't be right. I had a call from the Lord to go into Christ's service.

Ina—Yes, I know. I can't help but think if you wasn't a preacher . . . Or if I wasn't married to him—!

Verna is also to be reckoned with. Though exhausted by her religious fervor, the child insists on cleaning her favorite white shoes. Ina gives her the "whitening."

Ina—My, you daubed your hands. Don't rub your mouth! My goodness! Don't you know that's poison! A little girl drank some of that the other day and she died; my goodness, be careful, don't get that near your mouth!

(She takes the bottle and starts across with it to put it away again. Verna is busy putting her shoes on. Suddenly the desperate course, which has been unconsciously determining in her consciousness, now springs to the forefront of her mind. It grips her. It becomes dominant . . . With nothing surreptitious in her manner—only a controlled white heat of purpose—she goes into her husband's room.)

Verna, in her mother's appalling absence, entertains Mrs. Bascom and Miss Avery by staging a little prayer-meeting of her own. The women, bored, slip away between the child's ecstatic prayers. When Ina returns to the living-room, she is dumbly bewildered by her grim deed. And it is at this perilous moment that a strange woman enters.

Minnie—(JULIA RALPH) I hope you'll pardon me intruding like this, but I was told Mr. Albaugh was boarding here to your house—Rev. Albaugh—

Ina—Rev. Albaugh's out just now— He went for a walk. What—er—

Minnie—It's many a long day since I've seen him! And it's many a long day since he's seen me! I guess you'll laugh maybe when I spring it—I'm his wife! Yes, sir, his wife! He'll be surprised I shouldn't wonder. It's eighteen years since I've seen nor heard hide nor hair of him—eighteen years! I'm not

blaming him . . . we had our differences, and I was to blame, too, I s'pose. And times was hard—we couldn't get work. You know how 'tis. We was in vawdeville. I met him that way. He left me—he left me flat. You know how 'tis—

She goes on and on, putting the final touches to Ina's tragedy. Albaugh comes back.

Albaugh—Minnie! . . . I—I thought you was dead—!

Minnie—Me dead! Hah—that's a good one! No, sir, not me! . . .

Albaugh—I heard you was . . . !

Minnie—You heard I was—! If that ain't like you . . . Not to bother to find out! That's just a piece of everything he's ever done, Mis. Bowman!—a drifter if ever there was one! Never looked the matter up!

A few moments later their conversation is split in two by the convulsive laughter of Ina—laughter that grows into mad screams.

Albaugh—Ina! My God! Ina! . . . Get something—get a doctor! Go call your father, Verna—go wake him up! Get him up!

Verna, running into the bedroom, comes back with a blanched face.

Verna—Poppa . . . ! Poppa . . . ! Look at poppa—!

After a while, the coroner and the sheriff take charge of the desolate little house.

Coroner—Terrible—terrible thing! And to come on top of this week of prayer and uplift!

Albaugh—She couldn't have done it!

Coroner—He died of poisoning from that shoe polish—there's the bottle of it—and then her own emotions on top of it all—I guess it's up to you, Sheriff—

Albaugh—She couldn't have done such a thing—she couldn't have!

Coroner—Don't seem so—but you see for yourself, Rev. Albaugh. Overstrained maybe—I dunno. Seems like things might have been maybe too much for her . . . Life is too much for some. Seems as if we aren't just equal to combating with life—some of us. Any of us!—take it one way and another . . .

And so they take her—a piteous little wreath of paper flowers on her head and a shred of net for a veil. She is gentle and hospitable.

Ina—Good morning! Good morning! How do you do all! Happy is the Bride the sun shines on! And you've been saved too. Praise God—Hallelujah! Over three millions have been saved! Yes! What a harvest—!

Sheriff—We're going to take a little drive now.

Ina—Oh, pardon me—just a moment. I forgot you haven't met my intended! Let me introduce the bridegroom—Mr. Christ. Oh, I am such a proud and happy girl!

Sheriff—You better come with me now. Humming the wedding march, she goes obediently.

Albaugh—God forgive me—God forgive me! Curtain.



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## QUEER STREET *[Continued from page 39]*

the most considerate of men, blessed May for her forethought in typing his copy in duplicate without being told to, and delivered the two manuscripts—May had just finished putting the special article into a clean print dress—late the same afternoon. Disappointed in the hopes he had nursed of being granted more minutes of the editor's time and, possibly, a hint of the fate reserved for Queer Street, he had for consolation a rendezvous with May for a modest tea-room meal that not too modestly entitled itself a dinner.

About eight o'clock he left the girl at the portals of Summerland with the tacit understanding that he would call back for her, as was his nightly wont now, at closing time, and walked home again not on the whole ill-content; as happy, indeed, as a penniless young man in love could well be, for though love remained still a name unnamed between them, his understanding with May was by that time entire, and even poverty, he held, had compensations when a spirit so courageous and sympathetic insisted on sharing its trials. It was, furthermore, beyond him to be deaf to a whisper which foretold a near end to the worst of his hardships; for surely, one would think, Mr. Deacon must have had a good report on Queer Street from his absent associate to make him so keen to read the story himself without more delay!

On the other hand the consciousness of being at rather loose ends which we are accustomed to describe as a "lost feeling" grew upon the young man as he drew near to his domicile; and discovered, all at once, that he was confronted, for the first time since he had landed, by the promise of an absolutely empty evening.

There was no way at all that he could think of painlessly to kill it. Lack of pence forbade a return to May in Summerland; and the author couldn't see himself getting down to work again on his novel without a manuscript to read over and put his mind in tune with its mood.

The tired mind which was Palmer's in those days could not, he found, recall at will more than the broadest features of the passage on which he had been engaged before turning away to the dance hall story. Neither had he any other work in process or prospect to occupy himself with. And foreseeing the long hours which he would have to weary through sitting alone in his room and idle, or else trudging unfriendly sidewalks without any aim, he found himself suddenly disheartened, all on edge with nervousness, and at the frayed end of his patience: scarcely in the humor to make him welcome being ambushed by Old Mortality in the lower hallway.

"Oh hello!" he said in short response to the cheery salutation with which Machen popped out at him. And then, remembering what his young friend, Mr. Ignatius Loyola O'Ryan had uttered in honor of Machen's practice of spying from behind the window blinds, phrases pithy with justice which Machen couldn't have failed to hear, Palmer heartlessly added: "Home has seemed hardly natural, these last few days, without your cordial attentions as permanent reception committee. Hope you haven't been under the weather?"

"No," Machen answered, and had a sickly go at a smile beneath his frazzled moustaches—"not more than usual, that is. This heart of mine seldom lets a day go by without reminding me my days are numbered; but one gets used to that, Mr. Palmer. No: I have been preoccupied, attending to affairs which I have too long neglected—making ready, if you care to know, sir, for the end I know cannot be long deferred."

"Really? Rather a morbid view to be taking, isn't it?"

At the same time it was Palmer's impression that the old boy, with whatever illegible purpose, was trifling with the truth. If he wasn't ill or didn't know he was, indisputably he looked it tonight, with the underlines a slug-

gish liver writes broadened to deep bands of amber beneath eyes more than ever sunken. If his unwholesome habits, which seemingly prohibited seeking the open air and sunshine for their healing, were not taking final toll of his powers, then something mental was banefully busy with the man, some secret worry, like the ceaseless gnawing of a surf, making quick work of the wreck.

Yet a youthful heart whose charity was as a rule if anything too ready could contemplate the manifest misery of this wretch without one thrill of true compassion.

Palmer dimly thought this strange, and felt ashamed.

"'Morbidity?'" Machen repeated. He found another mirthless grin. "Perhaps. And yet I fancy you, if ever you find yourself as infirm and full of years, sir, you too will think such thoughts as mine which you term morbid! It is hardly strange if the darkness of the grave, when it is nigh, casts a shadow on the mind. Nevertheless—he made a brave if ghastly show of putting all such dismal matters by, and cackled a little and scrubbed his talons together like one who sniffs a fragrant kitchen and knows the prick of appetite—"I wouldn't have you believe me self-centered, Mr. Palmer. I have been thinking about you more than you imagine, very likely—about you and your novel. It is my hope to live long enough to see that make a great success. Meantime, it would be generous of you to come in, if you've nothing better to do, and sit a while with an old man and report the progress you have been making."

"Thank you," Palmer replied. He wanted nothing less than to be cross-examined about his work in the frowzy atmosphere of the rooms that lay the other side of those double doors, rooms where memories lay in wait with claws to rend and lacerate. Yet he was loath to seem persistently unkind. After all, he was ingrate did he forget that to this antiquated nuisance he owed the stimulus which was bearing fruit of such fair promise in Queer Street. "Yes—glad to stop in and smoke a pipe if I may—if you won't mind my buzzing off as soon as it's finished. I've got my job waiting, you know."

AFTER that noble effort, it was the more sickening to self-esteem that he should be so unpleasantly affected by the cackle of gratification which Machen gave.

And then the rooms were lighted only by the gas-lamp on the table in the library, whose emerald glass shade cast down a circumscribed space of dusky yellow glow and bathed all else, but the corners to which foul black shadows clung, in a greenish, spectral gloom.

Palmer repented instantly his impulse to be decent for once to the old pest. Somehow this seemed to be something more than he had bargained for.

Still he couldn't go back on his word, or refuse the chair which had been his on the occasion of his first call.

"I have been waiting for you to keep your promise, Mr. Palmer," Machen began, seating himself at the desk, and hideously leering.

"'Promise?'" Palmer wondered.

"You said, if I may jog your memory, you would not fail to call on me for reminiscences to fill in the picture of the old days in your novel."

"Oh yes. And so I shall, before long, I shouldn't wonder. So far I've been muddling through fairly well, without feeling the need of any assistance. That's probably due to the fact," the author truthlessly professed, "that I've been working on the plot more than the background. When I get around to that, I daresay I shall be glad enough to run to you for details."

"So it is still the plot?" Machen mused. "You have found that provides the most difficult problem, then?"

"It doesn't unravel itself too easily, some-

how. I don't mean it is short in point of form and unity so much as that I have to spend a good bit of time, off and on, fishing for motives to make it all plausible."

"Motives for what, if I may ask?"

"Well: for the murder, of course—"

"You are still wedded to that theory?" Machen interjected, jerking his head up from its droop above laced hands. "You must have your murder, eh?"

"I told you in the first place I couldn't build a mystery story on anything so tame as an ordinary case of suicide. A murder is sine qua non to this type of novel, and a murder calls for a murderer, and the murderer must be given a motive for his crime."

"And you have not yet—?"

"I've settled on my killer, all right, I know who he is, and I've even got an inkling on his motive, but it isn't too satisfactory."

"Oh, I daresay it will do, but . . ." Palmer sucked thoughtfully at his pipe, and it gurgled in the stillness like a catch of gnomish laughter. "A trifle far-fetched," he pronounced at length, "to my taste."

"I should be interested," Machen commented, again with head bowed and face clothed in deep shadow, "if I might presume so far, and it would be agreeable to you, to read the manuscript, as far as it is written, and perhaps advise upon this knotty point."

"I'm sorry," Palmer himself didn't know why he was so ready to reject that well-meant offer. "Afraid I can't do that, sir." He might, of course, have pleaded the truth, that he hadn't a manuscript on hand to show the old man; but it seemed best to settle this question on its merits, once and for all time, without taking shelter in a quibble. "I don't like to seem ungracious, but—well! I've got to work my shop problems out all by myself, I suppose, or lose interest in them. It's a point of professional pride, in a way."

"That is understandable," Machen heavily agreed. "I shall remember and guide myself accordingly. At the risk of seeming insistent, however . . . you will remember my advanced age and make allowances, I trust . . . I would consider it a great favor if I might be permitted to see your manuscript and satisfy my curiosity without venturing to offer any suggestions—"

"I'm sorry," Palmer said again. "It isn't possible, at present."

"Later on, perhaps—?"

"Perhaps."

This second refusal was made more bluntly than the first had been; a circumstance which Palmer seemed unable to control; which only aggravated the irritation which unaccountably, he thought, had flared up at the first intimation of Machen's meddlesome bent.

"And you wouldn't care to tell me what your trouble is, in this matter of a motive—"

"See here!" Palmer sat up out of his lounging pose. "I hate to make myself out uncivil and all that. But I'm afraid I've worked my nerves into a ragged state that makes it impossible for me to continue this talk. If you'll be good enough to lay it to that—and I can assure you it's nothing more, Mr. Machen—I think I'll push along and lock myself up where I can't be offensive."

He rose, but his host made no move.

"As you please, Mr. Palmer." That voice of an ancient orator carried an ominous crackle; and the black eyes under the jutting brows held a baleful light. "I shall certainly be careful never to urge you against your inclination again. If you will overlook my not seeing you to the door, and shut it behind you . . . One of my heart attacks threatens to come on. Oh! just the everyday thing, nothing for you to trouble yourself about. Good night, Mr. Palmer, good night!"

BUT the room Palmer returned to was a cheerless cell in his sight, a grubby and sullen

hole, foul with the used breath of a day whose fever held on, even after sundown, abated, and haunted by the reek of toil and the reproach of work that languished for his attention.

And tonight, when he closed his eyes and composed himself to woo those kindly reveries whose society had so long reconciled him to the manifold discomforts of his lodging, all that responded was the distasteful memory of his recent bout with Old Mortality downstairs.

He was sorry he had behaved so badly, and more than a little perplexed by the inability he had proved to be more considerate and civil. Why patience and good nature always failed him when Machen was concerned he could not comprehend. It must be, he supposed at last, their natures were cardinally antipathetic, rendering it as unnatural for them as for a short- and a long-haired dog to meet without bristling.

This explanation seemed plausible enough, and Palmer would have been quite willing to let it go at that, but intuition wouldn't have it and, arraying itself against reason, carried the debate; for there was something deeper in this business, Palmer instinctively knew, than reason could pin a name to unassisted. Where he merely had no use for Machen because he was a busybody and constant source of needless irritation, Machen on his part was fostering a personal animus of a more forbidding complexion. Palmer's emotional souvenir of this latest conversation was that of one who had passed through the shadow of an active and acute hatred.

But why should Machen hold him in hate who only asked to be left alone and suffered to go on minding his own business?

That question found no answer.

What, then, fundamentally, was the cause of hatred?

Fear—or all the lessons of psychology were in fault.

It followed in simple logic that Machen was living in fear of John Palmer.

Which was absurd.

Arriving at this empty conclusion, Palmer roused up and fled a spot where he seemed unable to find better use for his mind than inhered in flogging dull thoughts round a weary circle, and set himself to walk away from his bad humor in the midsummer night's fester of city streets.

Machen, he saw without looking, watched him away; but he declined to take to heart this exposure of the flimsy pretext he had set up of having work waiting for him in his room.

Toward midnight the storm broke which had been for hours a scowl in the sky over Jersey and drove the young man to shelter in a doorway miles across town from the Summerland section of Broadway. The sheeting down-pour constrained him to wait there more than an hour, who dared not risk wetting the one semi-presentable suit of clothing in his wardrobe. But as soon as it began to let up, and in spite of shoes that didn't even pretend to be seaworthy, he set off at a jog-trot through the drizzle, hoping to save the cost of a taxi and still not be late for his appointment with May.

Shop window clocks, of which he had glimpses, advised that this hope was a thin one, but he refused to be persuaded, and argued that, at the worst, he would without fail meet or overtake the girl in one of the streets of the course they were accustomed to follow nightly. She was a sensible young soul, bless her! and might be counted on not only to make allowances because of the weather but to keep a sharp lookout for her belated squire.

The clocks scored in the upshot, for Palmer found the façade of Summerland dark, the iron grating at its entrance locked, and nobody waiting for him under its carriage canopy. He was by that time all but winded, and his old wound had waked up to boot and was aching like hell; but he wouldn't ease up for any such minor considerations, and only let out a notch as he rounded a corner and put Broadway behind him.

May had a lead of half a city block when, from the corner of Sixth avenue, he caught first sight of her; and if permitted to hold the pace she was making at the moment, would be sure to maintain that lead on his flagging pursuit, even if she didn't improve it. For the girl was scurrying wildly toward Fifth avenue, a slight and fluttering shape whose heels were winged with panic. Hard on them a man was running, loping along with complete ease and the lithe action of a panther. Palmer grasped that he had stopped the girl and tried to detain her, and that she had, only an instant earlier, broken away. Another few yards and she would be overhauled, recaptured.

It was no time to stick on a question of ways and means: a taxicab was at hand with its flag up. Palmer panted instructions to the driver, and jumped on the running-board as the gears clashed and meshed. May's brief flight was at end even before the car was actually in motion. The man had an arm about her shoulders and was with considerable address using his free hand to imprison hers that were raining ineffectual blows on his face and bosom. Because she wasn't the screaming kind, the girl was struggling in silence. And her captor, Palmer could see as the cab bore down on the pair, was taking it all light-heartedly, making himself master of the young woman to an accompaniment of delighted chuckles.

The row the taxi motor was making in that quiet street—it was a motor even less confidential about its ailments than the run of its kind—was the cause of no misgivings, apparently, but rather inspired a desire to turn the cab to his convenience. Holding the girl helpless, he swung about, exposing the still laughing countenance of Mr. Yid November to the lamplight, and started to hail with a whistle that was abruptly shut off: the figure which Palmer was cutting, posed in a half-crouch on the running-board, was too informing.

IN THE face of this emergency, November was prompt to fling his victim from him and fall back a step or two, at the same time whipping a pistol out of its berth on his hip. A bullet took off for the zenith as Palmer, without waiting for the taxi to halt, but availing himself of its momentum added to his own, launched bodily through some two yards of air and brought up on the gangster with all the effectiveness of an avalanche. The men who fought in Mesopot never came through that campaign without having picked up a trick or two of short-range warfare.

Palmer, who had the body of the other to break his fall, hopped up nimbly enough and without a scratch to show. November, however, lay without twitch or stir, his mouth ajar and only the whites of eyes showing between half-shut lids. His pistol, fallen from relaxed fingers, rested at a little distance. Palmer took time to kick it into an areaway before looking to May Wilding.

The girl was in a droop on the railing of the same area; but that she had suffered little more than nervous shock was evident.

"O Jack!" she cried, with what was not unpardonably a rather hysterical laugh, as he went to her—"you wouldn't be you if you had done it any other way!"

"You're all right?" Palmer panted, and caught her arm. "Then come along—we don't want to wait for the police, you know!"

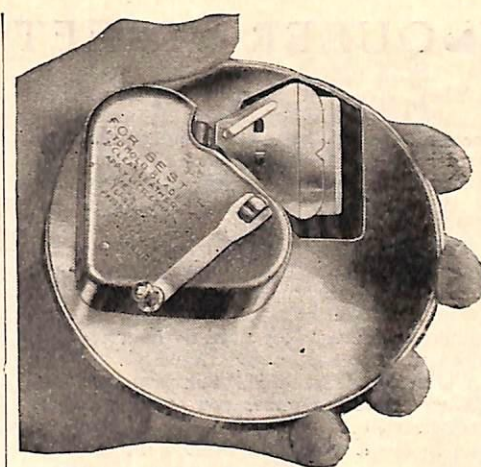
She let him lead her to the door of the cab, but hesitated there with a fearful glance back at the moveless shape on the sidewalk.

"You haven't killed him, Jack?"

"I hope so. Afraid not. Harder to kill than snakes, his sort. Hop in."

The driver, taking the address, put two fingers to the peak of his cap and added a grin for good measure, as broad as it was bright with admiration.

"Right, Captain: anywhere you say between Hell and Harlem! [Continued on page 74]



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## QUEER STREET (Continued from page 73)

They were well on their way down Fifth avenue before the laboring of Palmers' lungs moderated to a degree that made speech comparatively easy. He moved for the first time since sinking back to the seat, but moved only to tighten the clasp of his arm round May Wilding.

"No, don't go 'way: you belong there—always. I suppose there's not much use pretending any longer, is there, dear?"

She shook her head, snuggling a little closer to his shoulder. "Not a bit, darling, 'specially when we aren't deceiving anybody."

"Ourselves least of all," Palmer pointed out. "Then please remember you owe me at least enough respect to listen to me, when I tell you you've spent your last evening in Summerland."

"I hear you, my lord. But even people in love have got to eat, haven't they?"

"I'll take care of that—somehow. And first thing tomorrow you've got to get out and find yourself another room in another neighborhood entirely."

"Why?"

"You knew who that was, didn't you?"

"Yid November, of course—"

"Well: it isn't safe for you to stop another day where he can find you."

"Or you."

"Oh, I'll move, too, of course, as soon as I can manage it."

"And I shall move the day you do, dear, and not one day sooner."

Palmer gave a groan that was well warranted by the hurt of his old wound but was even more the voice of exasperation.

"I tell you, May, I won't have you delay another day—"

"I can't move without paying Mrs. Fay; and I can't do that without getting the money that's coming to me tomorrow night from Summerland."

"We'll settle all that in the morning." The cab was swinging into Queer Street. "Mind you don't forget to come down as soon as you've had your breakfast."

"I'll never," the girl indignantly protested—"if you dare, after pretending to be in love with me, let me out of this cab without being kissed!"

When it stopped, she was contrarily remonstrating: "All right. Just let me go now, dear—I won't forget."

She ran on up the steps while Palmer was settling with the driver, acknowledging his compliments, and vaguely, with a disen-

gaged chamber of his brain, wondering how it happened that, at two in the morning, another taxicab should be parked in front of the old house with motor running and no driver in its seat.

Then, as he turned to follow May, he saw that there was a fair light still burning in the hall beyond the plate glass door; whereas it was the landlady's settled habit to make the rounds at ten o'clock every night and leave every hall light turned down to a starved blue glimmer.

"What's up?" he enquired, joining the girl on the doorstep. "Somebody ill, do you think?"

"I don't know," May replied in undertones of excitement—"I don't think so. They're having a row of some sort inside, Mrs. Fay and somebody, I can't make out who—not Mr. Machen."

"We'll have a look . . ."

Palmer fitted his latch-key and threw the door open.

Mrs. Fay, flushed, disheveled, and visibly the worse for liquor, was standing in front of the entrance to Machen's quarters, arms akimbo, light of battle in her eyes. Confronting her was a nighthawk cabby of the old school, a surly ruffian grimly bent on having his rights by violence if pushed to that extreme.

"Lis'n, lady," he was saying when May and Palmer entered: "I'm goin' t' get th' waitin' time that's run up on my clock out of that bozo 'f I wait till the East River freezes. You may's well cut out all that razzin'."

"F you think it'll help you any, go on, I don't mind—go on out 'n' call a cop. I'm all for it."

There was seemingly a threat in that to strike the virago silent. The cabby swung a luring eye to Palmer.

"G'devenin', young feller," he began. "Maybe you can help me out wit' this pair of crazy loonatics."

"What's the difficulty?" Palmer politely questioned. "I'll be glad if I can be of any assistance—"

"You keep out o' this, Mishter Palmer!" Mrs. Fay thickly stammered. "Gwan on up to yer own room an' min' yer own bus'nesh!"

"It's like this, young feller," the cabby volunteered. "This old bimbo 't lives in here calls me a coupla hours ago 'n' has me wait. Fin'ly he makes up his mind he ain't goin' nowhere after all, 'n' wants I should roll my hoop 'n' let bygones be bygones about what's ticked up on the clock. Swell chanst!"

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"You clear out of this!" Mrs. Fay stormed. "You can come back in the mornin', an' get what's due you, if they's anythin'. I tell you the gentleman's sick. Clear out now, or I'll call a cop."

"Go on, I tell you." The cabby waved a hand of large indulgence toward the open door. "I don't ast nothin' better. Go on 'n' call one."

With snorts the infuriated woman rolled out into the night.

"Maybe you know the answer, young feller," the cabby pursued—"me, I don't get it no way. I'm cruisin' up th' avenoo, see, about a couple hours ago, 'n' this old guy's standin' down on the corner 'n' hails me 'n' says I should come down to this door 'n' wait—he's got some bags he wants I should len' 'm a hand with. So I does. I'm wise he's all excited about somepin, see, but that's nothin' I should worry about. Then he keeps me waitin' 'most an hour before he comes to the door 'n' says, come on in, he's all set. 'N' he takes me into his rooms there, 'n' I see how he's all in a lather 'n' tremblin'; 'n' he's got a coupla grips he musta loaded with bricks, they's so heavy. I can't lug 'em by their handles, so I tries hoistin' one up on my shoulder, see, 'n' lets it fall, 'n' it gives a clinkin' sort of crash, like it's full of coin, 'n' I says somepin about it 'n' the old bird grabs me 'n' pushes me out 'n' locks the door 'n' won't answer when I knocks 'n' wants my pay. Then this fool dame comes up 'n' wants to know whatsamatter 'n' tries to gimme a steer 'n' . . . Hello!"

Three heavy thumps sounded on the inside of the double doors, and an envelope was thrust under them. "There's your money," Machen's voice boomed through the panels. "Take it—never mind the change—take it and go!"

The cabby stooped, picked up the envelope, tore it open, and turned a single ten-dollar gold piece out into his palm.

He looked from it to Palmer, opened his lips to release an oath of amaze, but by every sign concluded he had none in his vocabulary to do justice to the occasion.

With a mystified shake of his head the man made for the door.

[To be continued]

(Love, fear and hate are steadily weaving the plot of "Queer Street" into an intensely dramatic pattern.)

and organize against us."

"Looking at it from the viewpoint of an engineer," I asked, "why do so many men fail in business?"

Kettering smiled to indicate that the answer is absurdly easy.

"Because," he replied, "they get too easily side-tracked. A man studies up a question and plans his course. Since he has studied his own problem a long time, he probably knows more about what he is trying to do than anybody else. Yet the first fellow he talks to will induce him to try something else. Some friend in an entirely different line of business will hear of his plans and say: 'You're foolish to do that. Now let me tell you what to do.' And the man who has devoted his life trying to learn his own business, blunders into following the random ideas of somebody who doesn't know anything about it at all."

Well, Kettering isn't that kind. Evidently he has known almost from childhood exactly where he was going, and he is still headed in the same direction.

## Why I Came to America and Why I Stayed (Continued from page 14)

and was offered a job by the firm of literary agents who handled my war book. It was like being set upon a high plateau where I might draw breath and look down and study the literary caravans pressing on to the crowded market place. Editors, publishers, pressmen, and authors elbowed their way to this clearing house. Their ramifications spread through every state in the union. It seemed as if half the world had taken to the pen and the other half were waiting to reject or publish the results—some of which blazed high into best sellers like a beacon fire, others of which sputtered feebly like a collection of damp twigs and died out . . . An amazing education in the human side of the literary craft: courage, ambition, failure, renewed effort, success.

The atmosphere was one of tremendous stimulation. To me, there was in it something of the quality of rain after a drought; and if, at first, it seemed sacrilege that authors of standing should waste their talent upon love stories when a million maimed men were dragging themselves off to die in gutters, when profiteers were clawing over the piles of unburied dead, it began to dawn on me slowly that it was, after all, life, nature, part of the scheme, as inevitable as light and dark, summer and winter, birth and death. One must go on. Nevertheless, it is a hard teaching: "Let the dead bury their dead!"

With difficulty, because the war kept getting between me and the paper, and rustily, because it had been so long since my mind moved in terms of fiction, I took pen in hand again, and for eighteen long months wrestled and sweated with the writing of a novel. When

I look back at that time, I realize that it was not just a novel that I was doing. I was putting myself to a test of will power, of control. It was my effort to leave the war behind, to digest it so that it would be an instrument rather than an obsession, a servant rather than a master. The novel was called "Soundings" and certainly the soundings that I took were not so much in the characters of the book as in myself. The fact that I really did succeed in finishing it, plus the fact that people were willing to read it, seem to me still two of the most amazing things imaginable. I had thought myself utterly out of touch, completely alien to the mood and tempo of the post-war world. I had thought that at best it would only be one of the sputtering collections of damp twigs . . . New England had done more for me than I knew!

Seven years have gone by since I returned—was "repatriated"—to this country after the War, seven years of working, of helping a little, sometimes, other men with their work, of living along in the same way as they do, of being one of them, of belonging, and finding it good. Once I have been back to England and have been profoundly aware of the change within myself. What roots I had there were roots of another life. They have been definitely cut by the war, by my life over here, by the massing of new habits of thought and conduct and work in an entirely different atmosphere. It is in England that I am an alien. In America I am at home, physically, mentally and spiritually; and so, like Ruth, I can say to my wife in all sincerity, "Thy people shall be my people!"

## The Strong Box of Captain Jade (Continued from page 11)

Harkley snorted. "It would have taken a lot more than that to have brought me into this damned hole, if I'd known it was like this. I don't value money as high as that."

"Too bad you came into the thing at all," said Margott sarcastically. "I didn't need you in the first place. If you hadn't fumbled like an old woman in the passage, we'd be a lot better off now, I can tell you that."

"Fumbled?" cried Harkley. "It's you that did the fumbling. If you'd have sung out quicker, or made a light the girl would never have run like that. How'd I know she'd come diving down the passage?"

"You can't expect one man to do it all, can you?" said Margott. "I had my hands full in that cabin, I can tell you, and a thorough job I made of it, too."

He paused to turn a significant look on Harkley. "I may as well tell you now, I suppose. Old Jade will never send any search party in after us. He'll never make another trip to the Point, either. He'll never do anything again—"

"What d'you mean?" chattered Harkley, in sudden fright.

"It was a croak," said Margott thickly. "It was that damned billy—too heavy. Had to hit him twice in the dark. He just gave one yell and crumpled up on the bed, and that's all there was to it. Now we've got to go inland and go far."

"Good God!" babbled Harkley. "Why didn't you tell me at first. You've done us in now all round."

"Done us in?" cried Margott truculently. "What about the man you shot yourself? It was Belton, one of the divers. I saw him drop and he didn't move again. I took pains to note that. We may have gotten a couple more, too, in the scrimmage on deck."

"I'd never have gone in for this at all if I'd thought there'd be a killing," Harkley whined shakily. "That ain't my style. You promised

that yourself." Fear and accusation were in his tone.

"And now I'm to blame for the whole thing, I suppose," sneered Margott. "It's no more my fault than yours. I didn't think I'd thrown in with an old woman. You know, I've a notion that I'm going to eternally regret the day I took you in on this. Always swore I'd play a lone hand and this will be a lesson to me."

Harkley grimaced. "If I had it to do over again you could do it alone and welcome. It all sounded soft and easy back in port, but in this sink-hole I'd trade off mighty cheap."

Margott eyed him with cold deliberation. "I'll make an agreement with you right now," he said. "Give me the box and all that's in it and set me off on the first solid ground, then you can take the boat and get out of here as quick as you like. I can shift for myself."

"I'll see you damned first," said Harkley, instantly on the offensive. "It's not fair; we're both in this and we divide and divide even."

Margott shrugged and said nothing.

The country grew a trifle higher and a trifle drier as the afternoon progressed. The silent waterways gave way to quaking morasses, not solid enough to hold up a man but enough to offer life to many small creatures, water-rats, lizards, spiders and snakes. To the temperamental Harkley all this offered fresh terrors. Often he could barely suppress a shriek as a black snake or deadly water moccasin glided away almost under the prow of their craft. Now and then a marsh rabbit with ears like a mule and the speed of a deer sprang away through the thickets, instinctively keeping to the logs and firmer places across the bog's quaking floor. Insects sometimes arose about them so thick that they had to wave their arms like semaphores, and cover their mouths and nostrils in order to breathe without sucking in the pests. Harkley [Continued on page 76]

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## The Strong Box of Captain Jade [Continued from page 75]

cursed and railed impotently, fighting down a growing hysteria within.

The undergrowth became thicker and the heat more oppressive as the shadows lengthened, and the silence was the silence of the tomb.

By four o'clock it was already dusk beneath the hanging trees. Harkley became obsessed with panic to reach high ground for camp ere darkness settled. He felt that another night in the boat would see the last of him. They found a low hummock just as night descended, dragged their craft up among the reeds and gave themselves over to the luxury of stretching their tortured limbs on solid ground.

They ate a bit of hard tack and salty bacon, washing it down with rum of which they had brought a good supply, then they cut armfuls of branches with their knives and piled them on the highest hummock. After they had started a mosquito smudge they settled down to rest.

But their relaxation was short-lived. The swamp chorus of the preceding night began anew; frogs gargled and boomed, the insects whined and the owls and poorwills began their incessant calling. Presently there came to them over the water a different sound which they thought at first was some sort of water-bird. It was a dry strident chirking which drew gradually closer and waxed louder.

Suddenly a savage, terrifying snarl cut through the darkness, followed closely by others—sounds made by no bird that ever lived on land or water. So savage were the sounds that the very leafage seemed to quiver overhead and the minor noises of the night were silenced. At the same time, a thick, sweet, horrible smell came to the nostrils of the two adventurers.

"Gators!" muttered Margott hoarsely. "Young and old ones."

Harkley was on his feet like a cornered rat, teeth baring in inarticulate curses. The mailed hoofs of fear had stamped all pigment from his livid features as he stared pop-eyed into the palpitant dark.

"This is hell for sure," came Margott's voice. "They're all around. This is one of their 'walk-about' places. Come on, we've got to get out of here as quick as God'll let us!"

Both men knew the habit of the huge swamp saurians of choosing a certain bit of dry land as a sort of promenade place, to which they would return nightly and nothing short of machine-gun fire could make them vacate. This islet was evidently one of these gathering places.

Desperately, with the iron-bound box between them, the two bolted for the canoe again, Harkley waving a lighted torch. They reached it in the nick of time, for as Margott shoved off, a great sprawling shape came out of the reeds, slowly at first, then with a snapping rush. Full twenty feet long the brute was, and the eyes, slit like a cat's gleamed at them with a hellish green fire.

Out on the water little black knobs rising about three inches from the surface slowly sank out of sight at the splash of their spasmodic paddles. In each knob another pair of green slit eyes had gleamed.

For half an hour afterward Harkley shuddered involuntarily as he paddled, while futile curses fell from his lips.

THE next afternoon found them twenty-five miles inland, near the western limit of the great swamp. Here, where the wild mountain jungles come down to meet the marshes, they deemed it safe to make a permanent camp.

That night a fresh bone of contention was uncovered. They had been sitting for a while in silence beside the fire, in their eyes a stirring of the visions that loot has ever conjured in the brains of men.

"I move," said Harkley suddenly, "that we open the box now and make the split, Margott."

Margott's eyes came round quickly. He shrugged.

"All right, if you're set on it," he said. He arose and began systematically going through his pockets for the key to the strong-box.

At first Margott had fully intended on an even division of the spoil, but in the last twenty-four hours his plans had radically changed. The lure of the big stones he knew lay in the box had been slowly strangling to death the little good that was in him. As he saw it now, he was no less than a fool for having taken on a partner at all, particularly such a timid creature as Harkley had been showing himself.

He had been expecting Harkley to ask for a division as soon as camp was made and he had prepared himself for the emergency; the brass key of old Jade's treasure-box he had very cunningly hidden in the sole of his shoe.

As he felt through one pocket after another a frown of chagrin spread over Margott's features.

"What the devil did I do with that key?" he muttered. "Let's see, I put it in my hip pocket, I'm certain of that. But the damned thing's gone, Harkley. Absol-bally-lutely gone!"

The bewildered frown about the dark eyes was strikingly innocent.

"Yes, it's lost, Harkley. Here, come and go through with me yourself. I want you to make sure. This is a pickle for sure."

Harkley was wholly deceived. He poked his fingers into one or two of Margott's pockets. Margott began to strip.

"Come on, I want you to search everything, my hat and shoes—everything. I don't want you to think I'm not on the square in this."

"Oh, never mind that," Harkley said, disappointed. "I'll take your word for it. But how in the devil are we going to open the box?" He gave up the idea of searching the other and sat down frowning.

"We could shoot the lock to pieces, of course," Margott said.

"Good enough. Let's do it."

Margott himself volunteered. He dropped on his knees before the box and put the muzzle of his pistol against the lock. Then he hesitated and lowered the weapon, looking at Harkley seriously.

"Look here, to shoot it open would be bound to spoil hundreds of dollars worth of stones," he said. "Even the smallest nick makes a stone almost worthless, you know. Besides, what's the good of it now. Better keep them all in one place awhile longer. They'll keep the two of us pulling together, you know, and that's the only way we can get through this thing."

Harkley thought a moment, visible reluctance on his face. The fever was upon him, but he finally agreed.

Next day the sky became overcast with gray, first presage of the February rains which would soon be upon them, and Margott, who from the first had taken the initiative, prescribed a thatched dwelling. They set to work at once, and a strange shelter it proved to be; built twenty feet above the ground in the branches of a great tree, against the time when the waters of the swamp would rise. Each knew what to expect from the coming month; old time water lines on the trunks of the trees showed them that they would soon be dwelling over a veritable lake.

For four days they worked like beavers, Margott instructing the other in the knack of splitting bamboo and weaving light cane and grass for the roof and walls of the structure after the manner of the Nicaraguan natives. The floor was made of bamboo poles laced together with rough lianas.

Two days before their task was finished the rains were upon them—rains such as are never known north of thirty degrees. Ensued blasphemy. Their entire stock of goods was soaked; some of their food spoiled, leaks were discovered in the roof of their dwelling, and had to be painfully chinked. The jungle became a

steaming, dripping hot-house, with an atmosphere that had a sheer physical weight. Perspiration ran from them in streams without any exertion at all. For days the torrents never ceased; the water of the swamp rose visibly and everything under cover became coated with a gray-green mould.

The labor of building over, a great lethargy settled over the two that was like nothing Harkley had ever known before. There was nothing to do but think, sleep and eat; no way of taking exercise, the water beneath their tree was already two feet deep.

All this bothered Margott not at all. He had rigged up a hammock of canvas in their flimsy quarters and in it spent most of his day, smoking, sleeping, and singing songs by turn. He wore only a singlet and a pair of dungarees, and his dark skin seemed perpetually oiled.

Harkley fumed and fretted, sitting for the most part in the open doorway, glooming disconsolately out over the dripping yellow world. The silence and the monotony played havoc with his fidgeting nerves and he saw that only through bodily activity of the past days had he held himself in hand. He descended the rope ladder several times a day and sculled off in the canoe with Margott's rifle, in search of game. The mists were so thick that he'd lose all bearings twenty yards from the home tree and would have to shout to Margott for direction.

BY NIGHT the white mists descended over the jungles seeming to press in and smother them from all sides. Sometimes they were so low that they were on a level with the floor of their dwelling, like a white, cottony lake that stretched away without limit into the silent swamp. At other times the mists descended to just the tops of the jungle trees and seemed pressing down over the forest like a lid that shut out every breath of air. Often Harkley could hardly restrain himself from rushing to the open door and shrieking wildly into the darkness in a challenge to the deathly, dripping stillness that day or night, never lifted, never varied.

Margott ridiculed Harkley's petty activities, his display of nerves. He discovered very early the other's hysterical fear of the big swamp spiders and other crawling things, and called him an old woman. He himself had not a nerve in his body in such ways, and as for the inaction, he loudly maintained that that was the one beauty of the present situation.

"You whined on the other key when you lived on a miserably pearly wage," he would tirade. "Now you're whining for something to do. Why, man, we needn't either of us ever lift a hand again—think of it."

Harkley shuddered. He was thinking just then of the still body of Belton, the diver, as he had last seen it in the passage, and the very mention of future ease for the deed was like sacrilege.

Never before given to introspection, Harkley became ridden with dark self-communings in which the entire scroll of his past unrolled before him in minutest detail. He lamented many things, particularly those that had happened among the bright lights and teeming life of the cities of the North, and he cursed himself for ever having left them. He saw all the vital steps that might have been taken and were not—things that would have changed his entire life. He saw himself as the victim of an unjust fate that dated from the day his father turned him adrift—a fate that had ruthlessly taken him and broken his every chance of a future. Like all men of his stamp he laid all failure and wastrelism at the parental door.

Margott, too, had his regrets, but they were physical, not moral. He regretted the license and gaiety of Port of Spain, the laughter, the wine shops and bright-stockinged girls. He bemoaned the bungle that had aroused the ship's crew, but never once the fateful com-

plication that had taken two lives. Of conscience he seemed to have not a rudiment, but as for Harkley, not a night passed but what the ghastly silence told him he was a Cain, a branded man.

The days passed into weeks and by slow, very slow degrees, the crushing monotony and desolation got in its insinuating deviltry on their characters. Talk became almost nil between them, and what there was, was in the form of jibes and sarcasm. Each wondered what he had ever seen in the other. In the close confines of their eight-foot roost, there was no escaping an intimacy that was a thousand times worse than the most sordid familiarity of the outer world. There was no means of sanitation and conditions of unspeakable squalor quickly developed. Personal throw-backs and perversions flourished and thrived by natural course. Each lesion, habit, and weakness of the one would be carefully tabulated by the other; they learned each other's thought processes until each knew what the other would say when he opened his mouth.

By some queer chemistry of contrast, the esthetic strain in Harkley's old New England ancestry became more pronounced than ever in these noxious surroundings. He grew squeamish over his eating, perhaps because of the other's growing slovenliness; he strove to keep himself looking neat and shaved painfully every other day in a bit of cracked mirror. He railed at the lack of fresh meat and delicacies and his inability to cut his hair.

In direct antithesis to this, the primitive strain in Margott came to the surface even faster. He banished all care, even decency. The veneer of civilization dropped from him like a husk. After the first week he neglected to shave, letting his beard grow as it would and his whole person became let down. He wore his singlet open and the sight of his hairy chest and dark skin came to fill Harkley with an insane revulsion. It seemed to the scion of New England that the oily skin of Margott became darker and the features coarser every day—the dark luminous eyes were forever flickering here and there with the watchful alertness of an animal. Margott had a way of noting any little movement of leaf or water in the identical way of the wild creatures; the very fact that he thrived and fattened under such conditions was meat for revulsion in the ascetic Harkley.

"Why, the man's a nigger," he would say to himself in a mania of disgust. "No wonder he thrives in this hole; he's a nigger. God had a grudge against me when I took up with such a beast."

To have had the pearls before them to handle, to admire and conjure upon their worth and beauty, would have done much to lighten the grim monotony of their days, but Margott remained obdurate on the matter of shooting the box open.

"As soon as the water goes down we'll burn an end off the box with hot brands," he promised. "Then not a stone will be hurt."

And with that Harkley had to content himself. Much as he longed to empty his spleen of invective upon the other without stint, he was wise enough to sense the gravity of an out-and-out break between them, when each was solely dependent upon the other for every human need.

The beginning of the end came late the second month, when their cask of fresh water gave out. This was critical. The two were forced to make countless trips into the surrounding swamp gathering the water that had collected in the hollows of tree stumps. They knew that this was recent rain water and comparatively fresh. To Margott this all came in the course of the day, but Harkley abhorred it. On one of these occasions they were almost lost in the swamp and only Margott's native instinct brought them back to the Tree. After that only one ventured out at a time, and never went beyond call.

After a week of this sort of thing Harkley felt himself driven to the last notch of his brittle neurotic endurance. He had been failing day

by day so that he hardly knew himself in the bit of cracked mirror; face gaunt and sallow, eyes sunken and cheek bones pointing. He found it almost impossible to sleep now, and to his ragged nerves the swamp had become a haunted, festering sink of evil, death and every pestilence. For weeks they had never seen the sun and at times he suffered vague comas of the conscience in which he wondered if he had not died and the swamp was a cross-section of purgatory, some dank limbo of the damned.

One morning he brought about sudden and violent ructions by proclaiming that he could stand no more and demanding a return to the coast at once.

"What! Go back?" cried Margott wrathfully. "Good Lord, listen to the man. Go back and put your head into the noose, eh? I tell you we've got to stick it out another month yet, and then we'll be lucky to run the gauntlet. We're both in this thing and we've got to see it through together."

"You made me a proposition once about the boat—" began Harkley.

"Yes, and you didn't take it and that's an end to it. You can't take the boat now till the water goes down. I can't swim about, can I? You're due to stick unless you can make a boat for yourself, and many a long day that will be. Get on top of yourself. If I can get used to it, you can."

The little demons that have their home in the swamp's green desolation must have prompted Harkley's hot retort:

"Get used to it?" Harkley snarled. "I'm a white man, I'll have you understand, not an infernal swamp rat!"

There was direct insinuation back of the words. Margott, in the act of raising a match to his cigarette, arrested his movement and brought his eyes round to Harkley's face with a deadly cold deliberation. Beneath the look a structure of hate was rearing itself—a hate such as does not grow in the North.

"Yes, you're white all right," he said slowly. "White clear through to the liver, that's you. Bah, you make me sick with your whining. God, who'd ever think the day would come when I'd be taking up with a long-haired son of a psalm-singing rat?" (Margott had heard of Harkley's novitiate in the college of Divinity.) "Ought to've brought a maid along to lay out your nightie and turn the lights low, you big swab!"

"I may have civilized notions," said Harkley with a show of dignity, "but I refuse to live like the swine. Good Lord, man, I haven't had a bath in two months—"

From where he sprawled in his hammock Margott surveyed the other's lank, sallow, big-boned figure in its ragged undershirt with complete disgust.

"A skeleton like that is scarcely worth washing," he chuckled in his paunch.

Harkley drew himself erect. He was suddenly trembling throughout his gangling length, his close-set eyes flamed with a spasmodic but futile rage. Spots of color stood out on his usually pale face, as Margott's irritating laugh boomed out.

"Laugh," he cried fiercely. "Laugh if you must and show your obscenity." He stared in fascinated revulsion at the other's shaking avoirdupois and glistening dark skin. "Stop it, for God's sake. Pah, what an unspeakable beast you are! There isn't a spark of decency in your system."

Suddenly vibrant with the unrelieved passions of months, choking with the desire to expend his combative muscular coils of their stored-up venom for all the galling contumelies he had suffered at the hands of the other, Harkley's thin lips quivered and twitched with a wholly uncontrollable emotion as the two stood facing. Heat-weakened and half sick as he was, his body could offer no resistance to the sudden disintegrating tide of passion that engulfed him.

The laugh had faded from Margott's face also. "Ho, so the pot calls the kettle black," he said nastily. "What about yourself? I may be unshaven and dirty [Continued on page 78]

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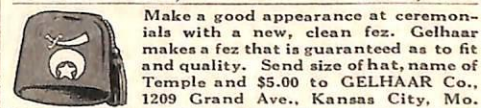
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## The Strong Box of Captain Jade [Continued from page 77]

when barbers are a hundred miles away and there's no one to see or care, but by heaven I'm no coward, at least. No one ever accused me of trembling like a school girl at sight of a snake or spider. I go into a thing with my eyes open, and I don't whine afterward. My Lord, how I hate whiners—preachers and whiners!"

"Stop it, or by heaven I'll not be responsible for what I do!" Scarlet flushes of anger and excitement staining his neck and face, Harkley suddenly towered above Margott with clenched fists. "You're going too far in this, Margott!"

"He's afraid of me," thought Margott to himself. Aloud he laughed throatily and said: "You'd better stop yourself, my friend. You're working up a fine temperature, and in this heat—" He broke off with a malicious chuckle. It was so. Hot flushes one after another were already chasing each other through Harkley's blood, vitiated as it was by countless sleepless nights and lack of nourishment. He had been expecting such an attack for days. . . . From his hammock Margott lay leering at him and it suddenly flashed over Harkley that he had never seen that face before. Those eyes were the eyes of an unmitigated savage, capable of anything. More by feeling than anything else he knew all at once that he stood on the threshold of a great danger—a danger that lay in the loss of consciousness that would come with the fever. If only this last brush of their's could have been avoided. Before, there had been at least a semblance of fellowship between them; now nothing but open enmity.

A shiver of direct premonition passed over Harkley; he felt very sure that should he succumb to fever now he would never again recover. The new thing he had seen in Margott's face made him certain of that. Something would have to be done and at once. He felt like a rat in an intangible trap from which there was no escape. He was striving with all his strength of mind and will to rally against the growing blackness, but he knew in his veins the thing was useless. Already a feeling of giddiness assailed him, a growing lightness of the head which he knew by experience would soon be out of hand.

Meanwhile their quarrel had been proceeding. A devil had roused in the indurate brain of Margott that would not be stilled. Reason broke down before the mania of released rancor and neither seemed able to turn the thing off.

Finally Harkley rose and dragged out the strong-box from its resting place beneath the hammock. In a sudden determination born of desperation he had decided to demand an equal division of the loot at once, his idea being to secrete his half of the treasure somewhere in the swamp ere the fever veils descended. Otherwise he felt sure he would never see a stone of the lot. As he lifted the box to the rude table, Margot sat up in his hammock with a creak.

"What are you doing there, old woman?" he demanded sharply.

"I'm going to make the split now," said Harkley through his teeth. "I've a right to it if I see fit. I've asked for it enough, now I'm going to take it whether or no. What's more I'm going to build a raft and get out of this—tomorrow. You can stay on and be damned."

His words were very puissant and brave, to hide the ghastly growing giddiness within, that bid fair to overpower him in a matter of hours, perhaps minutes. With his last words he drew his automatic, held the muzzle to the key-hole and disregarding Margott's cry, drew the trigger. The weapon roared and the hand-made copper lock shattered to bits.

With a cry of rage Margott was on his feet. A shove of his bear-like arm sent Harkley sprawling to the floor. He sprang up on the instant, a devil looking out of his narrowed eyes.

The two men stood a moment facing each other like beasts. The lean tendons of the New Englander were jerked taut and quivering.

His long white teeth stood out from his thin lips and his eyes had a preternatural blaze from the double flame of fever and rage.

"You sniveling idiot, you've ruined a thousand dollars worth of stones with that shot!" Margott's leer had gone and over him as he crouched was the controlled ominous calm of the phlegmatic nature fully aroused. With his long arms and black hirsute chest damp with sweat, he looked not unlike a great ape as he advanced slowly to the other. The opaque dark eyes were pitiless as fate as one hand moved slowly toward the sheath-knife at his belt.

"Margott, I say Margott!" came Harkley's voice, frankly terrified. But Margott came on.

With fear, loathing and desperation, Harkley struck wildly out with his bony fists, full at the other's bearded face. The two grappled in a silent tension of hate. In Margott's eyes, at least, was murder; he had been waiting for just such a break as this.

Capable of tremendous effort when aroused, he forgot his knife, and plucking his assailant to him, tried to break his back over the edge of the table. With a spasmodic wriggle Harkley slid clear and the two crashed kicking and clutching to the floor, where they rolled together, twining their arms about each other frenziedly in a grip like death lest a hand work free to pluck a weapon. Their shirts tore from their bodies and in the flow of sweat their grips did slip at last, but in the blind clash of flesh against flesh they had forgotten knives and guns, and knew only the mania to maim, to rend.

Over and over they rolled, whining, gasping and cursing inarticulately, while the frail structure shook and bid fair to collapse. Presently they crashed into the rickety table and knocked it from its moorings against the wall. In its fall the strong-box of Captain Jade slid off, and Margott who was on top was struck on the head; the lid flew open and some of the precious contents went rolling to the floor unnoticed.

MOMENTARILY dazed by the blow on the head, Margott's grip loosened. Harkley writhed free. He clambered to his feet and brought him on the instant of his weapon, but it had fallen off in the scrimmage. Like a cornered rat his glance swept the room and fell on the bush-axe. His hand closed on it; the axe swung through the air in a vicious blow at the head of Margott who was rising. The other saw his danger and dodged, but not in time. There was the dull, sickening impact of steel on flesh that brought a faintness over Harkley's limbs, then the thud of a soft body to the floor.

Harkley cleared his eyes of the red mist and looked. Margott lay there supine and still, in a pool of carmine that grew and spread, and its trickling drip added to the drip-drip of the rain-laden mists on the thatched roof above. Harkley stood there swaying drunkenly, then moved to the wall for support. The momentary flush of victory passed with the red mist. Victor? No. The dripping silence already crowding in on him, told him he was a murderer, twice a Cain. He covered his face with his trembling hands that he might not see.

But only for a moment. Fear and the love of life were the strongest things within him; a mania possessed him to leave this shadowed crypt and its ghastly occupant behind. Nothing but lurking insanity in here; outside lay life. He thought of the sea, and the clean, firm sands where living breezes blew.

With trembling hands he began gathering up the scattered pearls. Thought of another night here filled him with panic. The boat was tied and waiting and with the box clutched tightly to his breast he descended the rope-ladder at once. He did not even think of taking provisions, and had he done so he would not have gone back; everything he had put in his mouth for weeks had been repellent to him.

Then Maxwell Harkley in his ignorance, attempted to do what not even the natives who know Yolaina Swamp would attempt to do in flood-time. He attempted to follow the course of the main winding stream through the length of the thirty-mile swamp, through Pearl Lake, and thus out to the Coast.

Even with the swamp in its normal state this is a ticklish feat, but during high water when a thousand identical water-ways branch away in all directions and the canopy of mist and woven branches shut out the sun and stars, it is next to impossible. A man might well wander in circles for days, over a radius of a few square miles.

Throughout the afternoon Harkley held against the fever-tide within and paddled, paddled with a determination that was wonderful, keeping to what he thought was the main flowing stream. He burned only to put miles between him and what lay behind. He watched for dimly remembered land-marks, thought he recognized some of them, and went on.

Darkness came and because of Margott the night was a night of horror. Sometimes his consciousness would dim, he would sink down into the bottom of the canoe and sleep fitfully for an hour to awake suddenly to some night noise, probably to find his canoe grounded among the reeds. He would rally his swimming faculties at sound of the creeping, scuttling life about him and push on again till another fainting spell took him.

On one of these occasions, he woke up in a great pond and as he sat up in the wobbling craft, a hysterical scream was wrung from his lips, which seemed to be answered from every side by countless mocking devils. The whole jungle screamed and the sounds went skittering across the still waters with echo upon echo.

A huge black shape had just plummeted to the surface of the water within four feet of his craft and vanished with a mighty splashing that sent the water over the side of the boat. Others followed suit all around; the water was alive with them. He had thought them alligators at first but made out that they were garfish, giant twenty-footers that inhabit the torrid swamps of that region. Night birds began clamoring as if in answer to his cry; prowling night animals in the surrounding bush whose voices no human ear had possibly ever heard before, were calling to each other across the water.

Beating his fists frenziedly upon the brass-bound box in the bottom of the boat, the deaths-head of a man screeched and yammered in a sort of defiance at the horrors of the dark, until he found enough presence of mind to seize a paddle and scull away. For hours after that he paddled unceasingly until the perspiration streamed from every pore of his body. Only the physical activity of that night prevented him from going completely insane.

When the eternity of waiting and blackness gave place to a new day Harkley's tongue was swollen and thick, his lips and throat were filled with pain and his head felt infinitely huge and remote. He had covered, he judged, a score of miles during the night and could not now be far from the entrance to Pearl Lake.

As the dawn lightened, he was sure he saw another familiar land-mark passed on the trip in; then, a bit later, through a break in the leafage, he sighted the brown thatched roof of a dwelling.

"Thank God," he sobbed aloud. "I'm getting somewhere at last."

Evidently he had come out to the lake by another tributary. He raised a haloo as he paddled nearer and his eyes strained eagerly ahead for sign of a brown native face. Negro, mangy Chiriqui, or the ugliest of the little red swamp dwellers with clicking tongue and prehensile toes, he who answered his call would at least be a human creature and Harkley felt that he would fall upon the neck of him and weep melting tears of humanity. But though

he called again and again there was no answer from the thatch.

He stopped paddling then and looked around for other signs. Suddenly he burst out moaning like a stricken animal and dropped his head in his hands. It was the home tree he was looking at, the ghastly scene of all his horror and travail! All night he had been paddling desperately in a great ten mile circle and now he was back exactly where he had started from.

Horrible sobs racked his throat as he sat there, and his body shook with weakness and despair. His strength was all but spent, his reason itself was slipping. This was the brittle limit, the bottom of all things.

He did not know how long he sat there, weak tears rolling down his face. Something seemed to have cracked within him; he felt shorn of all volition, oblivious to heat and horror.

It was the flapping of wings that roused his waning consciousness. He raised his head. Three birds rose from the roof of the dwelling and soared away—the great black buzzards of the tropics. He felt himself a doomed man now. But no matter what came, he must get away from here. He would not lie at the end in this haunted, festering hole.

He saw things very clearly all at once; himself and Margott; greed; the crime and the flight. This swamp with its corroding gloom, the squalid thatch and the dripping rain, it was all a perfect picture of his state of mind. Death or not, he would change that. . . . Then he realized that he was stronger, or that the humidity was not so killing. He glanced skyward. A break had come in the rains; the blessed sunlight was beginning to flood down into the heart of the swamp—the first seen in many long weeks. Even as he had sat there the mists had been breaking up. . . . Something between a laugh and a sob broke from Harkley's lips.

The second journey began in calmness and clarity, for reparation lay at the end of it. He had fully decided that. To gain the Coast he must find strength and nourishment. Above him in the thatch lay food, all that the swamp could offer. With cool deliberation he mounted the rope-ladder a last time, entered the house without a tremor and with face averted from that which lay on the floor, gathered up what remained of the food.

He ate in the boat, as he drifted away, headed eastward toward the rising sun and atonement. He still fought down the fever-tide within—stretches of clarity followed by swimming blackness, but he did not fear it now. He did not fear anything. Something outside of his own volition seemed guiding him, even in his coma.

Once, at the last, as he was nearing the eastern limit of the swamp, a strange vision was vouchsafed Harkley. The darkness had slipped over him again and he had been lying in the bottom of the canoe, he knew not how long, by the reedy shore of a little islet. A laugh had aroused him and caused him to sit up—a laugh that he knew. Another boat lay beside his own and in it stood Margott looking down at him. He was not the bestial, slovenly creature he had last seen, but smiling and friendly and dressed as Harkley had first seen him in Port of Spain.

Harkley had no fear. He lifted the strong-box of Captain Jade and held it forth.

"I'm sorry, Margott," he said wearily. "Here, take all the stones—they're all yours now—and forgive."

But Margott shook his head.

"I don't want them," he said still smiling. "Wealth is nothing, it is the least of all things. That is part of the truth I learned beyond the Black Gate."

"The Black Gate?" muttered Harkley, and a strange shiver passed over him. "What is that?"

"Come," said Margott, "I will show you where it is."

Two other figures now appeared behind Margott. They were Captain Jade and Belton, the diver, and Harkley gave an inarticulate cry as he saw them. He lifted the strong-box

again and held it forth tremblingly to its rightful owner.

"Take it," he said wearily. "I was bringing it back to you—I want only to be rid of it. Take it and forgive."

But Captain Jade smiled as Margott had done and shook his head.

"It is no good to me," he said. "Wealth is nothing. You, too, must learn that. Come, we will show you."

He raised an arm and pointed. Harkley looked and saw a great dark portal vaguely looming like a gate at the end of a tunnel.

"Come," echoed Belton, "we will show you."

"But first I must get rid of this," cried Harkley, pointing to the box. "I must go back to give myself up."

The other three smiled. "This way," they echoed. "This is the way to atonement. Follow us. We four belong together."

Then the strange craft that carried them moved away over the still waters, and Harkley seizing a paddle desperately followed. He was surprised at the speed they made.

"Wait," cried Harkley. "Wait for me."

But they did not stop; only turned and beckoned him on. He paddled until they had disappeared in the distance, paddled until he fell again from weariness. Once more he saw the looming of a great black gate above him, nearer now, a mighty portal through which a stream of figures passed in silent, endless file.

He realized then, in that moment of clearness, that it had been but the workings of his own fevered conscience, that Margott, Jade and Belton had come back from the spirit world to lead him on to the black gate of Death.

All this and more, he knew, before the Darkness took him.

THE Treasure Bird was once more making her monthly coastwise trip southward to San Juan del Norte and Port of Spain beyond. Navigating under a new master now, the mate who had formerly sailed under Captain Jade, the schooner lay anchored off Monkey Point. The hour was sunset and the captain having finished his barter with the natives, was issuing orders to put to sea, when a sailor reported a canoe putting out from the estuary. Fancying some native had something further to trade the captain put about to wait.

Only one man sat in the canoe which was heading straight out toward the schooner. But as the craft came nearer the men on deck noted something strange in its movements. It moved spookily toward them over the still water as if drawn by an invisible force and this effect was heightened when they were unable to detect a sign of action on the part of its occupant. A hail from the ship brought no response, and then they saw the queer craft swing about and float broadside to, and still no hail.

"There's something queer about that. What's the beggar up to?" muttered the captain. Against his own will and with an oath at the delay he ordered the small boat to be lowered.

They found that the occupant of the canoe was a dead man. He sat in the bottom of the craft huddled forward with his bony arms clasped about a brass-bound box. At sight of it the captain uttered an incredulous oath.

"The Strong-box of Captain Jade, by the Almighty!" Then he peered closely into the rigid face of the dead man. "Why, it's that parson-chap from the States," he said, "one of the pair that did old Jade in. Only a few hours dead, too. He was bringin' the box back when he croaked, bet a thousand pesos," he opined.

"Always did hold there was somethin' decent about that chap." He took another look at the mummified face of the corpse. "God, what he must have suffered in there," he muttered, turning away with a shudder. "Seen more than fever and hunger, I'll wager, what with his conscience and that swine, Margott. Take him ashore, some of you men, and give him a proper grave."

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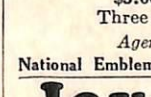
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## DEALING IN FUTURES

[Continued from page 62]

statistics are to be interpreted in terms of boys and girls coming back for re-examination, of children waiting for diagnosis, of mothers proudly displaying the child who can walk at last, of other mothers wondering fearfully what is wrong with their children. There is the physiotherapy department which handled over three hundred cases during the year. There is the follow-up work which is extremely valuable. When a child leaves the hospital he is not lost sight of. If the surgeon says that he would like a report on that child in two months, or six, or ten, there is an immediate note made to that effect and on the proper date the letters are sent out, not only to the child's parents, but to the temple under whose auspices the child entered the hospital; and the report is obtained.

All the way, in every department, brains and devotion are working closely together. In the workroom downstairs where the necessary appliances are made for the children, they tell you that these things are not only made more efficiently but more cheaply by having a workroom in the building instead of buying them outside. Everyone connected with the hospital seems busy and yet there is no appearance of hurry anywhere and the ease of discipline which is maintained over sixty-three children of varying ages is astonishing. Sixty-three, who surely have more reason than the average child has to be fretful, but are not, because they seem to get the spirit of the place and realize that everything possible is being done to help them.

One carries away many pictures from the hospital. There is the kindly, amusing one of the chewing gum distribution by one of the business men who is most deeply interested in the hospital and who always has a pink package of gum for each child. It was the same man who told me stories of some of the children I saw there, personal stories, human ones. He had taken pains to learn the background of many of the boys and girls. There is the picture of the child lying flat on his stomach in bed and wanting to do nothing else because some operation or change of appliance had at last made it possible for him to do so, the picture of the tiny, twisted child walking so gaily across the ward floor that Dickens' story of Jenny Wren came suddenly to life.

But before I left the hospital I asked Miss Corey, the very able and hospitable nurse in charge, if I might see the wards again. When I went in, it was the hour when the children rest. The white blinds were drawn against the sun and in every bed a child lay quietly. Some were sleeping, with a pink chewing gum wrapper on the pillow beside them, some lying awake, thinking possibly of the cleanness and order and peace about them, or of sad and cruel things they had been relieved from, or of

any one of the other thousand strange, wistful things children carry in their minds.

It was as peaceful a place as I have ever been in and it occurred to me that some of these children were possibly getting the first rest they had, that until now they had been dragging maimed bodies around in a world which makes such a point of the fact that the race is to the swift. One could not tell, of course, how many reconstructed lives lay in the little white beds or how the future of the country might be changed by the straightening and mending of some of these crippled bodies and the strengthening of the children's courage. But this one could be sure of, that every time one of those small beds is occupied, human indifference and wastage is somewhat lessened.

In the future the Shriners will of course be able to collect from their hospitals, of which the Twin City one is only a typical unit, statistics to show what their total contribution in restoring people to normal living has been. It will probably exceed their most optimistic expectations, but whatever the yield on the devotion and money they expend on these hospitals may be, it will be the best return they could get from any investment.

### CHILDREN CONTRIBUTE

The endowment fund of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children has been increased by a contribution of fifteen dollars from a wholly unexpected source. It came through a circus performance given on Shipboard by children who had heard a Noble tell about the work of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

The story came through Noble Thomas M. Jordan, Chief Rabban of Abou Saad Temple, who wrote to Secretary James R. Watt of the board of trustees at Albany, as follows:

"On the S.S. Ancon, sailing from Cristobal, Canal Zone, May 9th, 1926, about twenty-five Shriners were making the trip to attend the Imperial Council meeting at Philadelphia.

"During the voyage many entertainments were given by the Nobles assisted by the other passengers. We were fortunate in having with us Mr. C. W. Moorman of the International Committee of Army and Navy Y. M. C. A.'s who was asked to address us one evening. The writer had previously given him a copy of the first issue of The Shrine Magazine and his talk on the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children was indeed an eloquent one.

"On the afternoon following the address the children on board held a circus and charged 10c admission, raising thereby the sum of fifteen dollars. After the show the writer was asked to come forward and with a very graceful speech one of the young girls handed him the money with the request that he accept and forward the money to the Hospital fund."

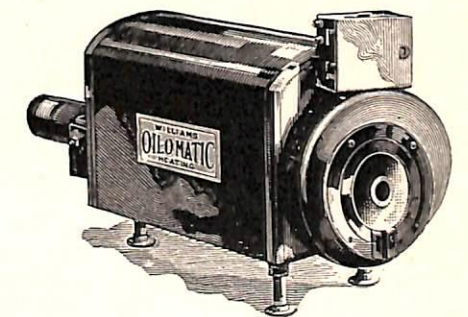


These children gave a circus performance on ship board and turned the proceeds—(\$15) over to the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

Portland's unit of Shriners Hospitals gave a water melon party to its little patients. It was a great success.



EACH morning you wake in luxurious comfort. The faithful Oil-O-Matic below stairs has anticipated your rising. The temperature is always just the degree you enjoy, regardless of the outside weather.



# Men Can Be so Stubborn About a Thing Like Oil Heat

A protest by MARY EDGINGTON WIDNEY

Man is so inconsistent. He illuminates our fingers with jewels, and lets us shake the furnace.

He buys us an electric washer to save hands that must split kindling. Or he writes a sizable check each week for a maid who won't even look at the fire.

He surprises us with a grand piano and expects us to play "The End of a Perfect Day", after playing fireman. He gives us a closed car and cautions us not to let the furnace go out.

And all to no purpose. Even to his own discomfort.

### Oil heat without attention

He could have oilomatic heat installed for the price of a few tons of coal. And the odds are, that while paying the balance over a year, he would save about 10% on the heating bill.

Granted that we women know little of mechanics.

The kind of oil heat I am referring to doesn't require that we do.

All of my neighbors who have oilomatic heat say that they never look at their burner except to show it to guests. When I visit them, I cannot tell whether the burner is running or not.

### Oil heat not expensive

But the thing I do notice is the sense of comfort and the freshness of their furnishings. And they don't dust half as often as I do. I have to have the ivory woodwork cleaned before every party. They never touch theirs. I have my white curtains washed three times as often.

And with all this extra work, our coal heat costs us more than their oil heat!

### Comfort is beyond price

It is not cost that is depriving thousands of fami-

lies of oilomatic heat. They spend an equal amount many times for luxuries that cannot give a fraction of its comfort and satisfaction. Nor is it the size of their house or type of heating plant. Oil-O-Matic has been functioning with the regularity of a watch for seven years in houses of five to thirty rooms. And in every standard heating plant.

It is only because they do not realize how much more comfortable home would be. Or what a relief it is to be freed from all thought and care of the furnace.

### Get the facts today!

Once you talk to the oilomatician in your community you will see oil heat in its true light. Or read, "Heating Homes With Oil." It's a new book just off the press, that you may have for the simple return of the coupon below. Just fill in your name and home address and drop it in the mail.

Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp.  
Bloomington, Ill.

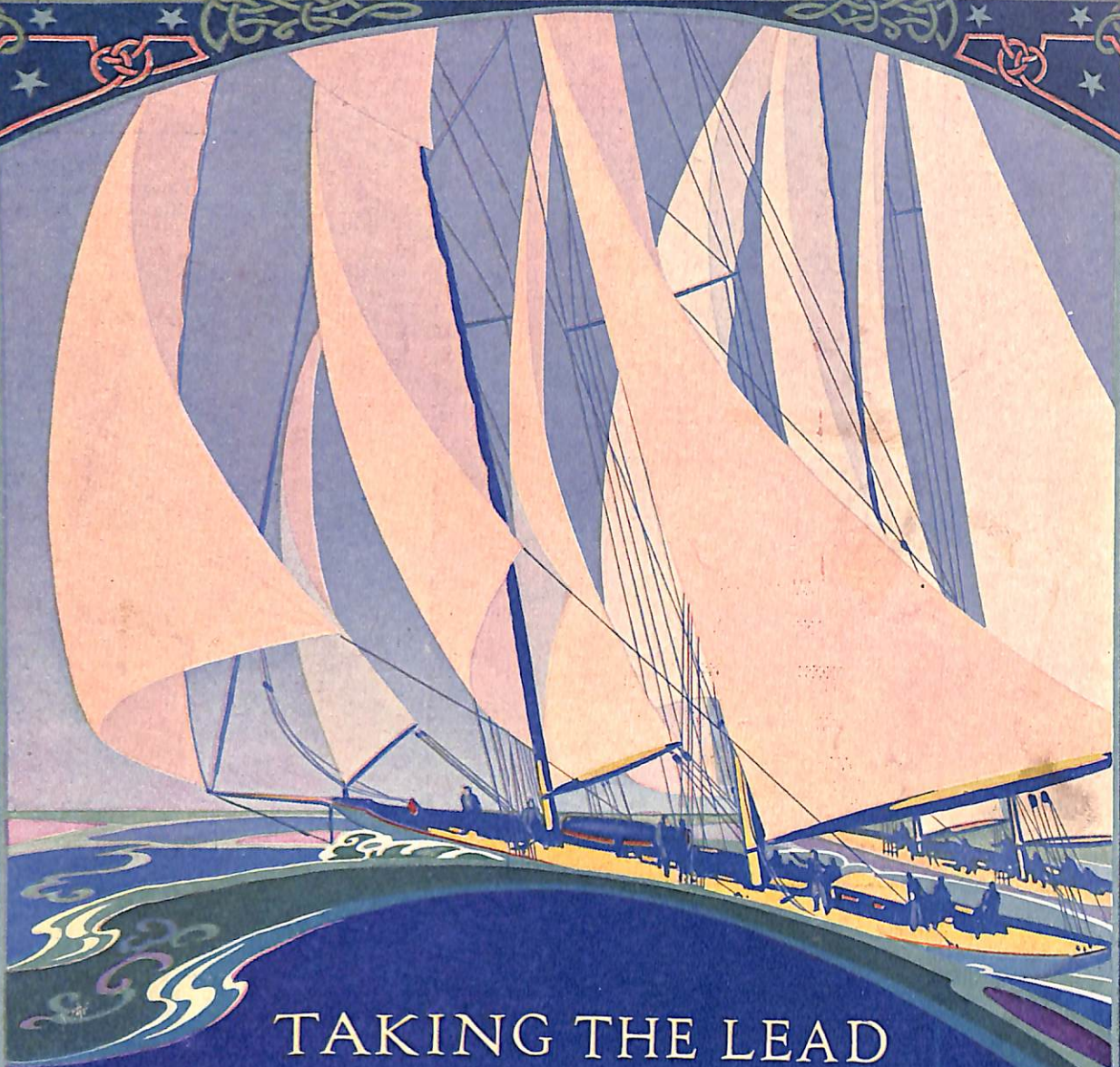
Without obligation, please send me a copy of your latest book on "Heating Homes With Oil."

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